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Collier's

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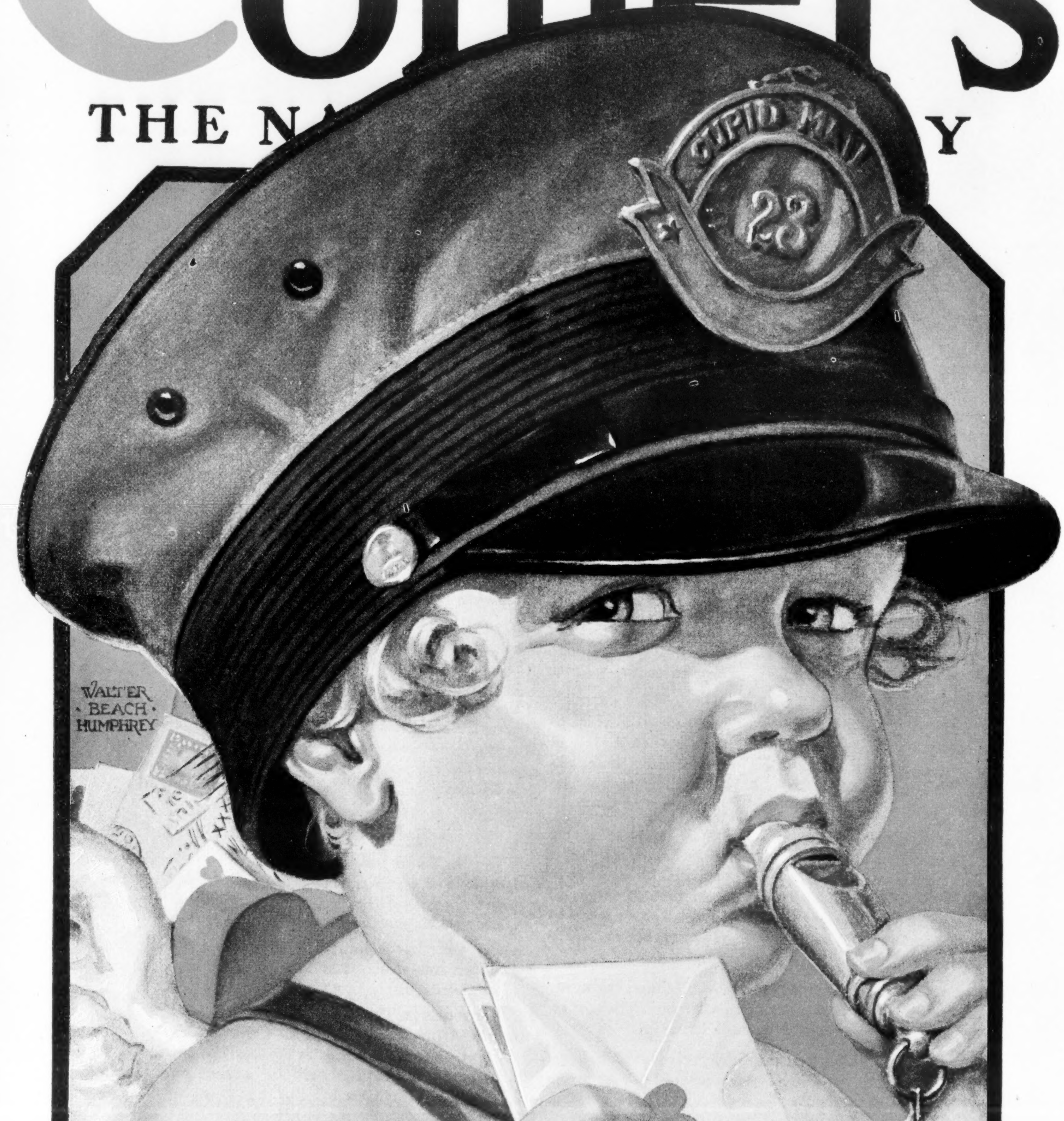
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23
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One
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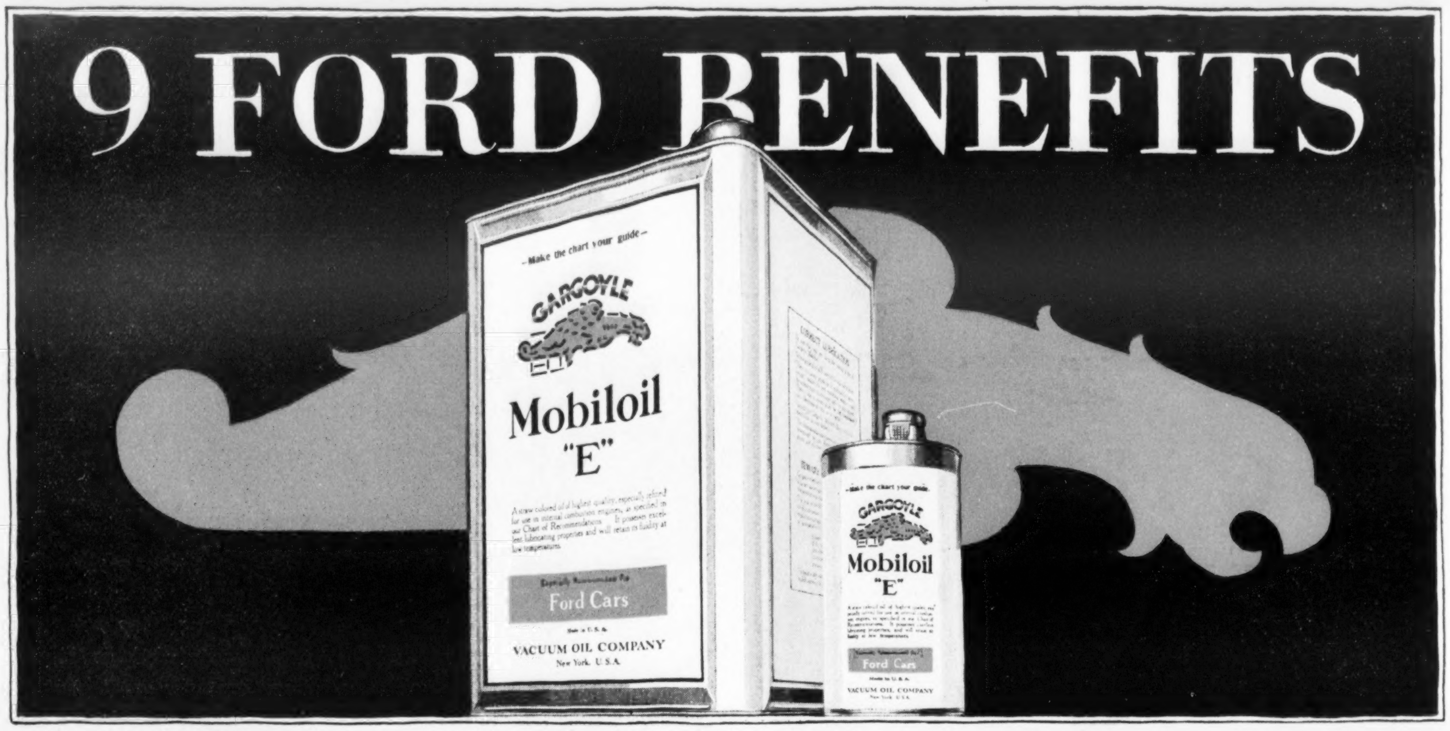

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Easier cold-weather starting. Oil which is heavier or of different character than Mobiloil "E," frequently congeals in cold weather, causing difficulty in starting and an undue strain on the battery. Use Mobiloil "E." It flows so readily in cold weather that starting difficulties are reduced to a minimum.

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Reduced wear on bearings. Oils heavier than Mobiloil "E" do not atomize readily and often fail to distribute perfectly to all the working parts. The body and character of Mobiloil "E" enable it to reach all the close fitting bearings and bushings of the Ford engine and transmission, thus assuring lubrication and preventing wear. That is why bearing trouble is so uncommon among Ford owners who use Mobiloil "E."

Smoother brake action. Correctly adjusted transmission bands coupled with the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will practically eliminate any possibility of the transmission band linings becoming glazed, providing the oil is kept at the proper level and drained every 750 miles in summer, every 500 miles in winter. To neglect such precautions and to try to eliminate any trouble experienced with bands by the use of oils not suited to Ford lubricating requirements is obviously wrong.

▼

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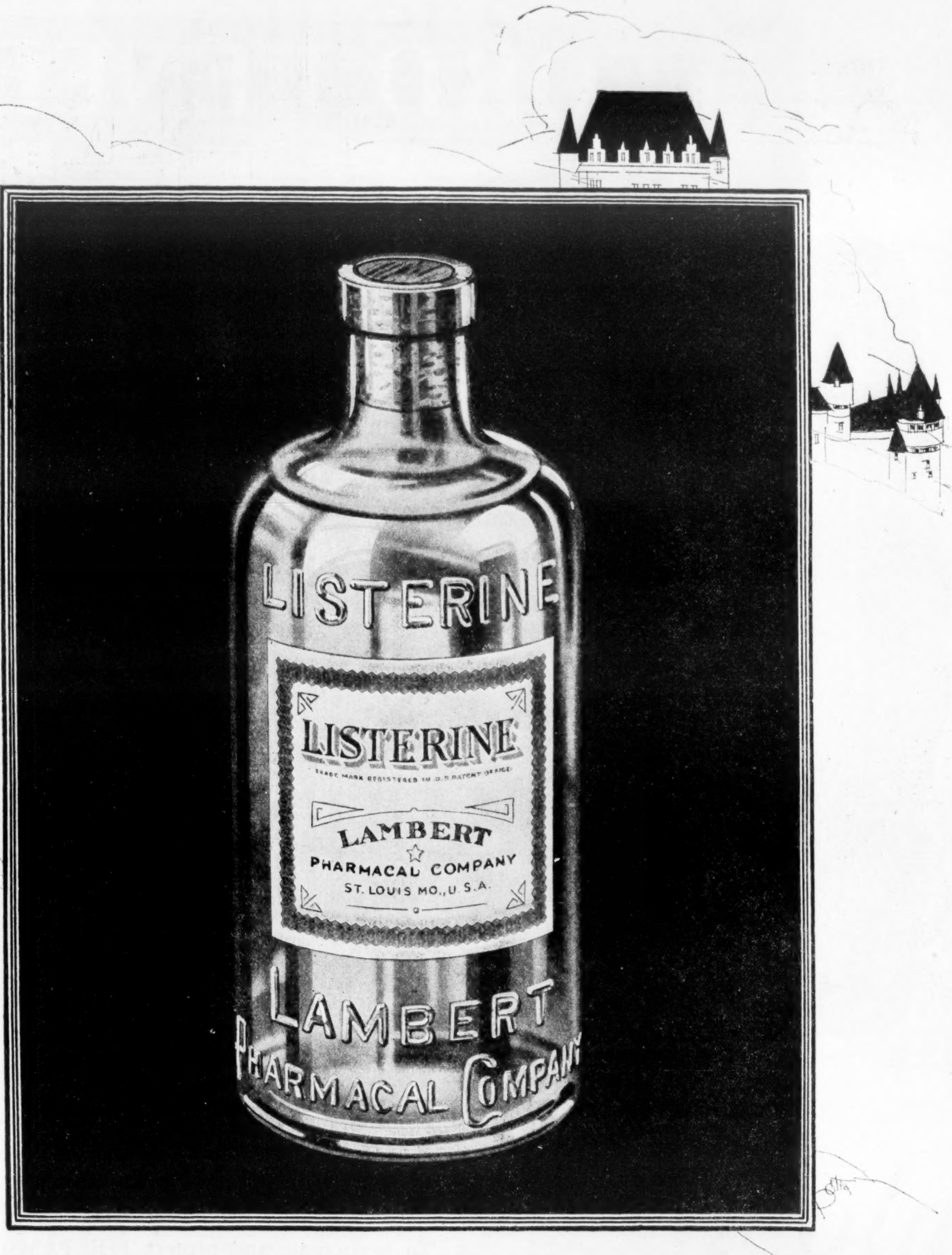

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Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

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SORE throat is a nuisance. It usually comes at just the time you want to feel your best—maybe when there is a big party scheduled; a skating trip, tobogganing or something else.

Besides the inconvenience, sore throat may often be a danger signal of some more serious ill to follow. Many illnesses have their beginning with disease germs that may enter the system through the mouth and throat.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to guard against troubles of this kind—by using Listerine systematically as a mouth wash and gargle.

For half a century this valuable preparation has been recognized and recommended by physicians as a safe household antiseptic.

Moreover, when you use Listerine this way you effectually combat that other embarrassment that so many people are guilty of, both socially and in business—halitosis (the medical term meaning unpleasant breath).

When you make Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you *know* your breath is right and you know that you are guarding yourself against troubles that may start with throat infection. It is a good thing always to have it handy in your bathroom. Listerine has dozens of other uses; note circular with each bottle. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining Listerine in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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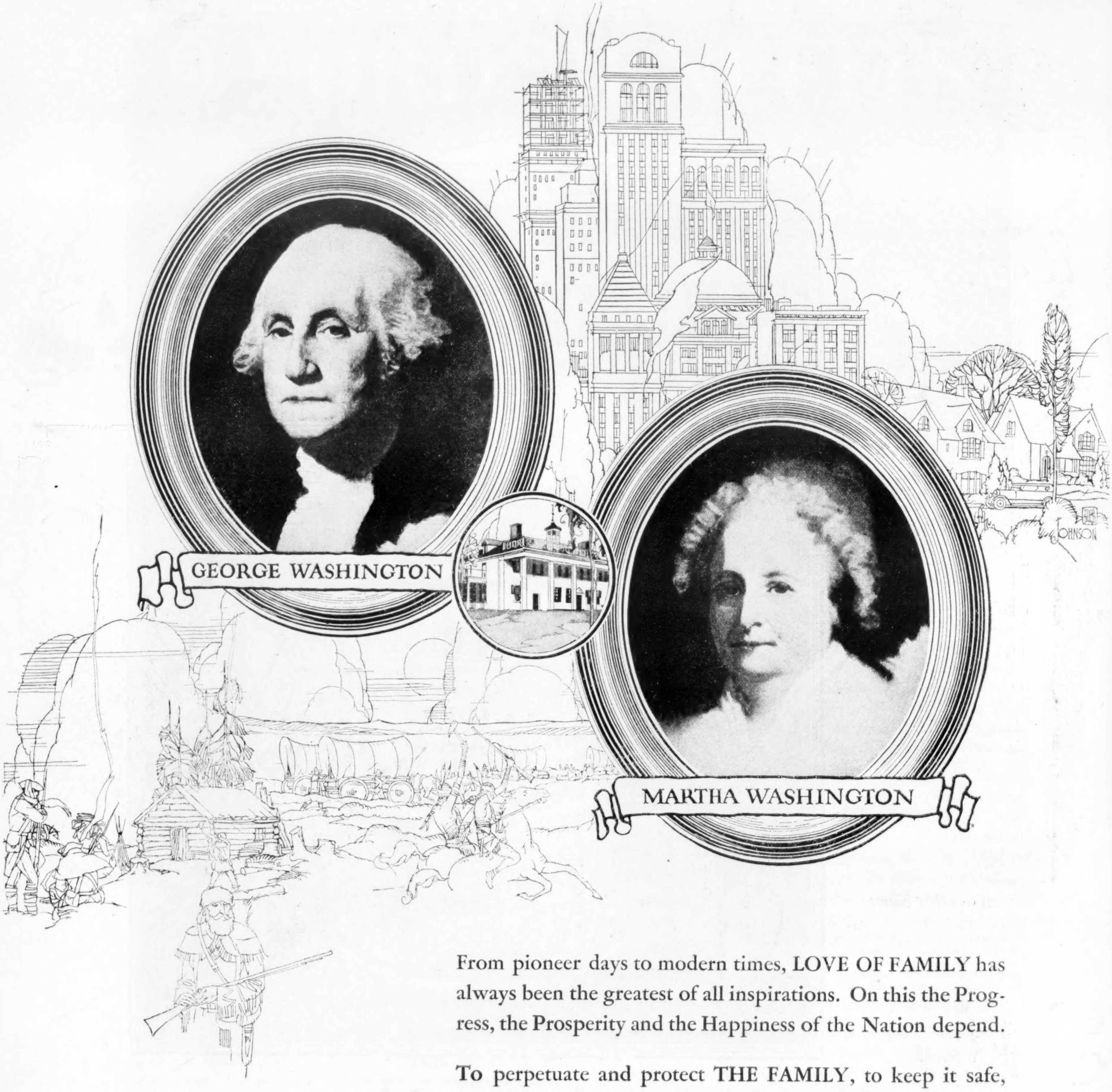

From pioneer days to modern times, LOVE OF FAMILY has always been the greatest of all inspirations. On this the Progress, the Prosperity and the Happiness of the Nation depend.

To perpetuate and protect THE FAMILY, to keep it safe, to bring cheer and comfort to it through the essentials of life, is to do the man's part to his own undying satisfaction and to the glory of his country.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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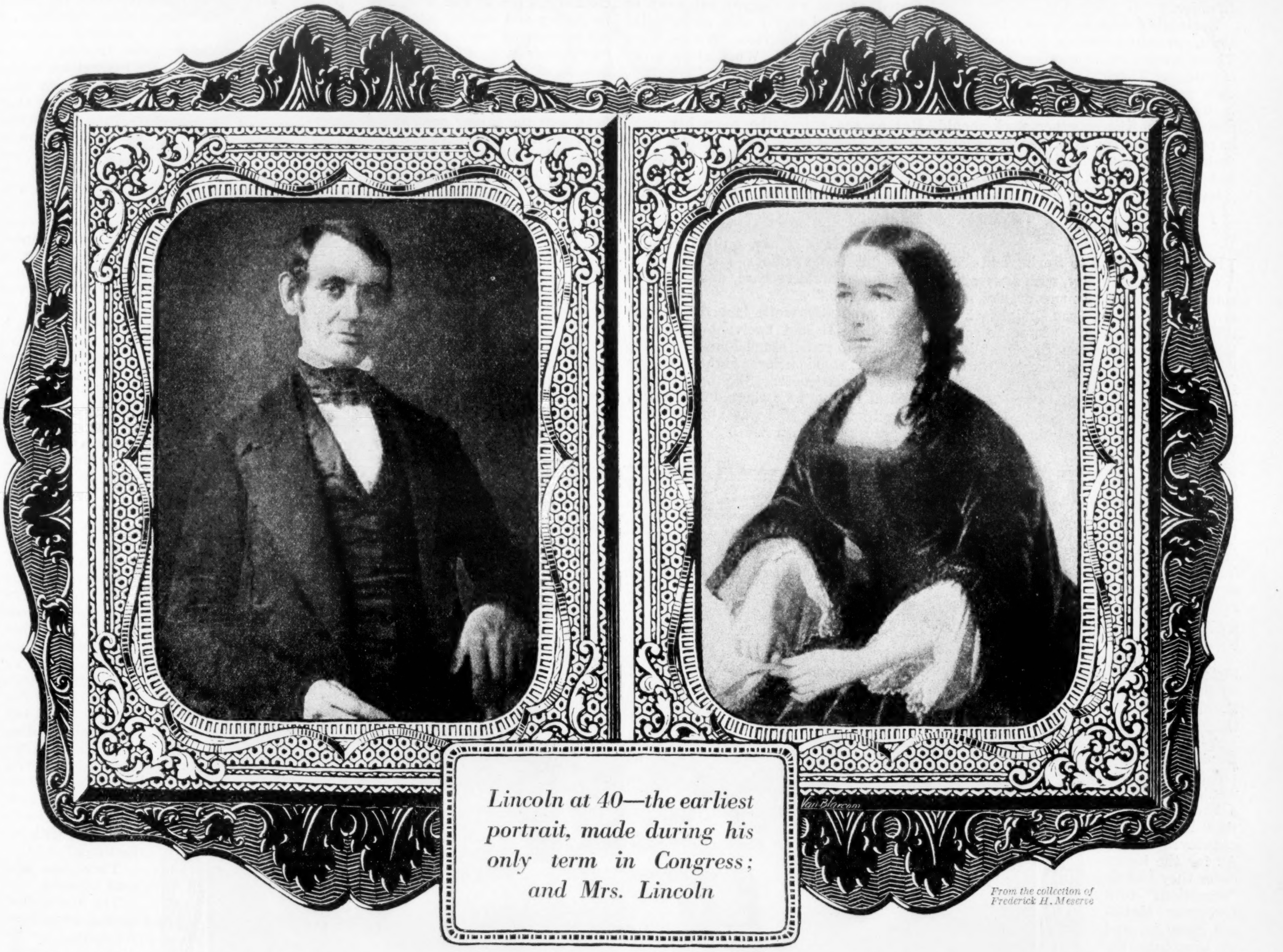


Lincoln at 40—the earliest portrait, made during his only term in Congress; and Mrs. Lincoln

From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

WHEN I first began to visit Springfield, Ill., in quest of material for a biography of Abraham Lincoln, I was interested in the way in which I heard his old neighbors referring to him. They did not call him "President Lincoln," and they certainly did not call him "Abe." They did not call him "Lincoln." They spoke of him as "Mr. Lincoln." That was the manner of their address while he was living.

The man who tells you that he used to slap Lincoln on the back and address him familiarly as "Abe" is untruthful. That free and easy manner of approach may have characterized his youth and early manhood; but those who knew him as neighbor and friend in Springfield called him "Mr. Lincoln." That was what his wife called him. If she had spoken of him familiarly as "Abraham" to people outside the family, one of her older sisters, Mrs. Edwards or Mrs. Wallace, would have rebuked her, saying, "Mary, don't call him Abraham; that's the way the darkies do." Married women in Springfield in the old days spoke of their husbands as "the Judge," "the Colonel," "the Doctor," "the Governor," for few of the men were so poor as not to have a title, and their wives used it with modest pride.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln request the honor of your company" was the way their invitations read when they invited a select group of friends. But their final social event—a "levee" it was called—had no printed invitations. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were at home to their friends just before they vacated their house and moved over to the Chenery House for the last weeks of their residence in Springfield. The word "reception" was not regarded with favor in Springfield. They had balls and "hops," and a company of young people might ride over to a neighboring county seat and drive home in the early morning, having been to a "dance" in the hotel. Formal affairs in Springfield were balls or levees. Earlier, when Mrs. Lincoln was an Episcopalian, they might have been balls; but in 1850 she became a Presbyterian. She still danced and greatly enjoyed it. Even when she became somewhat stout she moved very gracefully across the ballroom floor. But when she gave a large social event, it was a "levee." You may read about that levee if you like in the St. Louis papers, for it was something of an event. But the host and hostess were simply "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln." Afterward in Washington it was "The President and his Lady." In Springfield, not Abe and Mary, nor Hon. A. Lincoln and his lady, but "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln."

It is just possible you do not have a very accurate picture in your mind of Springfield society about 1839, when Mary Todd, of Lexington, Ky., fretting because of an uncongenial stepmother, came to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards.

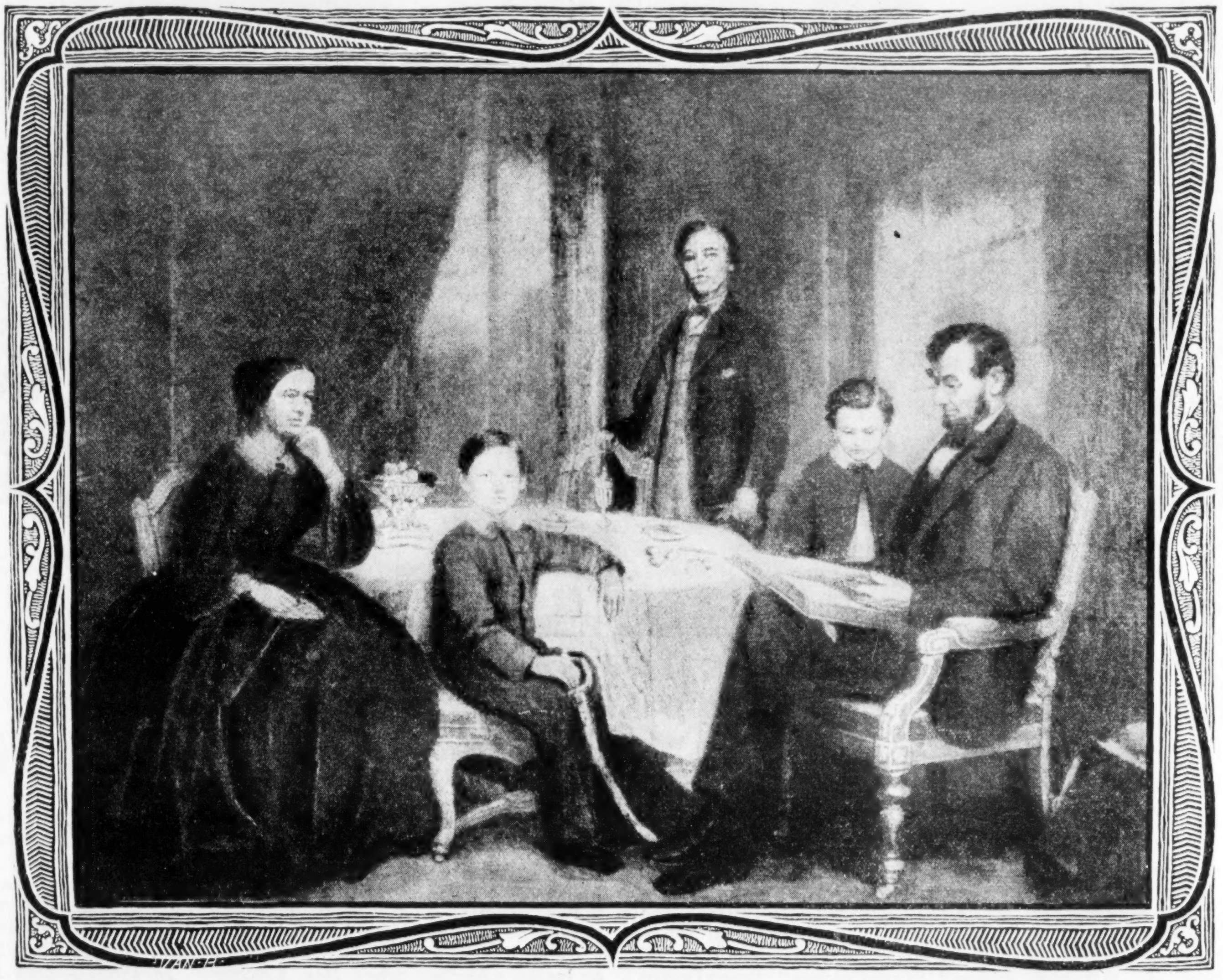
In 1809, Ninian Edwards, father-in-law of Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, was territorial governor of Illinois; in 1826 he was elected the third governor of the sovereign state. Do you suppose he was inaugurated in homespun? He wore a gold-laced cloak over a fine broadcloth suit, and had knee-breeches with silver buckles, and top boots. When he went from place to place he drove in an elegant coach, hardly less gorgeous than that of George Washington. His shining carriage was drawn by a spirited span, and on the box were a colored coachman and footman.

Not all of that glory descended to his successors; but in 1839 the governor of the state of Illinois was still a person of dignity and power. There still hung about him something of the divinity that doth hedge a king. And the Edwardses were in the highest social circle of Springfield, in the inner group composed of the governor and the Supreme Court judges and the more permanent of the state officers and their families.

Springfield was an untidy Kentucky town, sprawling over an Illinois prairie. There were few sidewalks and fewer crossings. There were no sewers, and each family drank water from a well in its own yard. At the annual elections the question whether stock should be permitted to run at large was usually decided in the affirmative, and a man and a hog had equal rights upon the sidewalk.

Enter Mary Todd

IF YOU had gone to Springfield from a well-kept, tidy city, with sewers and sidewalks and other more or less modern conveniences, you might have thought it a place of little or no social life, and the little that it might have had of an insignificant sort. On the contrary, if they had any high society anywhere under the Stars and Stripes, they had it in Springfield, Ill. The permanent core of Springfield's society was the families of the Supreme Court judges. They stayed when political changes swept away governors and state senators. But the governor, though he had no long lease of political life, was a man of mark while he lasted, and his women-folk were the first ladies in the state capital.



This family group was painted by Frank Carpenter in 1864, two years after the death of Willie (next to Mrs. Lincoln). "Tad" is standing beside his father, and Robert Todd Lincoln is in the background

A formal dinner in Springfield in those days would have made a banquet at the Ritz look like a cafeteria lunch. As for the levees—for they had no "receptions" until Governor Matteson came in, and the Lincolns never liked him—they were events.

In a legislative year, the members of both houses came and stayed through. They did not then have railroads with free passes to convey legislators home every Thursday night and print a record for Friday and Saturday of bills advanced, with only one member and a stenographer there to advance them, toward third reading. The members stayed through. They had lectures and concerts. Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Swiss Bell Ringers and a company that played "The Babes in the Wood" visited Springfield in legislative years. But these were not the only visitors to Springfield. Every pretty girl in Illinois who had a married sister, cousin, or aunt in Springfield, packed her best gowns in her reticule or her hair trunk, and went to make her Springfield relative, or relatives, a long visit. Behold, now, a "levee" if the governor was a Methodist or a Presbyterian, or a "ball" if he was an Episcopalian or otherwise liberal in such matters, given in the governor's mansion, or an event under either of these titles in some other notable house in Springfield. At a ball, you danced and giggled and flirted, and at a levee you sat down or walked around arm in arm, and giggled and gossiped and flirted. Watch Mary Todd as she enters. When she arrived at the outside door she wore a bonnet, with a broad bright ribbon tied in a double bow knot under her pretty chin. But as she enters the room her dark brown, almost black, hair is coiled high on her head, and perhaps she wears a plume or flower. The waist of her dress is not much to speak of, revealing plump arms and attractive shoulders and neck, with a shapely head well poised. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how did the fashions go? Piled-up hair, and shoulders bare, and vertebræ all in a row."

But what the waist lacked the skirt made up. It had twelve breadths of silk, and it could stand alone. As she wore it, it stood out over eight to twelve starched petticoats. She had tugged hard at her corset strings, but she was a good armful. She was alert, plump, and pulsating with vitality. She was witty and quick at repartee—and those are dangerous gifts. Not everyone loved Mary Todd, but everyone admired her. Perhaps to-night she wears changeable silk, shot with blue and flame color; or maybe this is the night when she wears "four illusion skirts over white satin, and with an overskirt looped with dew-gemmed stars of Bethlehem."

She had all the young men of Springfield guessing. She could have had her pick of them. She could have had Stephen A. Douglas, the courtly, the brilliant, the successful. But she made her deliberate choice of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln was not passive in the matter; he admired her, and sought to win her. But he would soon have given up in discouragement if she had not welcomed his attentions. He was tall, and gaunt, and awkward, and his clothes did not fit him well, and he had no money and was in debt, and he was not advancing very rapidly in his alleged profession of law or his real profession of politics. But she chose him out of all the company of alert and capable young men who lived in Springfield, and the larger company of those who, living elsewhere, were drawn thither by the courts and the legislature and the gay whirl of political and social life. She married Abraham Lincoln because she wanted him, and she usually got what she wanted.

What Held Lincoln Back?

AND Lincoln sought her and wooed her because he desired her. But he approached matrimony with strange trepidation. I do not know how many friends you have in Springfield, but I know how you can lose half of them, and that is by an incautious opinion expressed as to whether Lincoln did or did not run away from his own wedding. Something occurred on what he called "the fatal first of January," 1842. Some people say that the invitations were out for Lincoln's wedding and that he went insane and did not come. Some people say that there was a date set, but that matters had not gone so far as the sending out of invitations, and that a quarrel occurred and the date was postponed. Others say that there was but one date set and that was the date on which Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married. The Lincoln family has no representatives in Springfield, and never has had any except the family of Abraham Lincoln. The town belongs to the nieces of Mrs. Lincoln, and they guard her memory, as they ought, with great sensitiveness for her reputation.

I have friends on all sides of this question, and I take a middle course. Furthermore, I believe that the truth does not lie with either extreme. I do not think that a wedding company had assembled and that Lincoln in public fashion repudiated his waiting bride. On the other hand, I am certain that something ominous occurred on that "fatal first of January" and that, while Lincoln did not go insane, he actually feared that he would do so. There was a quarrel which was more than an ordinary lovers' misunderstanding, and Lincoln was the unhappiest of men. During that whole spring and summer he was in a state of painful indecision and self-reproach. His condition as to mental unbalance, I am confident, has been exaggerated; but it is certain that he was in a forlorn condition of uncertainty as to his relations with Mary Todd. When finally they were reconciled, they took no chances. They were both superstitious, and neither would under ordinary circumstances have planned a wedding on Friday. But they hastily made up their differences on Thursday night, and on the next day Lincoln went to the county clerk, N. W. Matheney, and obtained a marriage license. That night, in a white satin dress borrowed from her sister, Mary Todd was married to Abraham Lincoln. The date was November 4, 1842, and the wedding cake was still too warm for the icing to cut well.

Why did Lincoln approach marriage with reluctance?

There are several answers.

The first is that he had loved Ann Rutledge, who died in August, 1835, and that he never afterward really loved any other woman. Attracted by the brilliance of Mary Todd, he was carried away beyond his own best judgment, but, finding that he could not love her as he loved the girl who had died, he revolted, and, though he returned and made good his promise to Mary, he never was able to give her his whole heart, for that was buried with Ann. This is the answer of his partner, William H. Herndon, and is the general belief of a good many sentimental writers.

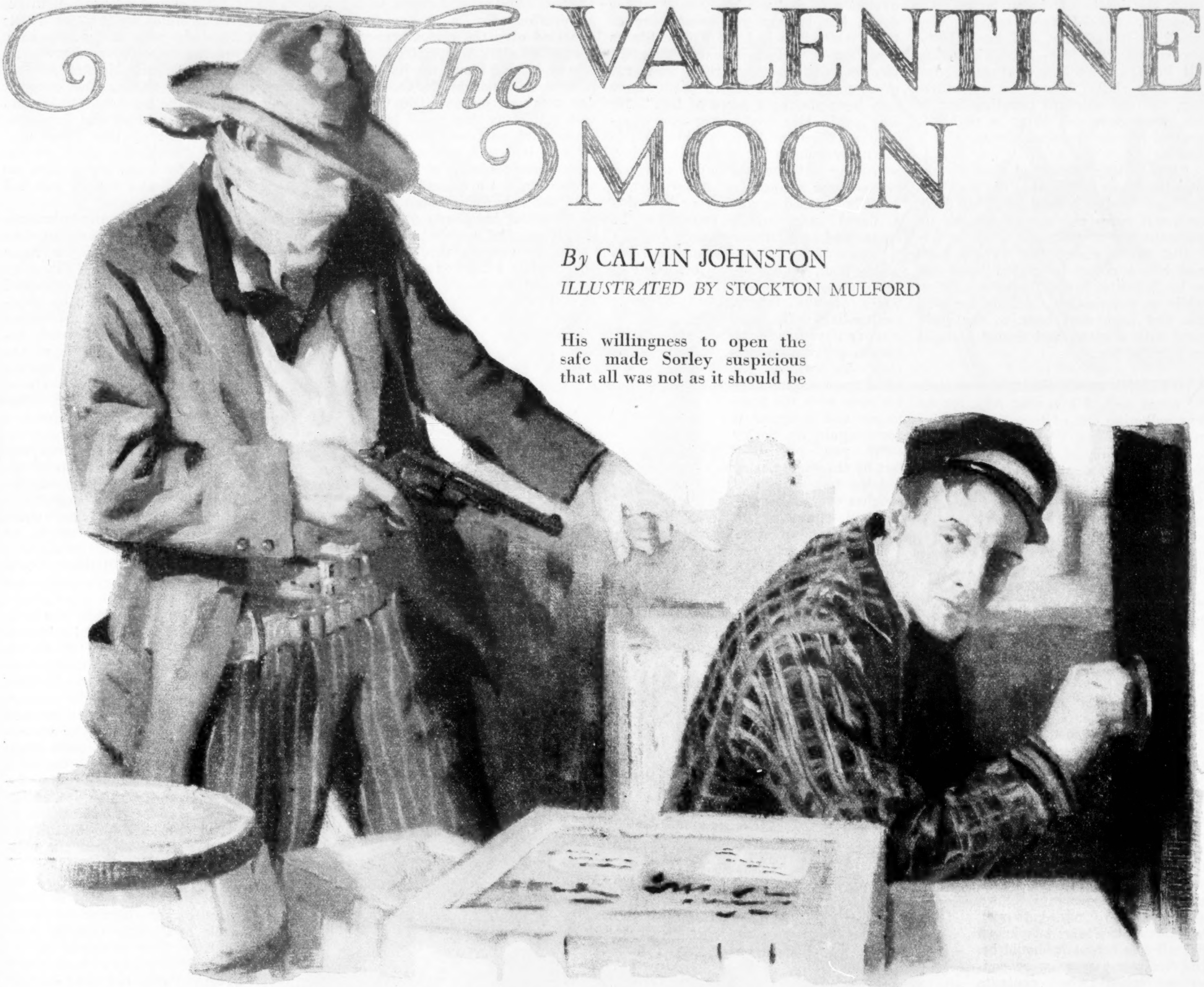
The second is that he was oppressed by the disparity between him and this high-bred girl of the Bluegrass. He felt his own rude origin, his lack of social grace, his poverty. Also he doubted whether a woman with so sharp a tongue

(Continued on page 40)

The VALENTINE MOON

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD



His willingness to open the safe made Sorley suspicious that all was not as it should be

IT IS not for nothing that nature makes over the earth into an unkempt mass of frozen clods and brambly looking trees in February, most hideous of months, but to give the moon a season of her own, wherein that princess of desolation can bring the desolate earth to flower in one vast garden of frosty loveliness. Roman gold at the harvest when the sun is having it all his own way, cold-gleaming as gun metal in the hunting months, to-night she hung low over the railroad yard in the splendor of her noon—the great quicksilver moon of February.

The two switchmen, walking up the path marked by shining rails at midnight, were no doubt impressed by the transformations wrought in the rimy yard and paused a moment before the fairy châlet which was the switch shanty, with the throb of cheery firelight in its frost-mullioned window.

"Faith, 'tis like a valentine," said young Hogan, confirming old Denny's suspicion of the missive which he had noticed the other examining surreptitiously.

It was a slack night in the yard and plenty of time to smoke and gossip after their lunch, but the crew sat unusually quiet until old Denny, peering through the window, observed that a wise saint was Valentine to pick his date in the calendar during the season of such a moon.

"The magic of it would make anyone wish to send out rhymes of sentiment and pictures of hearts with arrows in them," he said. "You need not blush, Hogan, for in time agone I have known even a hardy robber to be brought low by the moon of St. Valentine's eve—though he could expect small favor, having been engaged in robbing the saint himself."

"And a mean little robber he was," said Hogan, with indignation.

Denny shook his head. "He was a robber in a big way; none other than Mike Sorley himself, who kept the west end of the old P. D. in terror for years, and so bold and crafty as to visit openly and unsuspected the very headquarters town of Barlow. If you insist on the story at length—"

"I will listen if the rest will," said the foreman, a bachelor and notorious cynic of sentimental philosophy, "though I have small respect for an outlaw who would engage in sending valentines."

"It might well be the making of him," retorted Hogan significantly.

"We will see," observed Denny, and proceeded with this strange bit of biography:

NOW many amateur students of human nature there be, and others holding diplomas in the mysterious ologies of mind and spirit, who state that there is good in every man. And the reason they state this is that in exploring the lives of the notoriously wicked they come upon their own characters at every turn—under the same circumstances they would have done the same thing. So, being quick to reason, they say: "Then these wicked people, circumstanced as we are, would do as we do; so there is good in them after all," and clap their hands.

It may be said of Mike Sorley, however, that he would not have been deceived in this manner, but would have bet them the loot of his biggest raid that he would be as bad as a respectable citizen as he was in his own profession. Which proves that, for all his rolling, mischievous gray eye and smiling flash of white teeth in his brown beard, there was never a bit of sentiment about the man. Except for the two members of his gang, who feared him as the very devil, he played a lone hand; not a friendship did he court among men or women, though having a number of acquaintances at Barlow who knew him as a prospector with a claim back in the hills. Life to Sorley, y' understand, was a vaudyville show on a lighted stage with himself lounging back in the shadow and laughing at times, for he had a fine sense of humor; the professors of mysterious ologies could have told him nothing of human nature at all.

On one of his rides into Barlow, where he sometimes got a letter in code from a confederate at express headquarters, his horse loosened a shoe and he pulled up at a smithy on the edge of town. This shop was run by a good blacksmith for old Barney Shane, who had a junk yard forninst and a two-by-four foundry where he molded some castings for the railroad.

On this morning the shop was empty, the smith having quit after a row with Barney, a shriveled, mean old spalpeen who ever went prowling about in a queer, muttering fury as if a fiend had possession of him. So Mike Sorley passed on through the shop into the junk yard, where a woman in a sunbonnet was sorting a heap of scrap iron for use in the foundry.

She straightened up when Mike spoke and listened with her hands, cased in clumsy hogskin gloves, clasped before her. Then after looking at the foundry where her father loafed around rawhiding his two molders, and nibbling her lip, she moved toward the shop. Sorley was surprised when she raised the horse's hoof and, tapping the shoe, said: "If you'll come back in half an hour, I'll have him shod."

"Is it yourself would do it?" laughed Sorley and added that nobody but an expert smith touched the hoofs of that horse.

Katy Shane, a strong, slender woman of twenty-five, peered up at Sorley from the depths of the sunbonnet; the pleasant, tanned face seemed very small in its shadow. "I know how," she sighed, "but if you won't have me I'll be after fetching Father." And presently Mike heard them returning, the old skinflint berating her in his queer fury for being a millstone around his neck instead of some use to him.

"Move along," growled Sorley, who was impatient to see what the mail had for him, "and do a good job, y'old divil, or you'll curse the day y'ver took up horseshoeing at all."

Old Shane glared but 'twould have cost him a dollar to answer back and so he contented himself with muttering while he did the job. As for the girl, she had been sent back to the junk yard with a curse, and Sorley thought no more of her.

NOTHING at all Sorley's acquaintances saw of him that trip, for he was galloping out of town in ten minutes after he had read a letter which told in ten words of a gold shipment on No. 6 eastbound the following night. Only one of his men, old Casey, was at the robber roost in the hills when he arrived there late in the night, but the two of them were such experts that a crime in their hands worked out almost autymatically, y' understand.

And when No. 6 was lurching along between two lonely stations the following night, over the tender and down into the cab on an avalanche of coal comes the black-masked Casey, compelling the engineer to pull up at the corner of a wood, where Sorley, after a shout and a couple of shots along the train, uncoupled the express car and clambered into the cab. The mail car, being ahead of the express, they were of course obliged to take along for their run of a couple of miles.

Now, Sorley had been so free in his use of dynamite that the express messenger opened his car rather than have it blown open, but his willingness to open the safe made Sorley suspicious that all was not as it should be. And his worst fears were confirmed when the contents checked out only about a thousand dollars, the heavy shipment, in fact, having been delayed.

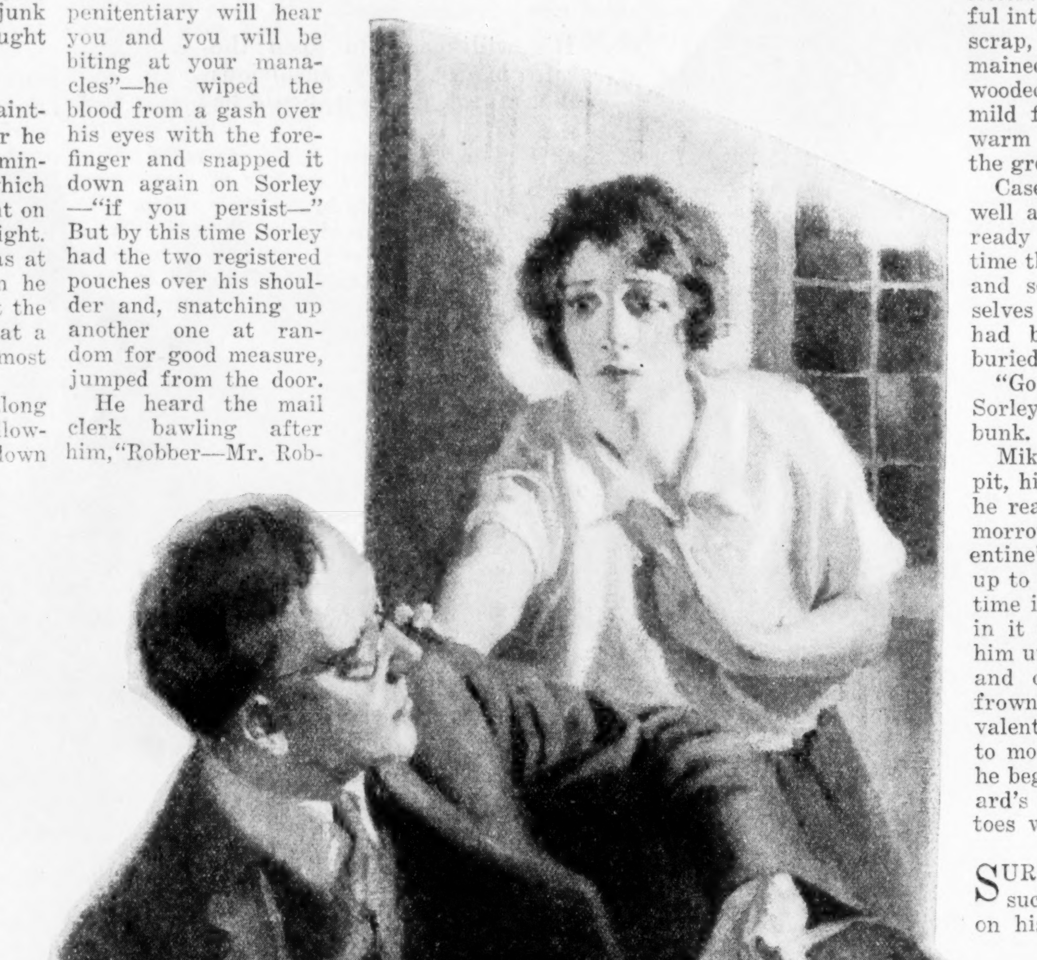
"A thousand dollars!" said Sorley in disgust, beggarly pay, indeed, for the danger and trouble and the pursuit that always followed. Moreover, he had wasted an opportunity, for, bold as he was, the bandit dared not raid the P. D. more than twice a year lest he walk into a trap.

"Since I have been cheated here," he thought, angered to recklessness, "I will see what the registered mail has for me." Throwing out the messenger's shotgun and revolver, he ordered him to shut himself in, and went up to summon the mail car. A bullet answered him, and he spent a moment capping a half stick of dynamite which had a looped string tied to it. Then quietly forcing a screw-eye into the soft wood of the door, he hung the dynamite to it, lighted, and walked around the engine, calling to Casey as he did so.

On the heels of the explosion he was in the car, to find the mail clerk half stunned among the pouches in the corner. Disarmed and at the mercy of the robber he had defied and shot at, still this mail clerk pulled himself together with dignity.

"Bad man you may be," he said in an unsteady voice, "and ready to shoot me down, but I warn you—touch one of those mail sacks and the United States Government will start something after you that will make you think these express company and sheriff posses have only been playing a game of tag." He was a thin, blue-eyed young man wearing spectacles and he moved his forefinger up and down for emphasis. Sorley, searching out the registered pouches, remembered seeing him in Barlow and craftily refused to answer except with a fierce snarl which could not be recognized as a human voice.

"Snarl if you please," continued the young man, "and bite too, but the day will come soon, d'ye mind, when only the walls of the federal penitentiary will hear you and you will be biting at your manacles"—he wiped the blood from a gash over his eyes with the forefinger and snapped it down again on Sorley—"if you persist—" But by this time Sorley had the two registered pouches over his shoulder and, snatching up another one at random for good measure, jumped from the door.



"Go—run!" Katy cried, pushing him. "He is getting his pistol. He will murder you"

He heard the mail clerk bawling after him, "Robber—Mr. Robber, you don't want that one—" and something else he did not understand. For he was himself calling Casey from the cab, and in a moment they were running for their horses, hidden among some nearby trees.

From this spot to the Roost, where they indeed had a promising claim, was about forty miles, and hard riding along the bright moonlit trail brought them home by two in the morning. Sorley, who was one not to brood over disappointment, had laid a last hearty curse on the mischance by which they had missed the gold shipment, and let it go at that. And several times, with ready admiration for a brave man, he chuckled over the remembrance of the spectacled clerk who, after shooting at him and being blown up, had continued to defend his pouches by threats of sudden death or prison. Old Casey, who took things as they came for better or worse, did not even curse their mischance, but was as interested in the mysterious contents of the pouches as a child in a Christmas stocking.

In the cabin they went through the first register together and grinned over the clean-up of twelve hundred dollars. "Now do you go through the letter pouch while I turn out the other register," said Sorley. "Mind you, every scrap of this paper must be burned before dawn."

As Mike went through the second register, he heard the silent Casey opening his letters, but paid him no attention till they both finished in the same moment. "Ten hundred and fifty in this," announced Mike. "What luck?" Casey pointed to the contents of his sack heaped before him—and a gorgeous heap it was, of lacy paper and gold and a hundred colors.

"Valentines!" gasped Sorley, and thought of the mail agent bawling after him. With curiosity he picked one up, a cheap little one, it chanced, with the smudge of a thumb on the two hearts linked together with a golden chain. Mike read the verse below about affection being the chain binding kindred hearts together, and in the queerest way held it in the big hands which had just let go of pistol butt and dynamite.

"Well, let's get all this burnt up," said Casey. "We'd best do it in the pit where we burn the trash, then we can wet it down and nobody can tell what sort of ashes it is."

Sorley began dropping the valentines back in the sack without crumpling them, and Casey crammed the litter into the other pouches. Then they went out to the pit and fed the crumpled letters and envelopes handful by handful into the flame so that not a scorched scrap, maybe holding a postmark, remained as a clue. The night of the wooded hills was deathly still, the air mild for the season; and just above, warm and splendid and friendly, shone the great quicksilver moon of February.

Casey was growing old in years as well as sin, and being very tired was ready to tumble over with sleep by the time the first two pouches were emptied and soaked with kerosene and themselves burned after the metal parts had been carefully cut away to be buried.

"Go on to bed and I'll finish," said Sorley, and away he staggered for his bunk.

Mike Sorley sat on a log by the little pit, his memory making a faint stir as he reached into the pouch. "Faith, tomorrow is the fourteenth—'tis St. Valentine's eve," he muttered and, looking up to the moon—looking so for the first time in his life—discovered an interest in it that puzzled and somehow made him uneasy. "Well, I must make haste and do away with these," he said, frowning, and drew out several of the valentines; but to hold up a valentine to moonlight is to fool with magic and he began looking at them as into a wizard's crystal. Then to read the mottoes with his hawk's eyes.

SURE, the saint never looked down on such a scene as the big bandit sitting on his heels and softly turning back the lacy folds of paper to examine decorations of hearts and wreaths, with his head on one side; then, after reading the verse, burning it, while casting a guilty look over his shoulder at the quicksilver moon.

"All my life," said Mike after reading a rhyme which told of love true though absent, "there has never been one to send me such a rhyme. Even a person who smudged the heart with her thumb!"

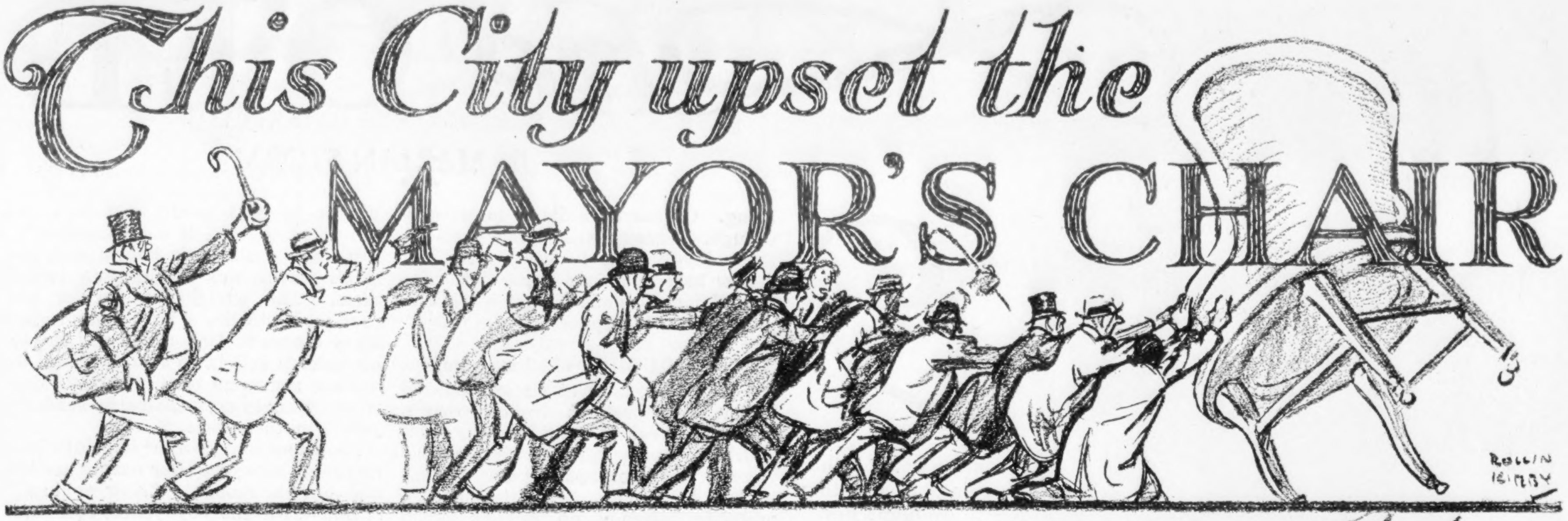
A plea this was to square himself with the moon for burning the valentines, y' understand, because he had never received one himself, but it was more than that. He felt himself alone in the tremendously lonesome night, forsaken forever by everybody. "I am the b'y for playing the lone hand," he thought, but thought too of the lives of the people who had sent the valentines, all sparkling with friendly sentiment. Each one had somebody who loved to back his play.

The Lone Hand shook his head with dejection after he had read the last motto; the last valentine gorgeous with lace and roses and silver frosting burned with a flare in which he seemed to see the face of the girl it was meant for. He held to it with scorched finger tips till the ash dropped away, then burned the sack and wetted down the pit.

Guiltily he

(*Continued on page 26*)

This City upset the MAYOR'S CHAIR



Why Cleveland, Ohio, is trying the city manager plan—and how it is working out

By WILLIAM G SHEPHERD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

THE folks of Cleveland, Ohio,—there are more than 900,000 of them, making their city the fifth in size in America—are trying the latest thing in city government. They are attempting to turn their city into a business institution, operated with all the efficiency methods of "Big Business."

They have a city manager.

Now, to have a city manager means, theoretically, to dump all the old machinery of political government. Out go the mayor and the aldermen.

A city manager, such as Cleveland has, is expected to run a city just as a general manager runs the affairs of a great corporation. He isn't elected by the people. He is hired by a board of directors of the city.

In Cleveland these directors are called "councilmen." Under the terms of the new Cleveland charter these "councilmen" are elected by the people to serve two years.

"You hire a good manager for our city," the folks of Cleveland tell the city's board of directors. "Get him anywhere you can find him. Hire him from abroad if you want to. Pay him twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Give him an automobile and a driver. Give him a good expense account. Treat him as the head of any great business ought to be treated.

"And as for you," Cleveland tells its "councilmen," under the theory of the new charter, "you gentlemen have been very carefully chosen on a non-political basis to direct the affairs of our city in a businesslike manner. Clean streets, pure water, thorough sanitation, police and fire protection, one hundred per cent school service, adequate planning for the future of the city—these things are all in your hands. It's your job to outline a policy on which the city shall be operated.

"We are paying you only $1,800 each a year because we feel that you have taken on this job not for the money that it will bring you, but for the opportunity it gives you to help make this a better city. The city manager will be under your direction. He will carry out your policy.

"No politics, remember. All we want is good business. And if you should by mistake pick out a bad manager, fire him immediately. It is all arranged in the charter that you don't even have to tell him *why* you are firing him."

And then Cleveland is supposed to say to the "councilmen," "If you don't manage things well we will fire you gentlemen next election day and put in a new board. Good luck to you, and go to it!"

It sounds very fine, and under this theory Cleveland has had a city manager for one year. Other cities in America, dissatisfied with the old-fashioned mayoralty form of government, want to know how Cleveland, the first large city in the land to try the city manager plan, has come out.

The answer is: "Fairly well, thank you." If in this article you discover again the truth of the old saying that "theory and practice are two different things," remember that its author is only trying to answer the questions of many other puzzled American cities.

Whatever has gone wrong in Cleveland under the city manager plan is due to the fact that the new city charter didn't change the human nature of the nine hundred thousand Cleveland folks over election day, and it did not crush the political organizations in the city.

Cleveland has a city manager, and a good one, who seems to satisfy all the elements in Cleveland life and who is making extensive and businesslike plans for the future growth of the city. But the astonishing thing is that Cleveland got him not so much because of the new charter as *in spite of* the new charter.

In the first place Cleveland looked at the morning papers flabbergasted on the morning after election day in 1923. One hundred and nineteen citizens, many of them independent of party, had been running for councilmanic positions. Twenty-five councilmen were to be chosen. It had looked as if all the political old-timers would be squeezed out. But seventeen of the old-timers were elected. The new council was as full of politics and politicians as a snake is full of poison.

There was as usual a representative of the Jews from the "market district," a Pole representing the sixty thousand Poles in the city, a Negro from the east side, two Irishmen from the west side, one Czech to represent the eighty thousand Czechoslovaks, a couple of old-time lodging-house district officials, four bluebloods from the university district, a Towne of excellent family, to succeed his father from the stockyard district—and there you were. It is true that there were four new members independent of party and four other new members who had no party affiliation. But what could the eight new members do against the seventeen old-timers?

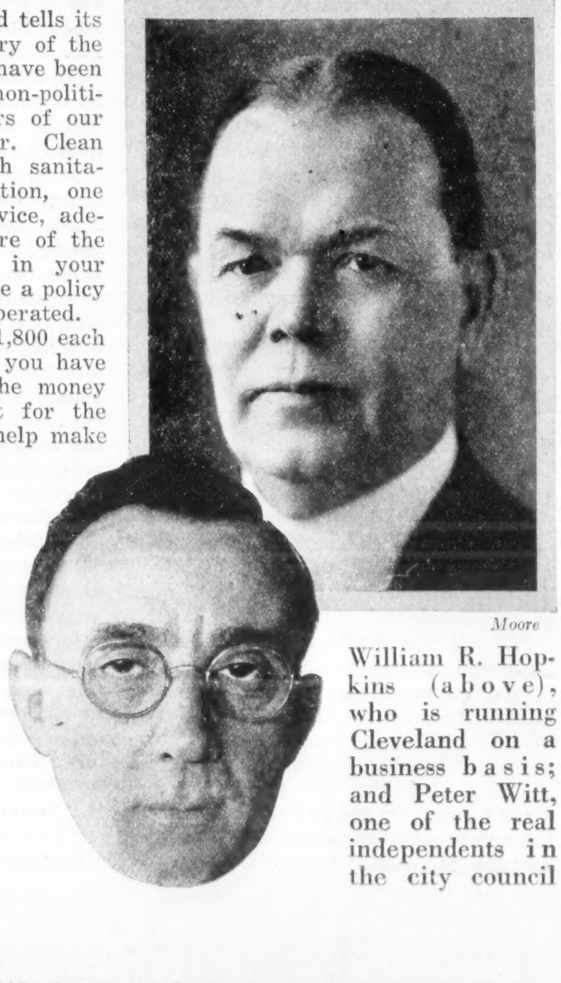
But still another shock was due for the nine hundred thousand residents of Cleveland. The men in the council chamber, by the terms of the new city charter, were to pick a city manager. While Cleveland was dazed by this fact the crowd at the City Hall were delighted; they were the happiest, singingest ward politicians that ever had a city in their grasp. They could pick anyone they chose, except one of their own number, to be city manager. They could fire him at the drop of the hat the moment he refused to carry out their slightest wishes. They could force him to pay their political debts for them and otherwise manage the city as they directed. He would be helpless in their hands under the provisions of the new charter.

If you think *that* city council picked a city manager for Cleveland you're mistaken. The business world was disturbed, even alarmed, at such a prospect. Citizens discussed the problem in their homes and offices and on street cars. Clevelanders are like that; Tom Johnson, their mayor years ago, taught them how to consider city problems. Everybody agreed that it looked as if Cleveland had got itself into a serious mess.

Whether the citizens and business men got to the two political bosses first I was not able to learn. I suspect they did. Anyway it dawned on Maurice Maschke, the Republican boss of Cleveland, and on W. Burr Gongwer, the Democratic boss, that Cleveland would not endure the selection of a city manager by these councilmen. They knew that it would not be safe to leave the selection of the city manager to the new council; and right then and there the two political bosses "fused." They decided there would be no Republican-Democratic fight on the floor of the council chamber to pick out a city manager. They would pick him out themselves.

And so Maschke and Gongwer decided, perhaps with the aid of some of the leading business interests of Cleveland, that William R. Hopkins would make a good city manager for Cleveland. This was a decision reached in secret, but on the day that one of the afternoon papers in Cleveland, having inside

(*Continued on page 44*)

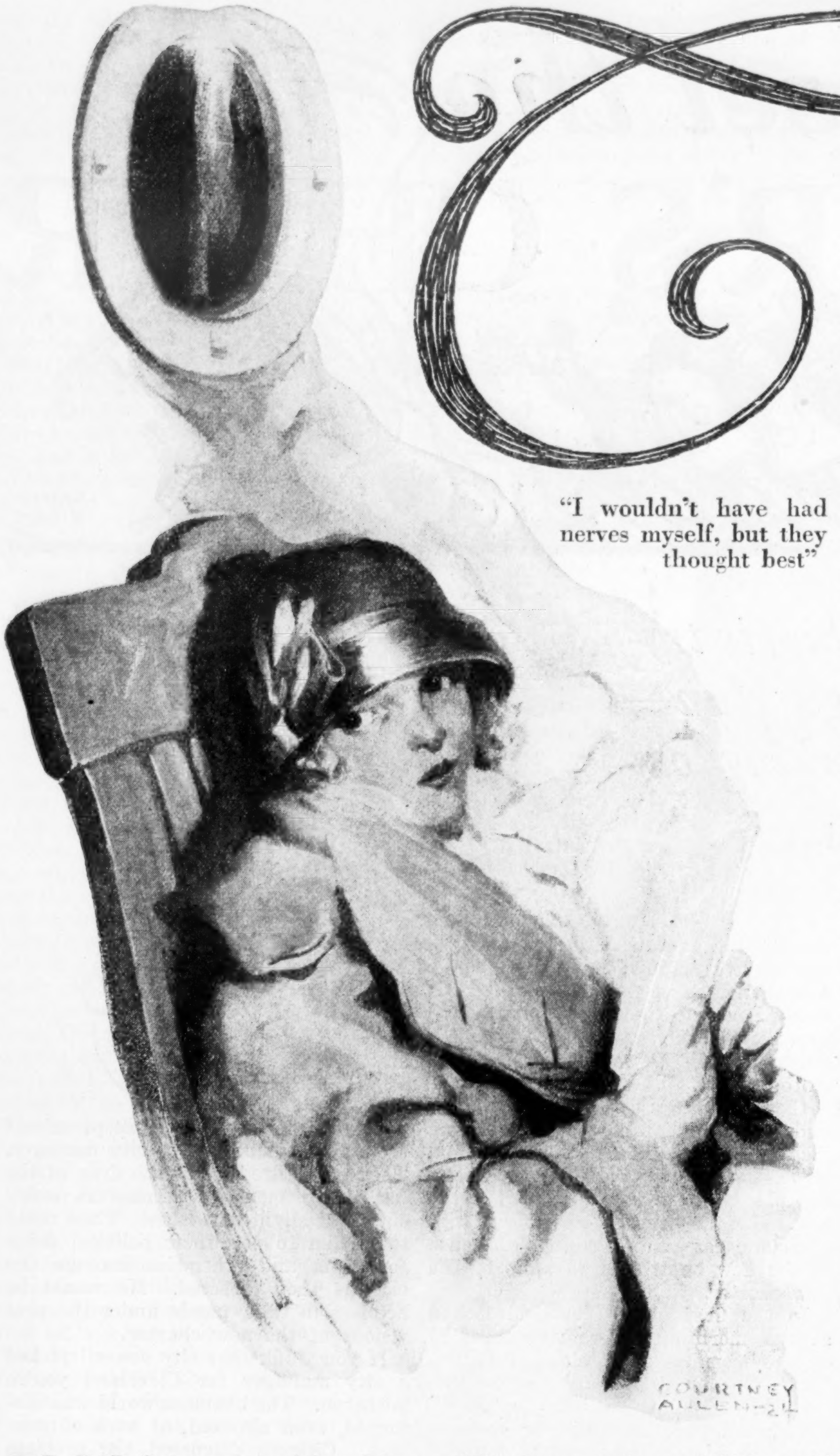


Moore

William R. Hopkins (above), who is running Cleveland on a business basis; and Peter Witt, one of the real independents in the city council

The OLD

By MARIAN STORM



"I wouldn't have had nerves myself, but they thought best"

IT HAD been a peaceful voyage. Beneath the steamer, on her southward course, the Gulf Stream passed serenely to the north, a profound blue, veined like marble with foam. It carried its passengers, as well as the ship—algæ bejeweled with shells, moonfish, creatures like plants, riding free to colder shores along that wandering depth.

"Only one can't understand why they want to go." Inez sat up in her deck chair and yawned, frankly and becomingly as a kitten. Hammond had been talking with such ardor about this watery caravan! "They might better stay in the nice warm Gulf, where the Lord put them."

He disclaimed reponsibility with his eyebrows.

"I hardly think it's ennui: fish take life seriously. But nature seems to like to mix things, and probably she's up to some deviltry in this, too—Quién sabe? Tea time already?"

"Oh, not yet. Anna is bringing my medicine. I take the brown tonic at three and the old-gold one at eight. I tried theosophy for a while, but our family's just natural doctor fodder."

A gay little wind fluttered down the deck and disarranged the steamer rugs. In shocked haste the maid stooped and wrapped up Miss Chapin's ankles.

"Miss Inez, don't you think you'd better try to get a nap before dinner? You know you didn't sleep very well last night."

"Well, maybe—by and by, Anna." Inez avoided the woman's gaze like an obstinate little girl. Very dubiously Anna departed aft.

"I suppose you know they're murdering you," snorted Hammond when she had vanished. "The darnedest nonsense! What do you think is the matter with you, anyway?"

"Nothing but relatives and a nervous breakdown—that I got over about five years ago. I am an only child. I have three aunties. My mother is devoted. They are all mildly ailing and take solid comfort in it. I wouldn't have had the nervous breakdown myself, but they thought best. At the time I wanted to go to college. We traveled instead, for our health and culture. What are your own troubles?"

"None like that, thank God. I started my career as junior partner to a cobbler in Parthenon, Iowa. All the same, I resent life's loss of you. Why didn't you hurl the medicine dropper at your aunties and hop out of the window?"

"Oh, all the care and kindness grew up around me—suffocating. . . . It was so gradual that the right minute to break away never seemed to come along. Or maybe I didn't have pluck enough. I really wasn't very well—in those days." She tucked a strand of yellow hair back under the net. She had, Hammond noticed, that witch-wife pallor above the upper lip.

HE THOUGHT of his rampant daughters, keen at water polo and soccer, very valiant trencherwomen. But this wealthy traveler was ominously listless. Perhaps she had no vigor in her; perhaps she was content to lose her youth. Past twenty-five, probably; already an aimless droop marred the delicate face.

"You're from New England, aren't you?" he asked, lighting his pipe.

"My dear Mr. Hammond— Pilgrims progressed over the Chapin acres! There are such a lot of them that we can't smell the passing gasoline from our front porch. The Quackenbos estate adjoins ours. I am engaged to marry William Ashley Quackenbos." In the same tone she might have said: "The doctor insists upon an operation."

"Beg pardon," said Hammond, rebuking his snicker.

"You'd better! We almost invariably marry Quackenboses, when we marry at all. The old stock. We are getting richer and richer and fewer and fewer. You may as well know all. I never went to school—governesses; and in our family we still speak of chaperons."

A flying fish darted from the blue water and sailed through the sunlight.

"What a frolic he's having!" Miss Chapin looked enviously after him. She sank back with a sigh.

"The doctor told Mother that the long voyage in tropical waters would relax my nerves. Then they think I may be getting asthma. The climate in some town in the state of Morelos is very good for it, and Aunt Esther has a dramatic plan about renting an old house near Sargona and staying for a month or so. Father lived there once, in the days when he excavated. Mother thought the project was too daring, and wouldn't come. But we have servants."

The girl rose and stood by the rail, looking out wistfully across that desert of lapis lazuli. Hammond picked up her scarf, pleased with its scarlet.

"The real reason is that I thought this might be one last chance for an adventure—I don't know what—I suppose I'd collapse if I saw one coming. They hated the idea of my risking my precious Chapin neck in this country, but I chose Mexico because my father told me all about it. He died when I was twelve. I was there in his study when he dropped right over on his desk and died."

"Was your father Dr. F. Saunders Chapin, the Americanist?"

"You've heard of him? He meant to make a scholar of me too. He taught me lots about ruins and the early Mexicans. The week before he died I learned an Aztec prayer out of one of his manuscripts, and I've not forgotten a word of it."

"Say it for me." Hammond was a little moved.

"I never say it out loud. But I could recite you plenty of Spanish poems that Father taught me. We spoke Spanish together when I was just a scrap of a thing, and I've never learned any other foreign language half so well. It's the one accomplishment I'm proud of—because it would have pleased him. Father hoped I would be a boy. As things turned out, it didn't matter."

No one could have known that the ship's terror was stealing up behind them. The wretched youngster had practiced stealth. His mother had three others to look after, and it was his hideous delight to amuse himself by scaring grown-up passengers. If they were sitting in deck chairs, he suddenly yelled in their ears.

Hammond had seen the imp out of the corner of his eye. "Her nerves are imaginary," he thought. "Now we'll see."

But when the boy yelled poor Inez dropped limp to the deck. He swore softly as he lifted her. How absurdly light she was! "This comes of cultivating the jumps," he growled as her aunt arrived.

"None of our family can endure sudden noises," the lady said coldly.

MISS CHAPIN did not appear at dinner that evening, and Hammond went up to the captain's quarters afterwards for a smoke. For years he had traveled back and forth over this route, pursuing consignments of chicle and sugar, coffee and sisal.

"I've carried enough hothouse plants on my ship," said the captain, paring his bedtime apple, "but even then it took my breath away when I saw this Chapin outfit coming aboard. I knew the father well. Traveled with us often. He was a bit anæmic and dried up, but he did have a husky enthusiasm. One of the most learned men I ever knew. That's his last book up there on my shelf—autographed."

"They're an old family," suggested the visitor.

"Yes, but they won't be long. They've become mostly spinster aunts. They need new blood. Bred out."

"The girl ought to marry a hod carrier, to even things up."

"Or a prize fighter or a cowpuncher."

The ship steamed on through blue and golden days. After the incident of the imp Miss Chapin's aunt sat watchfully beside her. Inez had relapsed into utter languor.

Hammond decided that nothing was to be done, and rather avoided the group. Then, when the voyage was almost over, he received an agreeable shock.

It was one of those rippling, sparkling mornings that come to the Gulf in its moods of play, when it stirs like changeable silk from green to blue. Gulls were flying and the porpoises were out as they anchored at daybreak off Progreso. Hammond saw the terror and his imp colleagues rush below deck, and wondered what the fuss was about. Then he remembered: "Oh—fishing for sharks." He strode aft and leaned on the taffrail. To his amazement he discovered the truant Inez angling with the boys, her line rather loose, but her face flushed, her eyes gay, as she turned and looked up at him.

"I wish I could hook one—the ghastly monsters! I hate to catch rainbow trout, but one of these—that I'd consider a good job! Watch him roll over. They're a nightmare." She drew in her line and with a great sang-froid attached a pound of raw meat to the hook with her own hands. "Do you observe that they're exactly the color of the new Bermuda potatoes that you see in markets in the spring?"

"You're looking very fit," accused Hammond.

ADAMANT

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

"I'm overdoing," she said joyously.

The captain swung around the after deck, completing a morning mile.

"By George!" he marveled, sotto voce, startled by the sight of Miss Chapin fishing for sharks. "I wonder if she's got a little of the Old Adam in her after all!"

"A little," decided Hammond, then turned to his friend with a grin. "But too much of the old adamant with it."

"Ah—adamant's a good thing!"

AT VERA CRUZ Hammond left the yellow-haired captive. He wondered whether he would ever hear of her again.

It was in this ancient city that Mrs. Raeburn began to fear that the tropics might really be too much for her. One could manage about the drinking water, but would it be possible to get enough boiled water for an entire bath? It would not. She dispatched Inez and her maid in a taxi to the market. They need remain in the port only overnight, and oranges and bananas, at least, would be reasonably safe unboiled.

As the old taxi rattled down the avenue it encountered terrific commotion. People were skittering along the sidewalks like chipmunks, darting indoors, flattening themselves against houses, slamming heavy blinds. There was little shouting; only swift action. Then bullets spattered against the accustomed walls of the cathedral, scaring the buzzards off the spire. A man, brown, almost naked, flashed around the corner, was gone. An instant later the soldiers were pelting after him, taking random shots.

"Good," said the driver, and leaped out to crank up the paralyzed taxi. "I think he got away. I do not like such affairs. They take my goat."

Poor Anna was upon the floor of the car, making peculiar sounds, wildly praying.

"Get up," said Inez firmly, amazed that she herself was not atremble. "It's all over, whatever it was. Driver, why did the soldiers try to kill the boy?"

"Oh, it is no doubt a prisoner whom they are bringing in to the fortress, señorita. To them it is only the shooting of a wild dog. He has escaped, I think; God knows how. It is the law that a prisoner who tries to escape shall be shot at sight—the *ley fuga.* He took his chance. Maybe now he has the luck."

"Well, in that case," said Inez, "we may as well pursue the oranges." She felt oddly exhilarated.

"We had a good ride," she reported to Aunt Esther. "The driver had lived in New Orleans, and you ought to have heard him jabber English!"

"It will be difficult to get through the night," said Aunt Esther, "but we shall not lose courage, I trust. Dear, do remember to use vichy for your teeth. Don't dream of brushing them with water from the tap—or out of this wretched earthen jar."

AND at last dawn came, amid a tumult of roosters and then an outburst of firecrackers—the invitations to a local radical meeting. With relief and gratitude, at six o'clock, Aunt Esther followed her courier to seats in the Pullman. How welcome, how civilized! She slept until their train reached the capital, having rested but distractedly through the night.

There was to be scant delay in the metropolis. An evening call upon the American consul assured them that their tickets and checks were right, if indeed it was their surprising desire to journey to Sargona. The place had suffered much in recent years, but things were apparently quiet there—now. The road, it was true, passed through great and lonely mountains, where robbery had been common enough, but there was no reason to expect further outrages. In fact, it was a pleasant trip of only eight hours. And once in charming Sargona, they would find colonies of Britons and Americans.

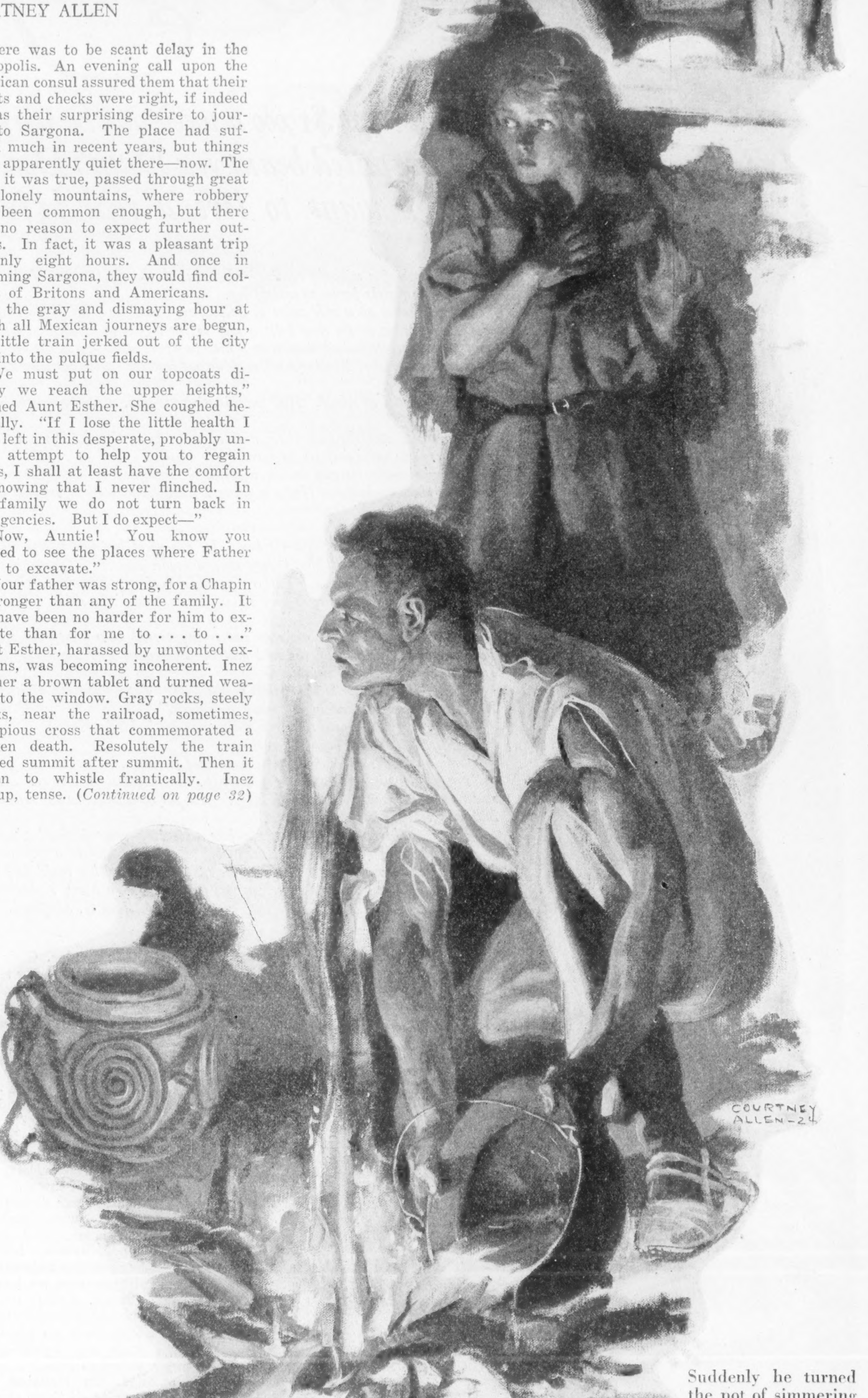
At the gray and dismaying hour at which all Mexican journeys are begun, the little train jerked out of the city and into the pulque fields.

"We must put on our topcoats directly we reach the upper heights," warned Aunt Esther. She coughed heroically. "If I lose the little health I have left in this desperate, probably unwise attempt to help you to regain yours, I shall at least have the comfort of knowing that I never flinched. In our family we do not turn back in emergencies. But I do expect—"

"Now, Auntie! You know you wanted to see the places where Father used to excavate."

"Your father was strong, for a Chapin—stronger than any of the family. It can have been no harder for him to excavate than for me to . . . to . . ." Aunt Esther, harassed by unwonted exertions, was becoming incoherent. Inez got her a brown tablet and turned wearily to the window. Gray rocks, steely peaks, near the railroad, sometimes, the pious cross that commemorated a sudden death. Resolutely the train gained summit after summit. Then it began to whistle frantically. Inez sat up, tense.

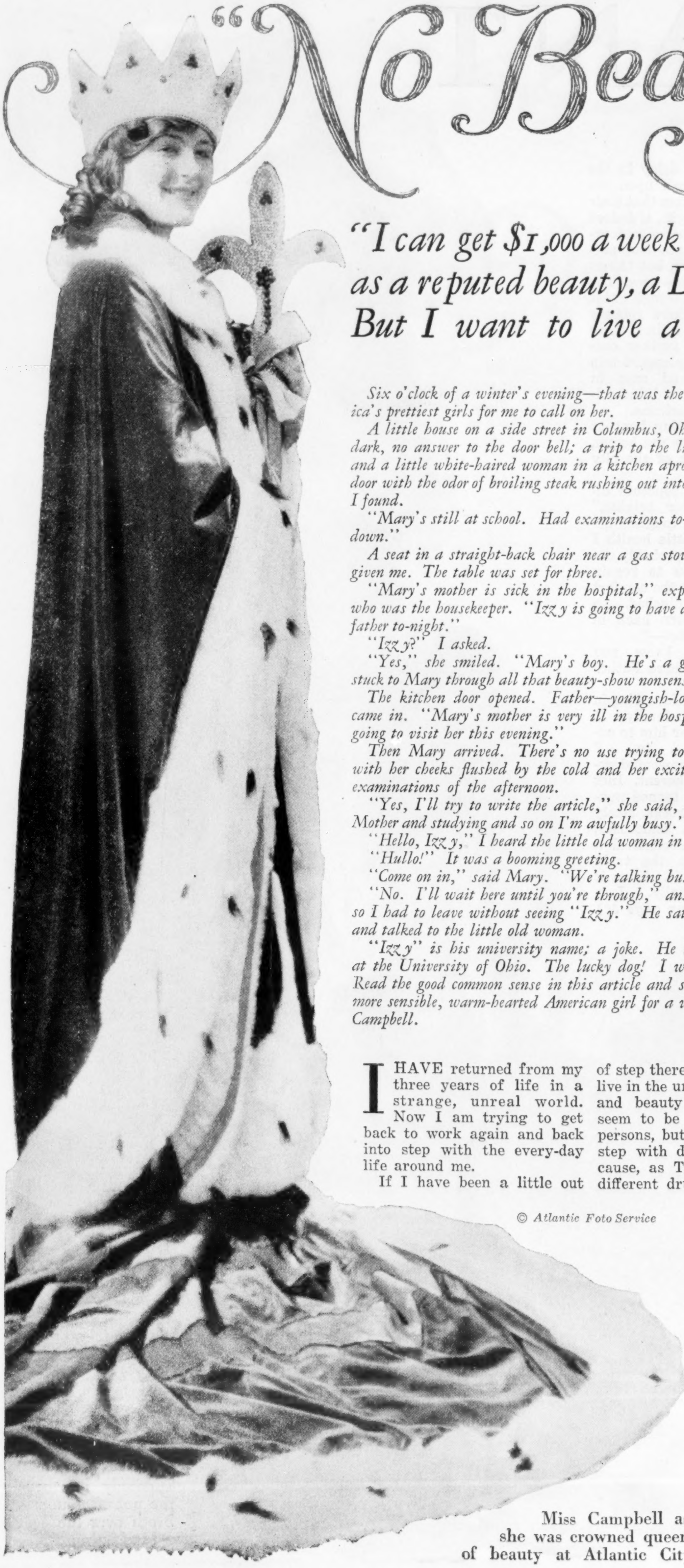
(*Continued on page 32*)



Suddenly he turned the pot of simmering broth over the coals, blackening them

"No Beauty Shows"

"I can get $1,000 a week on the stage as a reputed beauty, a Dumb Dora. But I want to live a real life"



© Atlantic Foto Service

Miss Campbell as she was crowned queen of beauty at Atlantic City

Six o'clock of a winter's evening—that was the hour set by one of America's prettiest girls for me to call on her.

A little house on a side street in Columbus, Ohio; the front of the house dark, no answer to the door bell; a trip to the lightened kitchen; a knock and a little white-haired woman in a kitchen apron standing at the opened door with the odor of broiling steak rushing out into the cold; that was what I found.

"Mary's still at school. Had examinations to-day. Come on in and sit down."

A seat in a straight-back chair near a gas stove in the dining-room was given me. The table was set for three.

"Mary's mother is sick in the hospital," explained the little woman, who was the housekeeper. "Izzy is going to have dinner with Mary and her father to-night."

"Izzy?" I asked.

"Yes," she smiled. "Mary's boy. He's a great big fine fellow. He stuck to Mary through all that beauty-show nonsense and she stuck to him."

The kitchen door opened. Father—youngish-looking, tall and worried—came in. "Mary's mother is very ill in the hospital," he said. "We're going to visit her this evening."

Then Mary arrived. There's no use trying to tell how pretty she was with her cheeks flushed by the cold and her excitement over the university examinations of the afternoon.

"Yes, I'll try to write the article," she said, "but what with visits to Mother and studying and so on I'm awfully busy."

"Hello, Izzy," I heard the little old woman in the kitchen say.

"Hullo!" It was a booming greeting.

"Come on in," said Mary. "We're talking business."

"No. I'll wait here until you're through," answered the big voice. And so I had to leave without seeing "Izzy." He sat on a chair in the kitchen and talked to the little old woman.

"Izzy" is his university name; a joke. He is a great football player at the University of Ohio. The lucky dog! I wish he had been my *son. Read the good common sense in this article and see if any boy could find a more sensible, warm-hearted American girl for a wife than Mary Katherine Campbell.*

William G. Shepherd.

I HAVE returned from my three years of life in a strange, unreal world. Now I am trying to get back to work again and back into step with the every-day life around me.

If I have been a little out of step there is little wonder. Girls who live in the unreal world of beauty shows and beauty contests may sometimes seem to be very different from other persons, but if they seem to be out of step with daily life it is perhaps because, as Thoreau said, they "hear a different drummer."

It is indeed a different drum and a livelier one that a girl hears that joins in this new and strange phase of American life, the Beauty Contest. She hears *snare* drums and *trap* drums, barbaric tom-toms, and some other drums, beating her on toward—what? There are no kettle drums. Kettle drums suggest domestic things that have no place in such an upside-down world as hers.

I am shutting my ears to all these sounds now. I want to get in rhythm with the pulse and throb of the real world where people work and where they count only for the real work that they are able to do.

It has been very hard to do this, too. I am a freshman now at eighteen and one-half years in the Ohio State University. I call myself "the eternal freshman." This is my third start in the last three years in the college. Twice I have lost the fight to stay.

The first time I left school because I responded to the lure of the stage in the form of a splendid Keith offer. The second time I was forced to leave on account of illness and later I accepted offers of short duration only as my mother was in a very serious condition. Now I have started again and I am doing my best to stay. But the pull is always the other way. The stage, for instance, is always tugging and it tugs hard. Outside interests that might not call an average university girl are always thrusting themselves upon me in the midst of my school work. For instance, here is Collier's asking me to write this magazine article. But this, my third trial at the university, finds me determined to stay.

But this fight to get back into step is so hard that I would hesitate to let my daughter, if I had one, go through with it. From what I have seen of beauty shows and beauty contests, there is a fascinating glamour about them, but it is that of Fairyland with an artificial foundation. They take a girl rather too far away from the normal things of life.

I don't believe in one-piece bathing suits. I don't believe in the bitterness of the contest, nor do I like some of the experiences which it entails. You have no conception of the depth and intensity of feeling that sways the crowd at the last and prime event. Partisanship and rivalry are really more in evidence in the crowd than in the girls. When I knelt on the stage of the Million Dollar Pier to be crowned "Miss America, 1922," the crowd either yelled for joy or hissed at fate. Then they started to surge forward, some scenery was knocked down and I trembled before the Kleig lights and photographers, women fainted and the faces of the committeemen were pale with the anxiety of it. A corps of policemen beat their way through the crowd to escort me to my auto. In the eyes about me there was everything from stilettos to fan worship, but never indifference.

I was twice winner of the National Beauty Contest of Atlantic City where girls selected from over seventy of the largest cities in the United States competed. The bitterness and disappointment of coming in nowhere has never been mine, but I know some girls who, after a little local success, have had their minds turned for nothing but a show of their beauty. Some of them will appear anywhere before audiences just to have themselves admired, as they believe. They show themselves at stag parties of business men, at local amusement parks and in local carnivals for very small sums of money, sometimes for even nothing. It isn't money they like; it is being "looked at" that sways them. That, I admit, is a terrible state of mind for any girl to get into.

Let me tell you my side of the story. My experiences in that first year of the Beauty Contest, 1922, outdid that of

for MY Daughter”

By MARY KATHERINE CAMPBELL

(Chosen twice as America's most beautiful girl)

Cinderella. I was only sixteen years old and words fail me when I try to tell you how wonderful it all was and what indescribable fun and thrills I had.

When the Beauty Contest was first begun by the "Ohio State Journal" in Columbus, I was in Detroit and knew nothing about it. From there I went to visit my grandparents in Delaware, and we went fishing one afternoon with Granddad; and oh! the chiggers! Returning to Grandfather's house I received a breathless long-distance call from a boy who had entered my picture in a beauty contest. I was first indignant, but finally consented to appear at the real contest held the next morning at the Majestic Theatre in Columbus after a council of war with Mother, "Nannie Daise" and "Grandpin." We had a great many giggles out of it. "Nanny Daise" said I should marry a millionaire and pass limousines around in the family. The next morning I slipped into a white skirt and yellow sweater and Mother and I went to the contest. I was overawed when I saw the stunning outfits of the contestants—everything down to the frilly handkerchief. Some were timid, others strutted. The girls were eliminated from one hundred and seventy down to six. Here we were judged on carriage, personality, face and general appearance. Then the six of us were taken by the judges to the Maramor to dine there; refinement, manners, etc., were judged. Just as I was about to take a luscious bit of chicken salad I would see a pair of eyes in close scrutiny and it would remain suspended a while. The judges were a banker—a patron of art and artists—the leading lady of a stock company, a sculptor, a cartoonist and a portrait painter. Then we were taken to the Athletic Club and given one-piece bathing suits to wear. This being my first one-piece bathing suit, I felt very embarrassed and fairly crept down to the swimming pool where the judges were waiting. Finally, after much puckering of brows, they declared me winner and I nearly dropped into the pool. Up to now I hadn't known there was such a thing as a figure. Just imagine my surprise to learn that there was such a thing among human institutions and that the judges had decided that I had a perfect one. I think the one-piece bathing suit is indispensable for swimming, but for any display purpose—beach or otherwise—the fancy bathing suit should be worn.

Mary Katherine Campbell at seven, with grown-up hair

WHEN MARY PICKFORD READ THIS ARTICLE

She said: "The marvelous thing about Miss Campbell's experience was that she went through it all and came out unspoiled. To be chosen twice as America's most beautiful girl is no small triumph. The very glamour, the mad letters from admirers, the idolizing, the cheering of the crowd—would have been enough to turn the head of nearly any normal girl. Yet, when the thing was over, Miss Campbell went back to college. That took great strength of character. It makes me feel very proud to think that America has produced such a fine type of young womanhood."

Then came the wonderful shopping. Just think how fictitious this sounds—to go into almost any store and pick out what you want with no thought of economy and have a complete wardrobe including the trunk, and then never get a bill for it! I felt quite the fashion plate after my excursion. Then the hurry to board the Beauty Special, accompanied by Mother and Michael Fanning. He was the competent and witty "State Journal" man in charge of the event and our prop, adviser, protector and guide from start to finish. The train was filled with girls from all over. We got to the train late in the evening, but other beauty contestants from other cities were sitting up to see us. They filed past my seat to look at me. I did the same thing later to other girls.

Finally we arrived at the playground of the world and were greeted by hosts of committeemen who gave us each a list of whirlwind events occupying our every minute and a car with a chauffeur.

The first evening we were introduced to the public I wore a simple red evening gown which proved to be very lucky as I was the only one receiving enough applause for a second bow. I love it to this day—that little red gown. Then came balls and preliminary judging, yachts, festivals of King Neptune and other gay events. But oh! the rolling chair parade, the five-mile smile! As you ride along between the files of the huge crowd, they wax ecstatic about their favorites, and if you are a favorite it is necessary to beam your appreciation. If you're not, be ready for the worst. Some say, "Isn't she sweet?" "Oh, boy!" "Hello, Good-lookin'," "Why, we've got a dozen girls on our street as pretty as you are!"

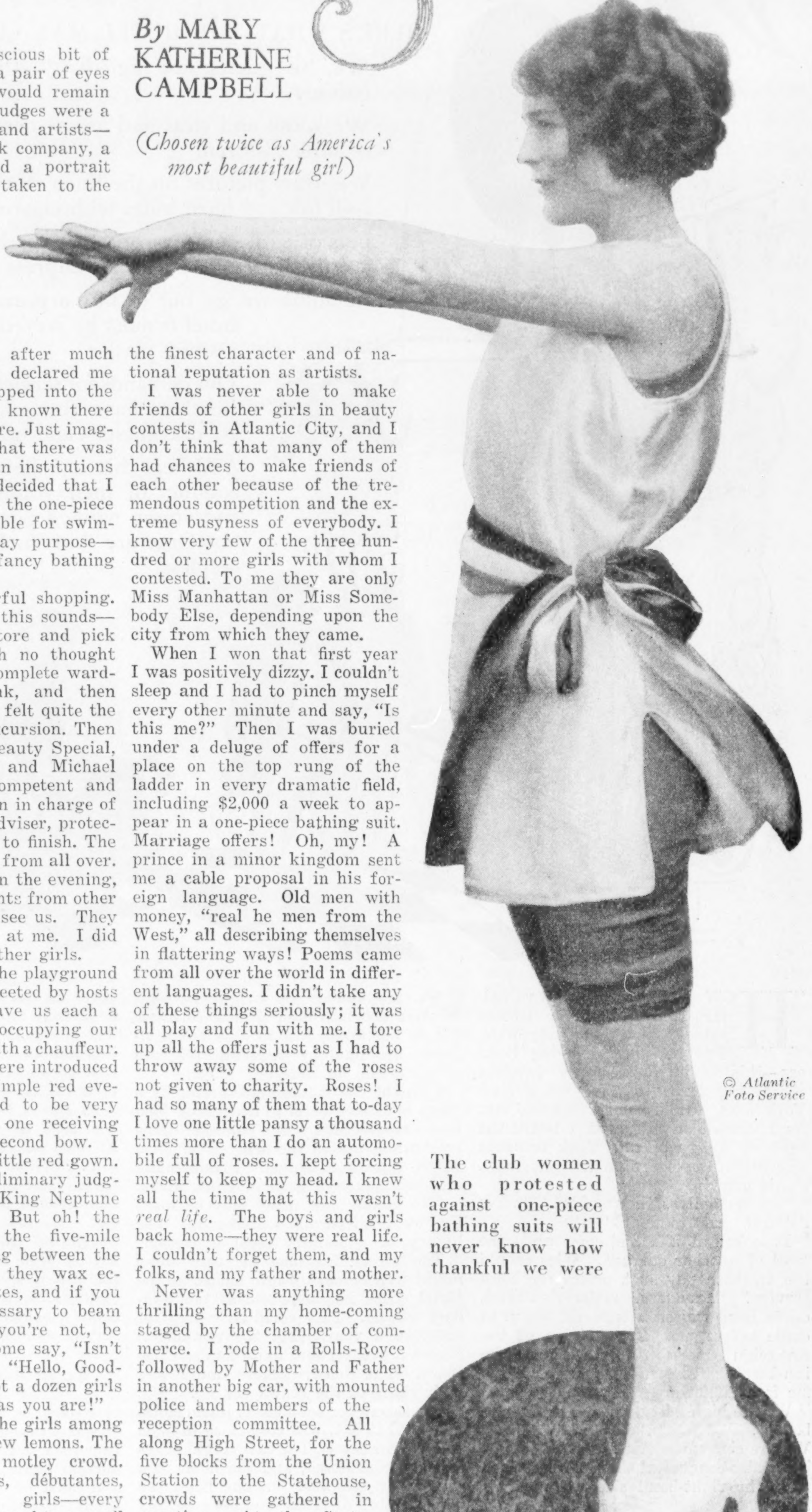
And so it was for all the girls among the many peaches and few lemons. The girls were certainly a motley crowd. Educated college girls, débutantes, stenographers, factory girls—every kind. Different ideas seemed to prevail in the several cities as to beauty, but in the main the same methods of selection were followed in the local events as in the final judging where personality and refinement were considered as well as mere physical beauty. The judges at Atlantic City were men of the finest character and of national reputation as artists.

I was never able to make friends of other girls in beauty contests in Atlantic City, and I don't think that many of them had chances to make friends of each other because of the tremendous competition and the extreme busyness of everybody. I know very few of the three hundred or more girls with whom I contested. To me they are only Miss Manhattan or Miss Somebody Else, depending upon the city from which they came.

When I won that first year I was positively dizzy. I couldn't sleep and I had to pinch myself every other minute and say, "Is this me?" Then I was buried under a deluge of offers for a place on the top rung of the ladder in every dramatic field, including $2,000 a week to appear in a one-piece bathing suit. Marriage offers! Oh, my! A prince in a minor kingdom sent me a cable proposal in his foreign language. Old men with money, "real he men from the West," all describing themselves in flattering ways! Poems came from all over the world in different languages. I didn't take any of these things seriously; it was all play and fun with me. I tore up all the offers just as I had to throw away some of the roses not given to charity. Roses! I had so many of them that to-day I love one little pansy a thousand times more than I do an automobile full of roses. I kept forcing myself to keep my head. I knew all the time that this wasn't *real life*. The boys and girls back home—they were real life. I couldn't forget them, and my folks, and my father and mother.

Never was anything more thrilling than my home-coming staged by the chamber of commerce. I rode in a Rolls-Royce followed by Mother and Father in another big car, with mounted police and members of the reception committee. All along High Street, for the five blocks from the Union Station to the Statehouse, crowds were gathered in greeting. At the Statehouse a platform was erected and I was presented with formal greetings and a scroll by the mayor. Then, my own street was decorated by a row of flags and

(*Continued on page 41*)

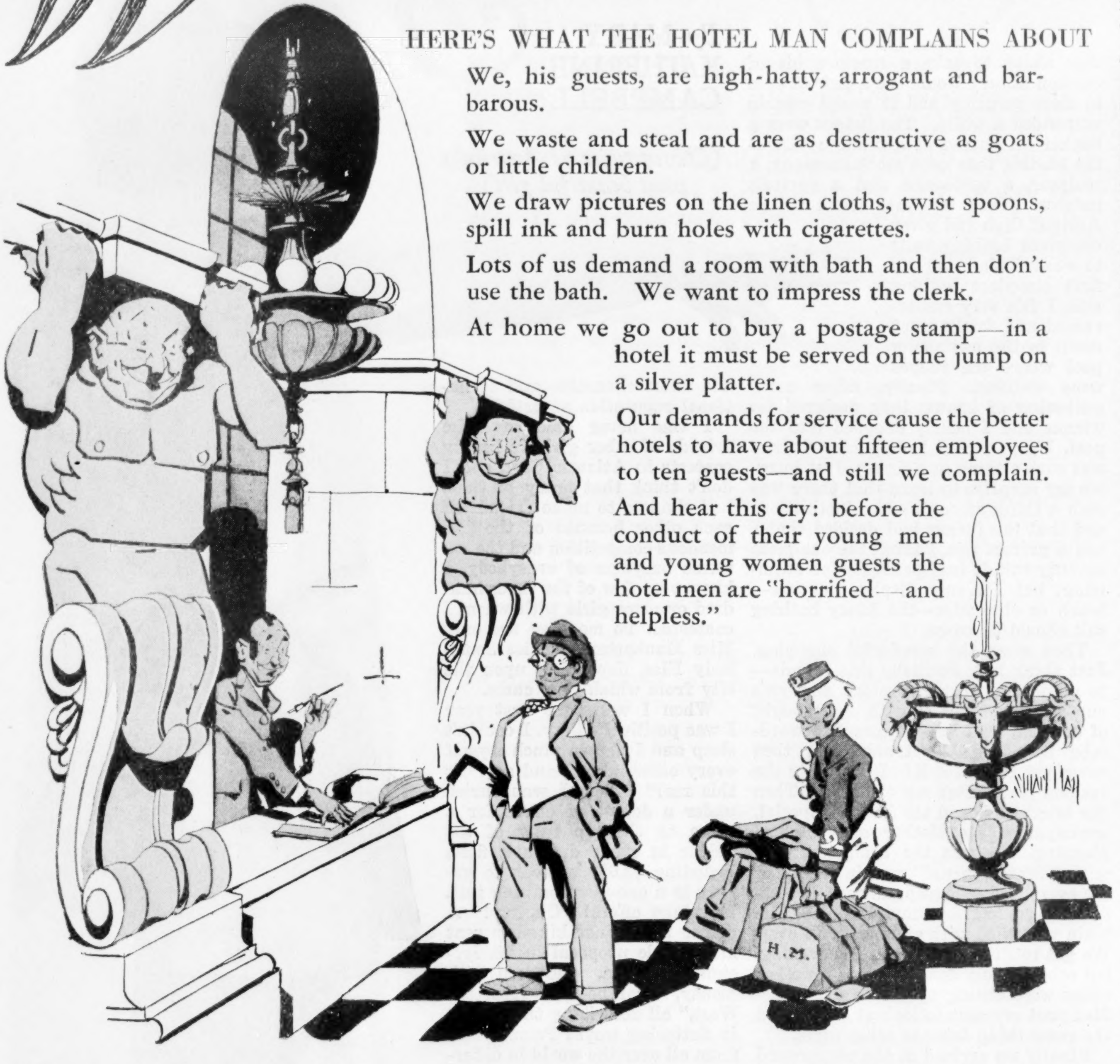


© Atlantic Foto Service

The club women who protested against one-piece bathing suits will never know how thankful we were

What the Hotel Men

By HERBERT COREY *ILLUSTRATED BY* STUART HAY



HERE'S WHAT THE HOTEL MAN COMPLAINS ABOUT

We, his guests, are high-hatty, arrogant and barbarous.

We waste and steal and are as destructive as goats or little children.

We draw pictures on the linen cloths, twist spoons, spill ink and burn holes with cigarettes.

Lots of us demand a room with bath and then don't use the bath. We want to impress the clerk.

At home we go out to buy a postage stamp—in a hotel it must be served on the jump on a silver platter.

Our demands for service cause the better hotels to have about fifteen employees to ten guests—and still we complain.

And hear this cry: before the conduct of their young men and young women guests the hotel men are "horrified—and helpless."

"HOW dare they charge two dollars and a half for lobster salad?" asked the lady wife. She had been playing hostess—this is an inexcusably careless use of the verb "to play"—at a New York hotel. I told her I would find out. As I started on my quest I heard the head of a great New York business grieving at the desk of another hostelry. I said grieving.

"Twelve dollars," he rumbled. "Twelve dollars! Just to sleep!"

It looked as if I had come upon the trail of another outrage. Why should the freeborn pay such prices for hotel service? Managers, maîtres d'hôtel, chefs, head waiters, stewards, began to defile before me. The opinion of the sovereign American people held by the inn-keeping fraternity and revealed to me is as follows:

We are high-hatty, arrogant and barbarous. We waste, we burn, we steal. We are congenital ham-and-eggers, but being also congenital show-offs we order from the right-hand side when we go to a hotel.

The man who shares a dark bathroom with the boarders demands a corner suite when he goes to a hotel. We are so sappy it would be a shame not to take the money. Each of us demands a room with a bath, but each third man fails to bathe.

We are shaken by bright buttons, two-ton doormen and gilded cornices. We do not know how to dine but dividends are paid by reducing the size of the cream pitchers.

I sought the managing director of a great mid-town hotel to learn why food costs are so high. He pointed to his restaurant, across the door of which a velvet rope was drawn. Inside many misanthropic men were lunching alone.

"No matter how many may be waiting, we never permit doubling up. The luxury of a solitary meal is costly."

The street frontage of this hotel might well be cut up into shops, as the Hotel Astor has done and as the Waldorf will do. They could be rented for $200,000 a year. Yet the restaurant covers a greater and quite as desirable space. The lonely diners must pay their share of the rental charge.

The set-up for each table, linen, cloth, silver, what not, will cost close to $300 in the better hotels. The carrying charges must be considered, and the hotel men say we are thieves. In one hotel the least number of table napkins ever lost in a single month was 900 and the greatest number 2,400. They cost $1.25 each.

We are as destructive as goats or little children. Men whose wives would crown them kings of sorrows if they did such things at home will draw pictures on the linen cloths, twist spoons, spill ink, burn holes with cigarettes. The well-behaved person pays for these moronic delights, for the hotels keep cost sheets which go into the most remote details.

In one of the finest hotels I know of the cost of destruction is estimated at $11 on each $100 worth of food sold. On that same scale the labor cost is $25, and rent, flowers, re-decoration, poor credits and the like may well add $14. So that before the raw food is purchased the hotel must deduct $50 of the $100 received. The two-dollar-and-a-half lobster salad costs on the claw $1.20, with live lobster at sixty cents a pound. Another $1.20 goes for service and smashing. Profit, a nickel.

We've Made the Waiter Ritzy

THERE is a slight salvage, in that waste bits go to flavoring and soups. Imported vegetables at sixty cents a portion show a loss at some seasons and must be averaged for. The table is supported by standbys, the roast beef and ham and eggs and liver and bacon, and the soups and salads and desserts make the profit.

Not many of the delicacies served on the hotel tables are imported. Sole and turbot, yes, because we have no sole and turbot at home and they are recognizable by anyone who can be taught to differentiate between cabbage and mackerel. Not much else.

"What's the use?" ask the chefs. "They would not understand."

That hotel service has fallen off in quality is admitted. We did it—we Americans—because we cannot keep ourselves from calling a waiter George. Lately a prejudice has risen against this particular name, and so we call him Willie. Most of to-day's hotel servants have been trained in Europe, but after they have bathed in our free air for a time they grin at the jokes and want to cut up a little with the ladies at the table.

There are, of course, good waiters still to be found, but the American hotel system does not encourage them. Once a diner was a man and master and to be deftly soothed and petted. Now he is Waiter's Check A 419: Do Not Detach. He is fed with the minimum of delay and the maximum of profit and shooed out after the waiter has extracted the largest possible tip. It is efficiency plus but not necessarily pleasant.

"And is the ten per cent tip still acceptable?"

It is not. In the better establishments one never gives less than a quarter if one hopes to retain the respect of his temporary servitor. The proper tip is nearer fifteen per cent. A dinner for four, amounting to fifteen dollars, would call for two dollars to the waiter.

One may give what one pleases to the headwaiter in order to have a table reserved, or for the privilege of calling him Gustave. If one will form a two-dollar habit he will lean from the waist over the table and chat briefly.

In such restaurants as the Plaza, the Ritz, or the Biltmore the average waiter will make about $225 a month. This is less than I had suspected, but the waiter's condition is improved by the fact that he gets his meals as a matter of course, and every effort is made to keep him contented. One remembers a familiar advertising slogan. Some day, I suppose, we shall see this line on the menu:

"Meals here are served by happy waiters."

It is in the kitchen that personality has a chance to manifest itself. Of course, the maîtres d'hôtel often develop as restaurant owners themselves. They have the chance to get acquainted with large bodies of money. A little flattery of a millionaire often has the happiest possible effect. But the salaries are in the kitchen. One chef who handles a banquet business of $5,000,000 for one hotel is paid not less than $25,000 a year. He has the secret of four thousand dishes in his archives. His chief assistant is but 32 years old and there are others of rank in the kitchen dynasty who are even younger. Yet the man who boils soup stock has been at the same kettle for 25 years and will never be anywhere else.

The chefs are all French or Swiss. There are good American dishes, of course, but few American cooks. In the better kitchens Frenchmen are not permitted to handle Welsh rabbits or shellfish. For these things an Irish cook is kept. Nor are women cooks in favor. The women can cook, of course, but they lack that final touch of genius which makes a chef. And they cannot boss.

"Not that the men make ze trouble," said the chef who told me this. "Ah,

think of US

non. Eet ees the women. La, la, how they talk back."

"Not rough?" I begged. "Oh, tell me, sir. Not rough?"

"Ter-ree-ble," said my friend the chef.

Not all hotel rooms cost twelve dollars in New York. But the hotel men say there is a reason for the twelve-dollar room. The hotel which is not within easy walking distance of the boiling center of things drops back in the race. That means an excessive ground rent. One hotel which cost $11,000,000 furnished has 1,100 rooms. Therefore the single patron occupies a ten-thousand-dollar establishment when he lodges for the night. What's worse, that establishment could not be duplicated today for $20,000. One hotel discovered this when it got figures on a proposed addition of 2,000 rooms. The interest cost of the patron's room might be estimated at two dollars a night.

And we Americans, say the hotel men, like to make a splash. We love gold doorknobs and silver bathtubs. A single tapestry in one hotel cost $50,000 and it has other tapestries. A marble room was designed by an artist. It was chaste, correct and dignified. It would have made a lovely tomb. But the patrons found it depressing and so that superb marble was painted over at a cost of $70,000. Immense rugs are specially woven and orchestras of artists almost sit on each other's knees. The patron pays of course, and proves he likes it by transferring to the newest hotel which has devised some new way in which to prink and bedizen.

Afraid to Read the Riot Act

WHEN Harrigan Melks comes to town from Perry's Creek he demands a room with a bath. Back home he has his pants pressed quite often and eats a forty-five-cent Business Men's Lunch. Lots of us, the hotel men say, do not use our baths after we get 'em. But Harrigan Melks has had the fun of showing off before the clerk. Five minutes afterward neither he nor the clerk would recognize each other at sight. Because of this the newest hotels have only rooms with baths.

"I have 200 rooms without baths in my hotel," said one manager, "and I've had the dickens of a time renting them."

This hotel is in the first flight of those who cater to transients. Not as new as some, but the stranger would never know it. Its most expensive room and bath is $28 a day. The rooms without baths are in every respect equal to the others. They have running water and high ceilings and great windows.

"I marked these rooms two, three and four dollars a day," said the manager, "and they would not go."

At last he trained his clerks to make a special selling talk on the bathless rooms, and they are now all occupied with semi-permanent guests. For years they had remained empty except in rush times.

And there is another reason why a hotel room costs twelve dollars a day. We demand service. Back home we walk out to buy a postage stamp, but in a hotel we want it served on the jump and a silver platter. There is no business in the world in which so many people are continually standing around doing nothing except waiting for a chance to serve. The better hotels run about fifteen employees to ten guests and still the patrons complain.

The startling fact is that so great a share of the hotel costs is chargeable to our national goatishness. Maybe not national. Maybe that is unfair. But one half the cost of replacements is due to the savagery of guests and the carelessness of servants.

Everyone steals souvenir spoons. The head of a great business—he is worth $15,000,000 in his own right—habitually throws his cigarette stubs on the rugs that cost $18 a square yard. So do nearly everyone else. The management dares not say a word, because the stub-throwers bring business to the hotel. If offended they might keep business away. I saw a bill for $40 paid to a guest:

"Sheer blackmail. We did not owe that money. But we paid it—and others like it—rather than make enemies."

Curtains and sheets and towels and blankets are torn and burned. The edge of the desk in every hotel room is scarred by cigar ends. Because bed-makers will not turn mattresses and springs they are replaced twice as often as they should be. One face towel and one bath towel are stolen each month from each room. But the more unpleasant angle to our national savagery is the destruction caused by "parties."

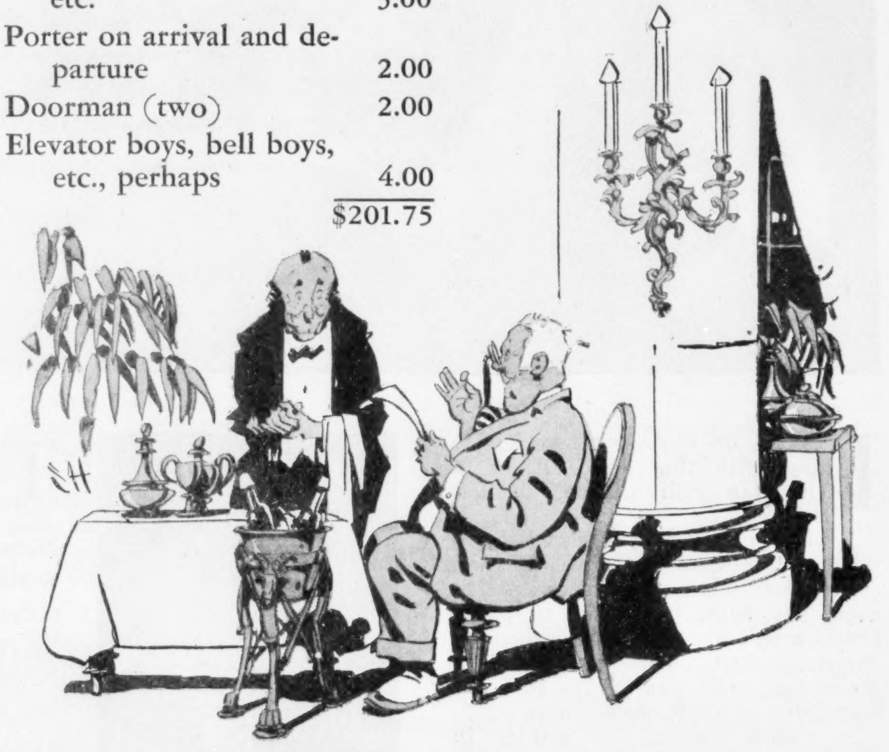
Harrigan Melks cannot rent a room for a party in a good hotel now, as he once could, when liquor and manners were both better. So he rents a bedroom, moves in a suitcase full of booze and goes to it. The house officers do what they can to quell riots, but their powers are limited. A guest thrown out may have a very good case for damages. One hotel preserves photographs of the interior of a hotel room after a Princeton student—the son of a rich man—held a party there. Every breakable thing was smashed. Even the tiles in the bathroom and the plumbing fixtures were torn out.

I was surprised to learn that the hotel men object to prohibition on its ethical rather than its financial side. Any loss of revenue has long ago been made up, and the past five years have been unprecedentedly profitable to the hotels. But they do not like the bottle drinkers. They are brutal, incoherent and noisy. One blattering mob full of shellac may drive away a score of steady patrons. A more important problem, from a broader viewpoint, is the conduct of the young men and women of to-day in the hotels. "We are horrified—and helpless," the hotel men say.

In one of the most fashionable hotels of the city I have seen young girls walk about the lobby, half stewed, cigarettes hanging from their lips, half surreptitiously drinking from pocket flasks. The management dare not do more than protest. Often the management dare not even speak.

ONE WEEK IN NEW YORK

If you go to the MOST EXPENSIVE HOUSE		*Or to the* LEAST EXPENSIVE HOTEL	
Room for two at $12	$84.00	Room for two at $4	$28.00
Breakfast for two in room, fruit, toast, coffee, eggs at $3.50	24.50	Same breakfast in café	8.40
Breakfast tip at 50c	3.50	Breakfast tips at 20c	1.40
Lunch for two at $2	28.00	Lunch at 75c	10.50
Lunch tip at 50c	3.50	Lunch tips at 30c	2.10
Dinner for two at $3	42.00	Dinner for two at $1	14.00
Tip at 75c	5.25	Dinner tips at 30c	2.10
Chambermaid, bathmaid, etc.	3.00	Chambermaid	1.00
Porter on arrival and departure	2.00	Other service, perhaps	1.00
Doorman (two)	2.00		$68.50
Elevator boys, bell boys, etc., perhaps	4.00		
	$201.75		



"This week I lost the business of a man who has been a regular guest here for years. His bills averaged $75 a day during his visits. Guess why?"

I could not, of course.

"Because my night manager refused to permit his eighteen-year-old daughter to go up and drink with a man in his room at three o'clock in the morning."

Hotel employees know they must not interfere with the steady march of dividends, because to do so would be equivalent to the abandonment of the only business that most of them know. For the bankers who have gone into the hotel business insist on dividends. They are not so warmly concerned with the new styles in morals.

The fact is that the innkeeper has disappeared. His place has been taken by the accountant. One hotel is reputed to have saved $50,000 a year on flowers alone. The steward who serves 100 quarts of cream must explain why, if his rival escaped with seventy. A financier estimates that the hat checking privilege in one hotel pays five per cent dividends on $2,000,000. And the tips go to the banker now. Not to the hat girl.

The service is good, to be sure. One can get what he wants at a price. There is a Detroit man who, when he comes to New York, demands that reservations be made for him on every train until he finally escapes. He gets them, and, of course, he pays.

One man made up his mind to sail for Europe at half past eight o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock the steamer sailed and he was in the cabin de luxe, with his money, passport, ticket, clothes, and a garden of roses. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when he would have been a man to the keeper of his hotel. He would have had an entity. An individuality. He would have been Mister. Nowadays he is Number Twenty-Eight. He is well served, but he might as well be served by wooden soldiers.

"No matter," say the hotel keepers. "Americans get the sort of hotels they want. They steal, burn and smash and pay for these little peccadilloes. We should worry. They pay the highest prices for their food. It is not the best food, but they know no better. Our hotels are the largest, our rooms the smallest, our elevators the fastest, our water the hottest, our ceilings the goldenest. Anyone can have a check cashed at any hour. Our hotels are the best in the world."

Perhaps you know now why lobster salad costs two dollars and a half? And why one night's sleep is worth twelve dollars?

The MAN with the

By
MICHAEL
FIASCHETTI

"For every policeman killed I'll pay one hundred and fifty dollars"

THIS is a true story. Its author—a noted detective—was for sixteen years a member of the New York police force. For his work in the case here described he received two gold medals. In 1922 he was made a Chevalier by the King of Italy for aiding the Italian Government in running down criminals. Other thrilling stories from his notebook will follow.

IT WAS on a dreary morning in May, 1919, that first I heard of The Man with the Hole in His Hand.

I repeat that it was a dismal morning. A late spring rain was flooding the streets. The air was unseasonably cold. My drab, bare office in police headquarters was more than ordinarily cheerless. And to add to the prevailing gloom, my mail was of the sort not warranted to uplift one's spirits.

A wretch wanted for murder in Chicago; nothing extraordinary about the killing—mere brutality. A dull report from a detective trailing a suspect through New Jersey. He had no cheer to offer me. A miserable letter from a miserable, almost illiterate, mother bewailing her guilty son's innocence.

One by one I tossed the letters aside. A dismal task. A forlorn morning. A sorry lot of writing dealing with the worst that befalls mankind.

And then I unfolded a neatly typed sheet from Harry Welch, chief of detectives for Akron, Ohio. Any communication from Welch at that time promised at least momentary interest. Four of Akron's policemen, on three different nights, had been murdered—shot in the back while patrolling their beats.

Consequently that city was somewhat perturbed. And naturally the police force there was making an almost frantic effort to solve the mystery. I have heard it said by unthinking civilians that the police will work harder to discover the murderer of one of their number than they will otherwise.

If there is an element of truth to this (which I do not admit, by the way) it is solely because if the criminals should ever find it a simple matter to kill the police, God help the rest of the community.

Naturally all parts of the country were ready to help Akron. Welch's letter was, therefore, of interest even before reading.

At the very outset came the fascinating words, "Look for the man with a hole in his hand."

Here was something to counteract the gloom of the weather and be an antidote for the miserable commonplace of the other letters. Here, whether anything came of it or not, was something to hold one's attention, to kindle the imagination.

Look for The Man with the Hole in His Hand.

Stool Pigeons Wing No News

ON THE night after Christmas, 1918, patrolman Robert Norris had been shot to death on the street in one of Akron's better residential districts. There was no clue.

Three weeks later patrolmen Joe Hunt and Edward Costigan, walking together, were shot in the back. They died where they fell. They had been shot from ambush. There was no clue. Two weeks after that a fusillade of bullets caught patrolman Gethin Richards.

Surely you do not accuse me of exaggeration when I say that the Akron police were just about demoralized. Courageous, experienced men they were, but they took to their beats wondering who was to die next, and a policeman is not different from other men in that he dreads the unseen, unknown more than anything else.

A reward of $20,000 was offered for the solution of the mystery. All sorts of theories abounded—a maniac, a former member of the force whose troubles had stolen his reason. But in all the theories, in all the thousands of letters received by the police there was nothing suggestive of a reliable clue. Nothing save suspicion that the killer or killers might be traced to or through Akron's Italian colony. A suspicion, nothing more.

And then, it seems, Welch had received a letter from someone telling him to look for a Man with a Hole in His Hand and that it might be that this man was in New York or was on his way to New York. I, as head of the Detective Bureau's Italian squad in New York, was asked to help.

Help! Why, I would have walked through many deluges to help. I read the letter twice. And then I set about searching for this man, and what I did is an excellent illustration of police stool-pigeon work. It turned out to be the biggest case of that sort I had ever handled.

With Welch's letter spread out before me, I telephoned an East Side establishment which, for want of a more accurate name, we shall call a poolroom. There was a pool table in the place and it had been and, less brazenly, still was the rendezvous of the worst element in that crime-breeding quarter—pickpockets, sneak thieves, professional gunmen, cocaine peddlers and addicts, sure-thing gamblers, thugs of varying description.

The proprietor of the place was neither better nor worse than his patrons. For excellent police reasons I had never closed his resort, although he understood that there were limits beyond which he might not go. As it was I had enough on the man to send him to prison. He knew this and in exchange for my forbearance he was willing to do stool-pigeon work for me. Such liaisons form a part—an important part—in every municipal police system.

The proprietor came to me.

"There is a stranger in town, a man I want. He has a hole in his hand," I began.

"Haven't seen anyone like that. Haven't noticed any strangers. Can't you give me more to go on?"

"That's enough. Now get busy. I got to have this guy, see? Get busy. Get the men around your place to look for him. A man with a hole in his hand—from out of town. Get all the men you can on the lookout. Let me hear from you to-night. Keep your mouth shut."

A blind stab? Not so blind. Here was a man to whose place local and out-of-town criminals were quite likely to come.

Within an hour this poolroom proprietor had twenty or thirty men looking for The Man with the Hole in His Hand.

"Never saw him before," he explained to his patrons. "He owes me twenty bucks. I need the money. Bring him in, but don't hurt him."

Hole in his HAND

I telephoned to a similar establishment in Fourteenth Street. Before the day was over a dozen human rats were silently scouting for a Man with a Hole in His Hand. Two stool pigeons on the Hudson River front were similarly commissioned, and they had their confidants looking for the stranger. Four or five such informers were turned loose in Brooklyn. In the same silent way the alarm spread over Harlem.

I called a telephone number in the Bronx. An undersized cocaine addict of a gangster responded. Of this man's coöperation I was quite sure. I was morally certain that he was the perpetrator of a recent hold-up and shooting, but I lacked the legal evidence to send him to Sing Sing. However, he didn't know what I lacked; he believed that he was free merely because I did not choose to send him to prison. And in return he was willing to pay me with information.

"I've got to get this man," I told my gangster. "Get your mob to look around for him. He's here. I know that. I'm not going to take excuses. Get him. Don't hurt him. Spot him and call me. Now get busy if you like liberty."

"Leave it to me," he boasted.

Do you realize that by this time dozens of criminals or associates of criminals were snooping up and down the streets of New York silently looking for another criminal—The Man with a Hole in His Hand? Another criminal? Yes, but I wasn't sure of it *then.* All that Welch had told me was that he had been asked to look for such a man; and he had passed it on to me. Neither Welch nor I knew exactly what such a man had to do with the murders, if anything. There was no accusation that he had done the killing or been a party to it.

And then I waited.

I waited three weeks without a suggestion of progress. I began to suspect my stool pigeons. Here, perhaps, was a crime that even stool pigeons dared not help solve. Maybe they were afraid. Maybe these Akron murders involved men of such importance in the criminal world or even politer circles, that my informants were resigned to take their threatened prison sentences rather than squeal.

Could I Hold Them?

I HELD frequent conferences with the stool pigeons. I rallied them, encouraged them, threatened them; but it did no good. They merely shook their heads sullenly. They hadn't heard nothing; they hadn't seen nothing. Was I sure this guy was in town?

My nerves became a bit raw. One of my colleagues in the police department suggested, not entirely without seriousness, that it was possible that there was a general armed revolt against the police and that the Akron murders might be repeated in New York.

"If this guy's here," he said, "it's a cinch these rats know it. But they're not giving him up. Why?"

"Well, this seems to me to be as good a time for a showdown as any," I replied.

I arrested a sneak thief. I let my stool pigeons think he was one of their number who had lain down on me and permitted the word to go forth that I was getting suspicious and that I was about to bear down heavily on stool pigeons who didn't produce.

A week more. Nothing happened. I arrested two or three more crooks and let the hint out to the stool pigeons. They were scared. And then the break came. Perhaps my arrests had the desired effect; I don't know. However my telephone rang. The call came from the Bronx.

"Last night in my place," almost whispered the man. "Think this is the guy you want. I never seen him before. He came in last night. Was playing pool. A young fellow. Stranger."

A pause.

"He was playing pool. I seen his hand. Looks as if he was shot through the hand. Nice-looking fellow. Thin guy. Long, pale face. Straight nose. Nice-looking fellow. Long jaw. Saw the hole in his hand."

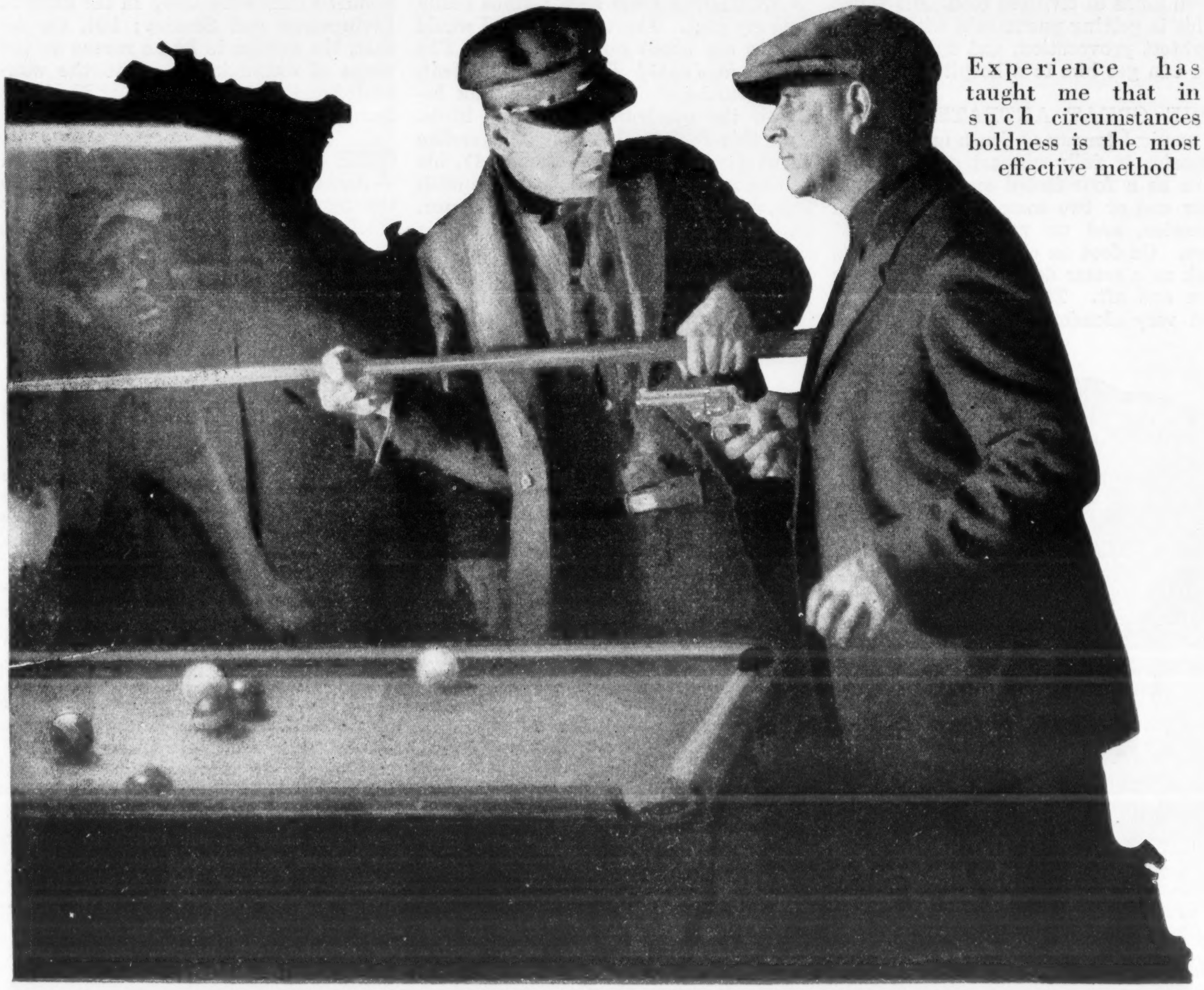
Another pause. I spoke.

"All right, all right," I snapped. "I'll be up. Watch for him. Keep him amused if he gets there before I do."

I occupied a doorway across the street from that Bronx poolroom for an hour. Then I saw the stranger. The description was accurate. Surely this was my man. To be sure, I would have to see his hand. I followed him into the place.

I have been in some particularly unpleasant resorts in my time, but few of them have been worse than this poolroom. I might describe it as being an excellent place for murders and murderers. Almost any horror might be staged there without lacking adequate setting. However, I do not think any man in the place looked much more villainous than I.

"Leave it to me," he boasted



Experience has taught me that in such circumstances boldness is the most effective method

The man I wanted took a cue in a kelly pool game. He shot in his turn and I looked at his hands. Above the knuckles of his left hand was a nasty, livid scar, obviously a bullet wound not very old. That was enough.

Experience has taught me that in such circumstances boldness is the most effective method. Making sure that there was no one behind me, I yanked my gun out and thrust it against the stomach of The Man with a Hole in His Hand. He was a weakling. His pale face grew waxen. He all but collapsed.

"What do you want? What do you want?" he screamed.

I told him who I was. The silence was ominous. I began backing him out, being careful to keep him between me and the others. But they did not seem anxious to interfere. He was a stranger. They were glad it was he, the stranger, who was being taken instead of one of themselves.

Tony Manfredi! That was his name, and he admitted he had recently come from Akron. Manifestly I had the right man, but to connect him with the murders was going to require more and even harder work. Yes, he had come recently from Akron. Why? To look for work.

Had he heard of the murders? Who hadn't? Where did he live? With one Pasquale Biondo in a lodging house.

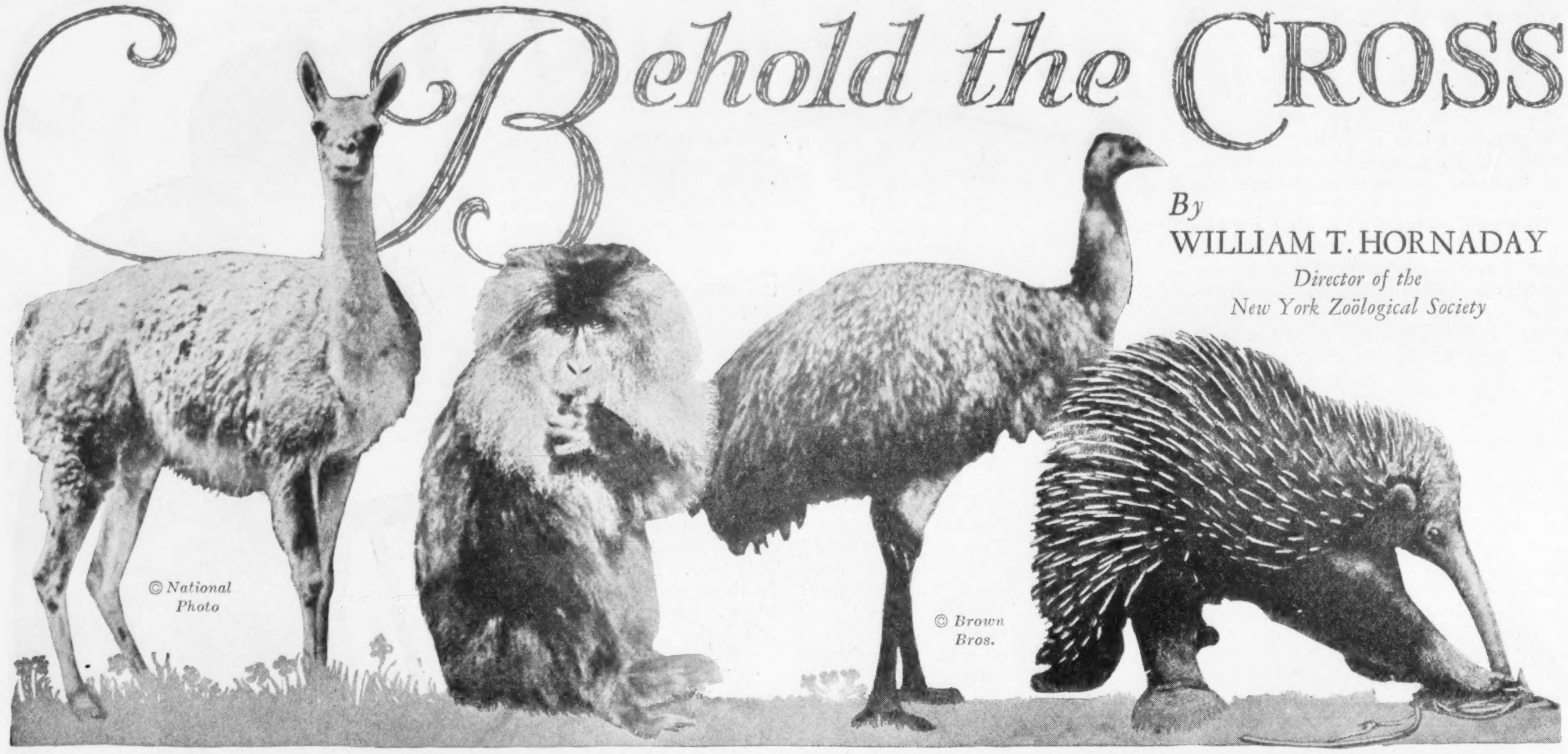
I questioned Tony rather aimlessly and, with malice aforethought, stupidly. And as I did Tony's true self revived. He was of somewhat better family than most of his associates, almost well bred. He spoke purer Italian than the others. His features indicated some refinement. It seems that he was the black sheep of a nice family. But he was a weakling—a garrulous, boastful fool who had delusions of grandeur and who looked upon himself as a clever man.

I had no charge to prefer against him. Welch wanted him, but Welch wasn't here. Welch would come, of course, but the problem was to hold him in the meantime, for Akron had preferred no charges. But I held him. I docketed him as "a suspicious character" and locked him in a cell and went out after Biondo.

Biondo was (*Continued on page 43*)

Behold the CROSS

By
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY
Director of the
New York Zoölogical Society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The guanaco differs only by a hair from the sad, patient llama

The lion-tailed monkey, despite a distinguished air, lacks "pep"

The emu, cousin of the ostrich, is as popular in puzzles as "Ra"

The odd echidna eats worms, etc., like a bird, and lays eggs

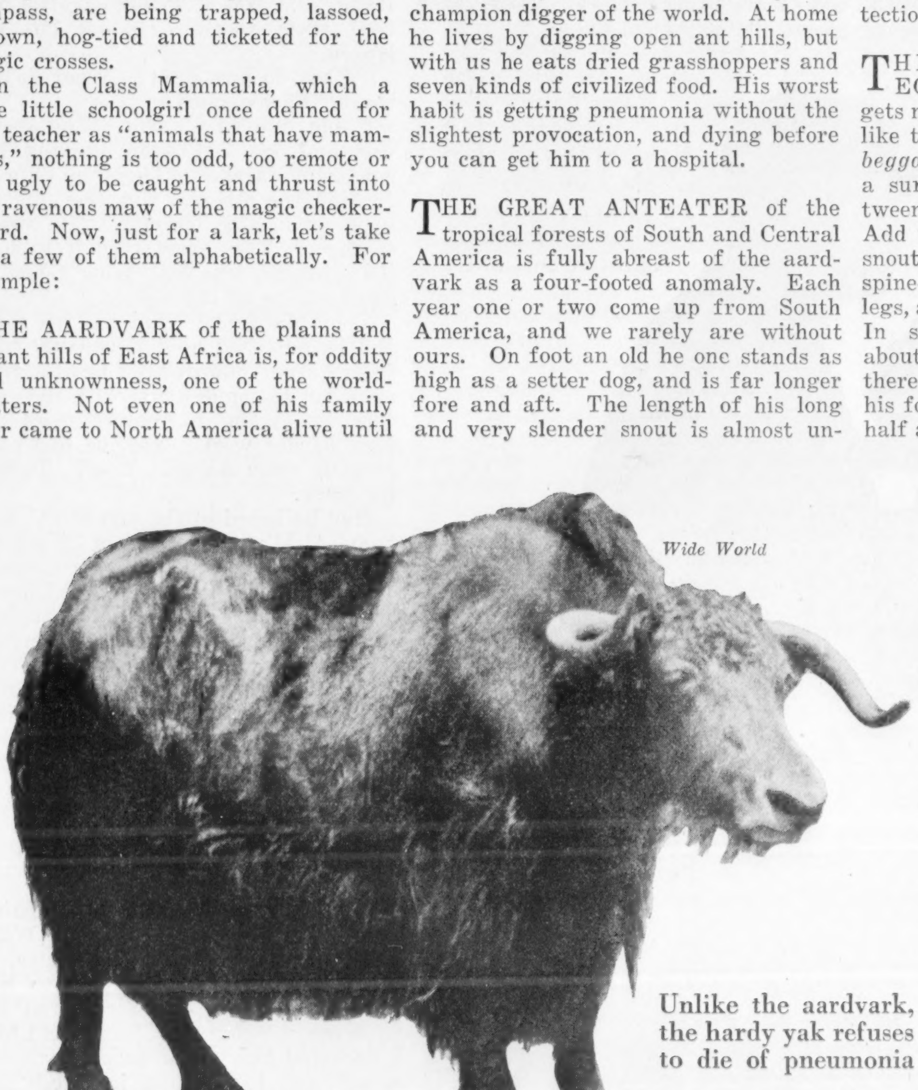
SPEAKING of zoos and circuses, I think that nowhere on this terrestrial ball is there a more heterogenous or higgledy-piggledy gathering of wild animals than right now is visible in the all-devouring crossword puzzle. All sorts and conditions of beasts, from aardvarks to zebras, hailing from all the points of the compass, are being trapped, lassoed, thrown, hog-tied and ticketed for the magic crosses.

In the Class Mammalia, which a wise little schoolgirl once defined for her teacher as "animals that have mammas," nothing is too odd, too remote or too ugly to be caught and thrust into the ravenous maw of the magic checkerboard. Now, just for a lark, let's take on a few of them alphabetically. For example:

THE AARDVARK of the plains and ant hills of East Africa is, for oddity and unknownness, one of the world-beaters. Not even one of his family ever came to North America alive until A. D. 1924; and then four of them blew in together, treading on each other's heels. Yes, our park bought the first one—for $800; but he was worth it. He has a fearfully long and rubber-like head, ears like a donkey, a body like a pig, and a tail and legs like nothing else under the sun. He has enormous front claws, and he is certainly the champion digger of the world. At home he lives by digging open ant hills, but with us he eats dried grasshoppers and seven kinds of civilized food. His worst habit is getting pneumonia without the slightest provocation, and dying before you can get him to a hospital.

THE GREAT ANTEATER of the tropical forests of South and Central America is fully abreast of the aardvark as a four-footed anomaly. Each year one or two come up from South America, and we rarely are without ours. On foot an old he one stands as high as a setter dog, and is far longer fore and aft. The length of his long and very slender snout is almost unbelievable, but the animal needs it in the business of collecting ants. His large club-like tail is feathered with a double fringe of straw-like hair nearly a foot long. When the animal lies down and curls up to sleep, it is gracefully thrown up over the body, and lo! that hair falls down both ways as a thatch that affords quite a lot of protection against rain and bad insects.

THE long-snouted, three-toed ECHIDNA from New Guinea really gets my goat. There is so much I would like to say about him, but cannot. *The beggar lays eggs!* He is, to that extent, a sure-and-certain connecting link between the quadrupeds and the birds. Add this fact to his long, finger-like snout (twice as long as the head), his spine-covered body, and his outlandish legs, and you have another world-beater. In size this impossible creature is about as heavy as a house cat, but there is nothing in this world which his form can be said to resemble. Like half a dozen other fantastic animals, he lives on ants, but in captivity he does very well on raw eggs and finely chopped lean beef beaten into milk.


Wide World

Unlike the aardvark, the hardy yak refuses to die of pneumonia

THE EMU is to the crossword puzzle makers an ever-present help in time of trouble. In the zoos he is even more popular. He is big and bulky, very odd in appearance, he can fight and he lives a long time. Finally, and best of all, emus breed well in captivity, and the male elects to sit on and hatch the big nestful of eggs all by himself. The emu hails from Australia, the land of queer beasts and birds, but his market value of $150 is so reasonable that no zoo need be without one. He belongs to the same order of birds as the ostrich and cassowary, but now the only safe place in nature for him is a good park.

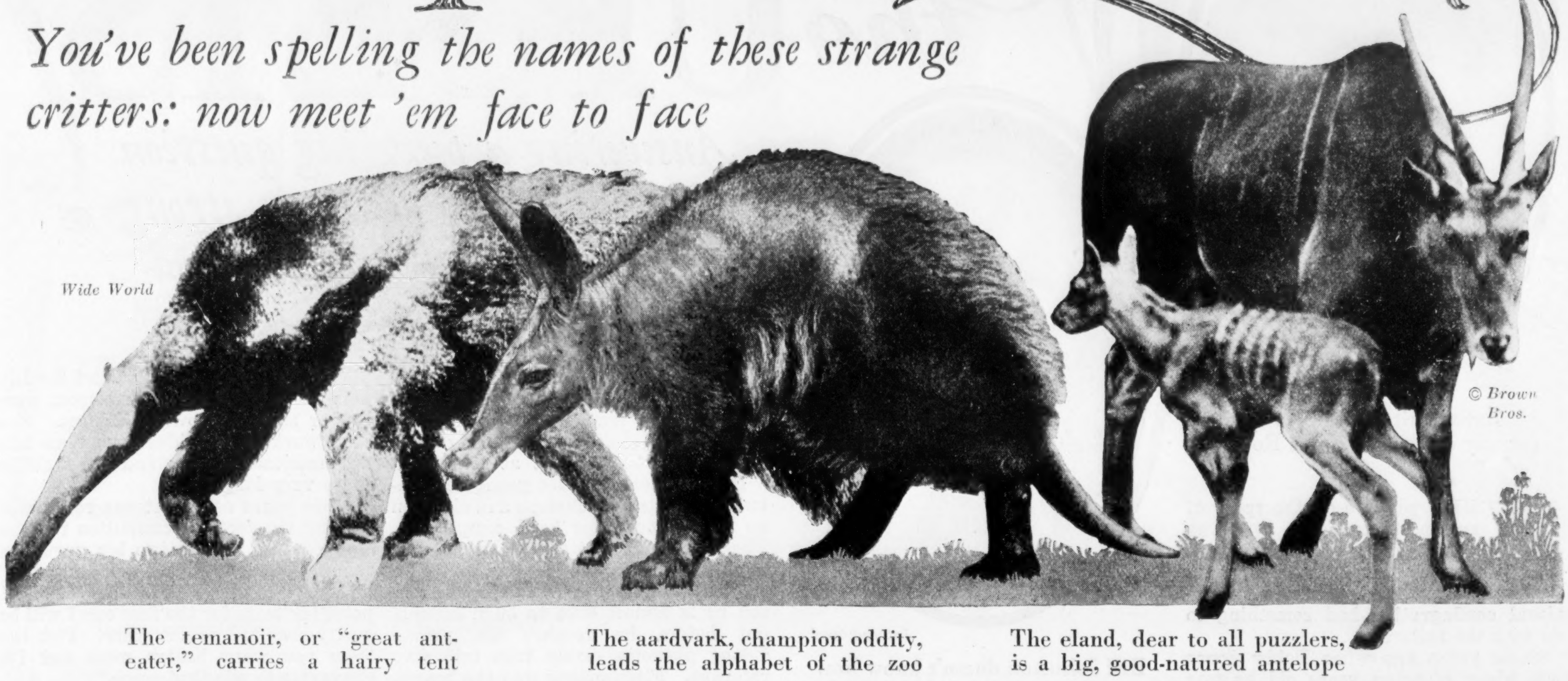
THE ELAND of Africa is the largest and the most satisfactory of all the hundred and thirty-odd species of African antelopes. He is as big as the American elk, or even larger; he is handsome, he is not nervous, or mean, or quarrelsome, and he knows a good home when he sees one. At our place his relatives breed readily, and their young grow up successfully. If we had the room, and the red clover hay, we would like to have a herd of a hundred. On the open plains of eastern Africa there can be found now about one eland for every hundred that were there in the days of Livingstone and Stanley; but, for all that, the species is by no means on the verge of extinction, save in the well-settled and shot-up portions of Rhodesia, Natal and Cape Colony.

THE GUANACO of western South America is very like a llama. To the average visitor, the difference is chiefly a matter of hair. The llama and his relative the alpaca both have been haired by Nature not wisely but too well, and the result is for each a huge, matted mass of hairy chaos—and dirt. The unhappy wearer needs to be sheared about every two years, but the sheared animal is a gruesome sight. The guanaco is reasonably clad, like the vicuña; and both of them run wild in the Andes Mountains of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chile—that is, where they have not been killed off. Yes, they all breed well in captivity, and nearly every zoo has specimens of them.

THE AFRICAN LYNX, or CARACAL, surely will interest the millions of friends and foes of the American red lynx, the "bobcat" and the Canada lynx. By its exceedingly high and sharp-pointed ears you can at one glance distinguish the young specimen shown on the next page (from Gambia) from the lynxes of Europe and America. Incidentally, I think those extra-long ears are a mistake on the part of Nature, for they do too much to render the animal conspicuous and attract its enemies. Lynxes are dangerous to young hoofed animals, to small mammals and to birds that live on or near the ground, but human beings need not be afraid of them.

WORD *Puzzle* ZOO

You've been spelling the names of these strange critters: now meet 'em face to face



Wide World

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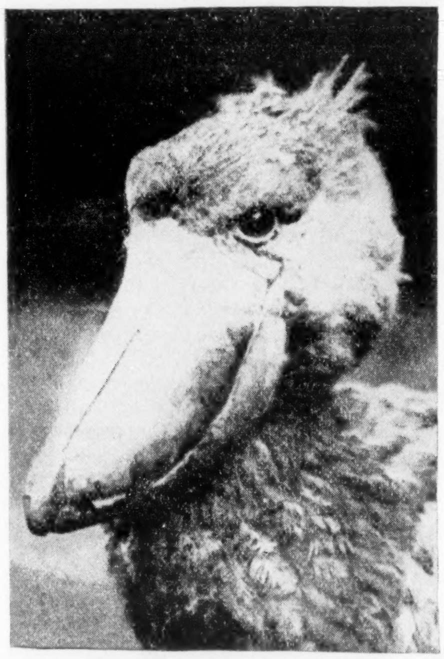
The temanoir, or "great ant-eater," carries a hairy tent

The aardvark, champion oddity, leads the alphabet of the zoo

The eland, dear to all puzzlers, is a big, good-natured antelope



Another puzzle—why the "shoe-bill" has such an enormous awning

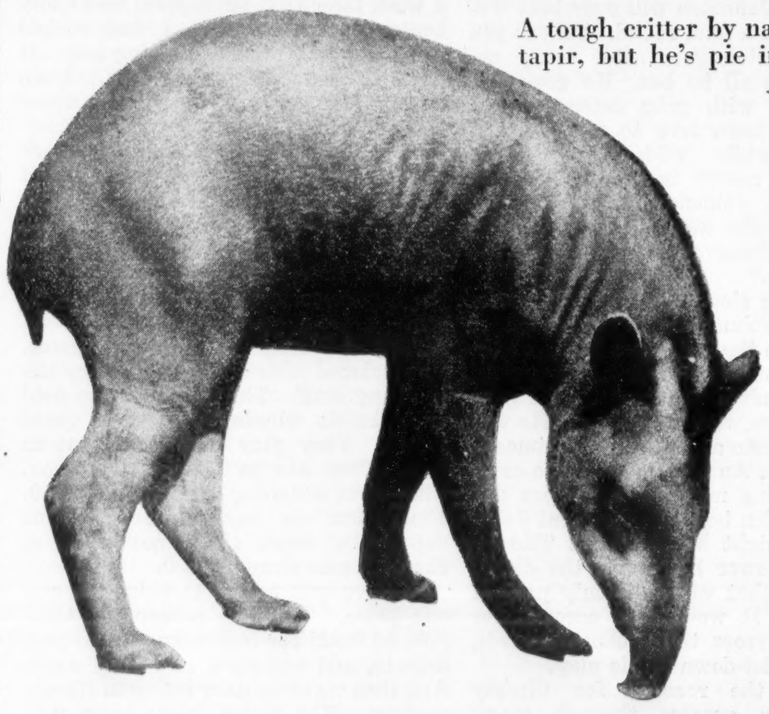
THE SOUTH AMERICAN TAPIR is very nearly hairless; and every hairless animal seems incomplete. Why should any animal go naked when hair is so cheap? This tapir is abundant in his home countries; he will not be exterminated during the next hundred years; and his relatives may be seen in nearly all large zoölogical parks, gardens and traveling shows. He is tough, he lives long, he breeds well in captivity and his young grow up to maturity. To the hunter or museum collector tapirs always are hard to find in their home jungles, and the hunter needs the help of dogs. Their flesh is excellent food, and much sought for where it grows.

THE LION-TAILED MONKEY is not a big one, nor a tough one in captivity; but he is queer-looking and almost "celebrated." You can immediately recognize him, even in a lot of a hundred mixed monkeys, by the truly remarkable mantle of long, fluffy hair on his head, neck and chin, entirely surrounding the face. Another distinguishing feature is the lion-like tuft of thick black hair at the end of his tail, from which he takes his name. His home is in the mountains of western India. In captivity he is a weak brother, lacking in stamina and pep; and usually he is short-lived.

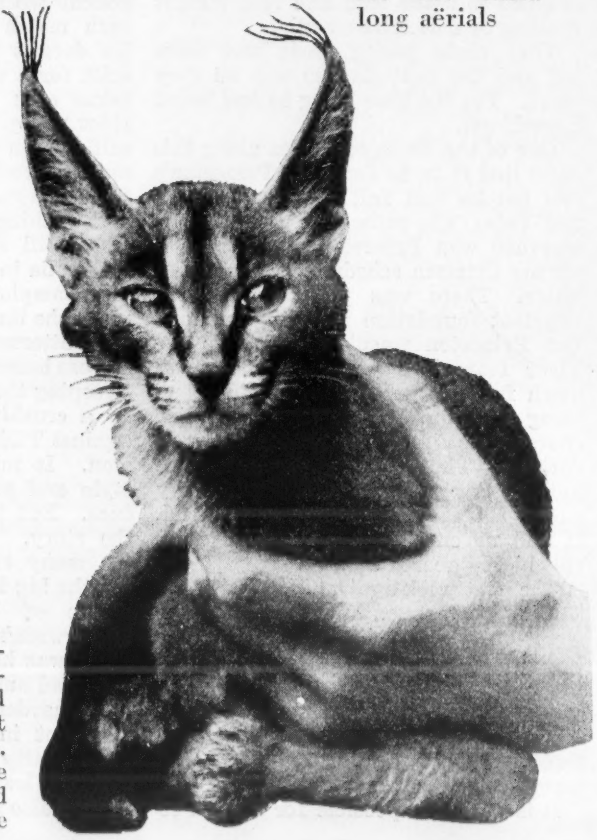
THE WHALE-HEADED STORK of the Upper Nile and elsewhere in Central Africa never has been seen alive in the United States of America. So very few live ones come out of the Sudan country that Cairo and Europe absorb all of them before we can get a chance at them. This bird is so strange and queer that he stands in a family all alone, slightly related to the herons, and a little more to the storks. Sometimes he is called the shoebill—you can easily see why. He is a large bird, but even at that his enormous beak and head seem out of proportion. I wish a few American sportsmen going to the Sudan could succeed in taking a dozen or so young birds from their nests, rearing them on fish, and bringing them to New York to fill a long-felt want.

THE YAK, of Tibet and the New York Zoölogical Park, is an animal very much to our mind. He is thundering big and diabolically black. His hair is magnificent and the horns of the bulls are wide and imposing. He is full of pep, he breeds well, the mothers know their business, and they *refuse* to die of pneumonia! The hornless yaks, the piebald yaks and the cross-bred yaks do not greatly interest the public. We waited five long years for the right kind of stock, and we got it. Our yaks are about the most satisfactory hoofed animals that we ever have had; and they are spreading throughout other zoölogical parks, from Boston to Australia—price $500 per spread.

In a list of other animals and birds for the cross-worders, I would place the koala, wombat, ai, dingo, orang, zebu, lemur, mongoose, mink, dziggetai, gibbon, unau, gnu, ibex, okapi, bongo, sambar, gaur, bandicoot, aoudad, armadillo, muntjac, manis, condor, ern, kiwi, oo, osprey, vulture, toucan, cacique, ibis, brant, pelican, auk, gannet, murre and booby. And why not such perfectly good reptiles as the crocodile, caiman, asp, boa, caltetepton, gavial, cobra, python, copperhead, monitor, and mastigure?



A tough critter by nature is the tapir, but he's pie in a puzzle

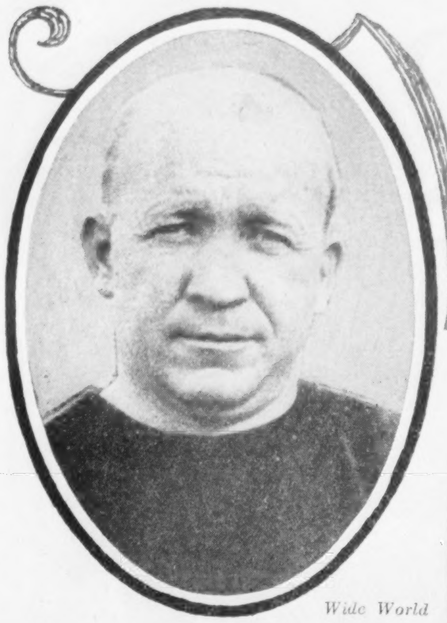


The caracal is the African lynx, famed for his extra-long aërials

Why the UPSETS?

Answering a puzzling question always asked when a strong favorite fails to make good

By GRANTLAND RICE



Wide World

"I have quit trying to point for any one game," says Rockne

International

Bill Johnston doesn't know how to ease up. If he did, he would be even greater than he is

WHEN you are on the spoor of an upset, trying to find why some favorite crashed and fell far below expected form, you'll frequently find that a previous emotional conflagration had something to do with the failure.

Some years ago when Bobby Jones was about eighteen years old he was playing fine golf in an amateur championship. He was taking each match in his stride. As he moved along toward the final round the draw brought him against Fred Wright, of Boston, another young golfer about Jones' own age.

Various delegations dropped in the evening before and announced to young Jones that Wright, who was playing fine golf, not only expected to win, but to win by a good margin. There were rumors of friends supporting Wright's chances with considerable cash. In a short while the amateur championship was a minor detail to Jones compared to beating Wright; and he was keyed to the ultimate pitch when he stepped upon the first tee to face his young and confident opponent.

Wright stepped out in 33. Jones, out in 35, was 2 down, but from that point he gave one of the greatest exhibitions of golf seen in a long time as he finally crashed into the lead and left Wright trailing by a decisive margin.

That night young Jones was worn out and the next day he was an easy mark. For the time being he had burnt himself out.

One of the finest examples along this same line is to be found in Princeton's two battles last fall against Harvard and Yale. The same old rumor that if Harvard won Princeton might be left off the Crimson schedule was in circulation. There was probably not the slightest foundation for those rumors. But Princeton wasn't certain; so the Tiger team was geared to the final notch for this game. It was in something of an emotional frenzy. The line charged as if it worked upon steel springs. Those taking the ball were putting everything they had into every rush. Harvard was swept off the field. It had no emotional uprising to meet this highly geared assault.

The next week against Yale, with the same Tiger team on its home field, there were only ashes in place of flame. Princeton was now outcharged at every jump, stopped at every move. Granted that Yale's was the better team, Princeton on that day was of an entirely different mental organization from the team that rushed Harvard off its feet.

It is almost impossible for a team or an individual to build up a burning flame two Saturdays in succession. Where Princeton in an emotional outbreak had scored thirty-four points against Harvard, it ran up only two or three first downs against Yale. The vital spark was not there.

Some years ago, before Tilden had reached his present position, we were watching various matches during the national tennis championship, in the company of a well-known trainer.

Bill Johnston, on his way to the final round, was winning each of his matches by crushing margins. Tilden was dropping a set here and there—dropping a set in almost every other match.

"I don't believe," the veteran trainer said, "that Johnston will ever beat Tilden again in a final round. I'll tell you why. Johnston goes after every opponent with all he has. He goes into each match with grim determination. He doesn't know how to ease up and drift for a while. Tilden does. Tilden takes each match in his stride. He rides along. Johnston is burning himself out on the way up and Tilden is merely working up impetus for the final charge."

Something along this line was shown when Bill Johnston met Patterson of Australia in the semi-final battle of the last championship. Johnston was geared up to the limit in that match. He went for Patterson with all he had. He was a cross between a cyclone and a simoom, sweeping the Australian from the court by a crushing margin. The next day against Tilden he was a different Johnston. It might be said that Tilden's style and power had made the difference. But that would be only part of the story. It would not account for the many errors that Johnston made, for the big let-down in his play.

One of the reasons for Christy Mathewson's success through many years was his ability to ease up with a safe lead and hold something in reserve for a harder battle. When the Giants were out in front with something to spare Matty immediately began to ride with the lead. If a rival rally started he was also able to tighten up again.

Highly emotional natures may reach almost any heights on certain occasions. They may surpass anything their more stoical mates may ever know. But they aren't as consistent.

It is a mistake to let youngsters between the ages of fourteen and eighteen go in too much for hard competition. The average youngster can see only the flame of victory. He throws his entire soul into the contest. And for this reason he is almost sure to burn himself out before he reaches his prime. Young phenoms rarely turn into star veterans. Fitzsimmons won the heavyweight championship at thirty-six or thirty-seven, but he wasn't a boxer until after he was twenty-five. Training during the early periods is needed, but not too much hard competition.

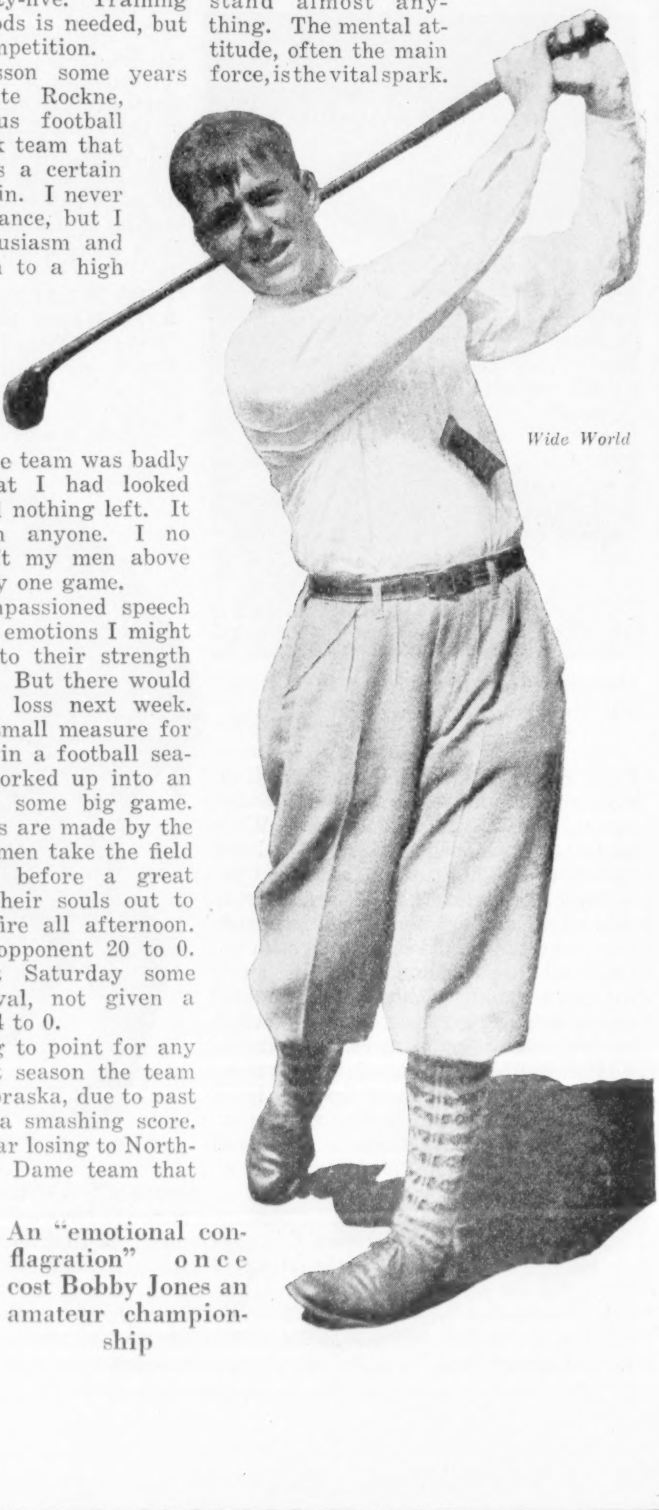
"I learned my lesson some years ago," remarked Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's famous football coach. "I had a weak team that season and there was a certain game I was keen to win. I never thought we had a chance, but I whipped up the enthusiasm and the spirit of the men to a high pitch for this game and they outplayed themselves. I didn't know they had it in them. They were in a frenzy and we won. Just a week later that same team was badly beaten by rivals that I had looked on as set-ups. It had nothing left. It couldn't have beaten anyone. I no longer attempt to lift my men above their standard for any one game.

"By making an impassioned speech and working on their emotions I might add thirty per cent to their strength for a certain contest. But there would be a forty per cent loss next week. This accounts in no small measure for the numerous upsets in a football season. A team gets worked up into an emotional frenzy for some big game. Impassioned addresses are made by the coaching staff. The men take the field with bands playing before a great crowd. They play their souls out to win. They are on fire all afternoon. They beat a strong opponent 20 to 0. Fine. But on next Saturday some supposedly weak rival, not given a chance, beats them 14 to 0.

"I have quit trying to point for any one game. This last season the team pointed itself for Nebraska, due to past defeats, and ran up a smashing score. And then we came near losing to Northwestern. The Notre Dame team that played Nebraska and the Notre Dame team that played Northwestern were a good many touchdowns apart. The Illinois team that played Michigan and Iowa and the Illinois team that played Minnesota were five or six touchdowns different. You can't work an individual or a team into an emotional frenzy and keep either there very long."

Some years ago a veteran coach was told by the football committee that he was expected to win two big games on the schedule. "I can win either game," he said, "but I can't win *both*. If I point my team for the first one I will be pretty sure to lose the other. Pick the team you want beaten most and I'll guarantee to win that game."

It is no trouble to handle a team physically. The muscular system can stand almost anything. The mental attitude, often the main force, is the vital spark.



Wide World

An "emotional conflagration" once cost Bobby Jones an amateur championship

FLIS

Vorwärts
HLASATEL.
НАРОДНА ВОЛЯ
NARODNA WOLA—THE PEOPLE'S WILL
178 НОВИХ ЧЛЕНІВ ПРИЄДНАНО У. Р. СОЮЗА В МІСЯЦІ
Reymont Zdobyl Nagrode
Kronika Chicagoska.
Svenska Amerikanaren
GLAS NARODA
CORRIERE D'A
L'on. Finzi verrebbe espulso dal Partito Fascista
Uusi Kotimaa
SVIJET
BRATSTVO
Forward

(Oval) Josephine Roche, who founded the Foreign Language Information Service

This is the kind of "Americanization" that doesn't get on the front pages, but it beats cheering and flag-waving

By WILL IRWIN

A NEWLY arrived Croatian in the West sat himself down last winter and wrote his local Croatian newspaper. "You've got a new editor," he said. "I like him. I wish you'd give us more of his writings. He tells me the things I want to know. But who is this Flis? It doesn't read to me like a Slavic name."

This letter came in time to the top story of a skyscraper on West Fortieth Street, New York. Flis, reading it, smiled fifty or sixty smiles, and said the word for "bully" in some thirteen or fourteen modern languages.

At about the same period took place another event which gave Flis great cause for joy and self-satisfaction. Of late, it had been noted, the foreign-language newspapers of the United States, notably the Italian and the German, had been publishing columns of English "copy" parallel with the foreign text. Abruptly, they stopped this. Flis wrote letters of inquiry. Back from Polish newspapers, Italian newspapers, Slavic newspapers, German newspapers, came virtually the same answer:

"No circulation in it. We were trying to catch the second generation. No use. Not only do they refuse to read their parents' language, but they all take the American newspapers."

Whereupon Flis, in half a dozen Aryan root-languages, spoke exultantly and sarcastically of those misled superpatriots who had charged him in the beginning with perpetuating foreign languages and thought on American soil.

As you have probably suspected, "Flis, the new editor" is no one person, but a kind of composite personality. He is a board of directors consisting of native Americans who understand the problem of our foreign-born citizens. He is an advisory council consisting of fifty or more prominent men and women willing to give part of their very valuable time to quiet and unspectacular drudgery for the common good. He is a staff of twenty or thirty foreign-born journalists capable of writing interesting "copy" in the aforesaid thirteen or fourteen languages.

The somewhat cumbersome name of the organization is the Foreign Language Information Service. From its initials, signed to its releases, the foreign editors of the country have made up its trade name—"Flis." Quietly, ever since the war, it has been plugging along at its job of intelligent, non-partisan Americanization. Personally, I believe that it has done more, in its six years of life, to assimilate the new foreigner than all the other Americanization societies put together.

We owe Flis partly to the war and partly to Josephine Roche. This is an odd team, seeing that the war was a devil and Josephine Roche is by way of being an angel. The much-maligned Committee on Public Information had a department whose business it was to hold the foreign language press in line for the war, and in which Miss Roche did her not inconsiderable bit. Ever since she left Vassar Josephine Roche had been working in some capacity with the foreign-born. Already she understood, as the rest of us understood only when the war brought us face to face with the situation, that immigration was proceeding faster than assimilation. She had her own ideas on the management of the problem; the war gave her a chance to prove them sound.

You cannot, generally, get at the immigrant in the English language. The gift of tongues, most fluid and lively in childhood, begins to depart in one's twenties. The stranger within our gates learns imperfectly to speak English—yes. Perhaps he learns to read it well enough for ordinary business purposes. But unless he be an exceptional person, like Carl Schurz or Michel Pupin, the old language in which he learned his prayers and his nursery rhymes remains his main road to new ideas. Investigation showed that virtually every literate immigrant who arrived after the age of twenty-five or so took one or two native-language newspapers in preference to an American newspaper.

Usually these were rather poor and flimsy sheets; in bulk—there were exceptions—they were agents of Germanization or Italianization or Hellenization rather than of Americanization. The editor, himself a newcomer, was often (perhaps usually) more interested in the politics and institutions of his native land than those of the United States. His editorials reflected that. Even when he tried to discuss American affairs, he was so cramped for sources of information that his articles more often than not took hold of things by the wrong handle. Being very poor, he could not afford to buy or to translate even the cheapest United Press or Associated Press "pony" service. He filled his columns with reprint from the newspapers of the old home in Europe. In American affairs, he might be mildly Republican or Democratic or Progressive; but on the politics of the old country he was a hot partisan.

It Helped Unite the Nation

THAT department with which Miss Roche worked in the war started to feed the foreign-language newspapers with simon-pure American "copy" written to inform readers about the war, to present our side. It was better prepared than any matter which they could generally command; it was sent out already translated. The foreign-language newspapers seized it hungrily, published it by hundreds of thousands of columns. I had a chance in 1918 to watch the workings of this bureau and measure its effects; and I know how much it did to create a united nation and to prevent internal trouble.

Meantime "Americanization" became the craze of the hour. Mostly, our Americanizers worked in a state of war-hysteria. Some patronized the foreigner, thereby defeating their own ends; some went at it with a club; some wasted their efforts on the already converted. One day in 1918, a lady dropped into Czechoslovak headquarters in New York and interviewed the able and useful Captain Voska. "I've come to see you about Americanizing the Czechoslovaks," she said. "Sorry," replied Captain Voska, "but all our young men are in the army, all our old men are selling Liberty Bonds, and all our women are nursing or working for the Red Cross. We're too busy to be Americanized just now!"

From time to time certain mistaken patriots of this lady's class put spokes into the wheels of Miss Roche's job. The thing to do with the foreign-language press, they said, was to wipe it out and force the foreigner to read English. It was merely perpetuating foreign thought on American soil.

But the experts knew better. They understood that if you destroyed our foreign-language press you destroyed also the best channel to the intelligence of the immigrant. As for perpetuating the use of foreign language on our soil —the second generation was taking care of that! Giuseppe or Johann or Stanislaus, Sr., reads his foreign-language newspaper; Joe or Jack or Stanley, Jr., won't even look at it. He would as soon adopt his father's abandoned peasant costume. It's old-country; it's out of date! Even statistics prove this point. During the height of Teutonic immigration twenty years ago, there were 800 or 900 German newspapers in the United States; now there are only 220.

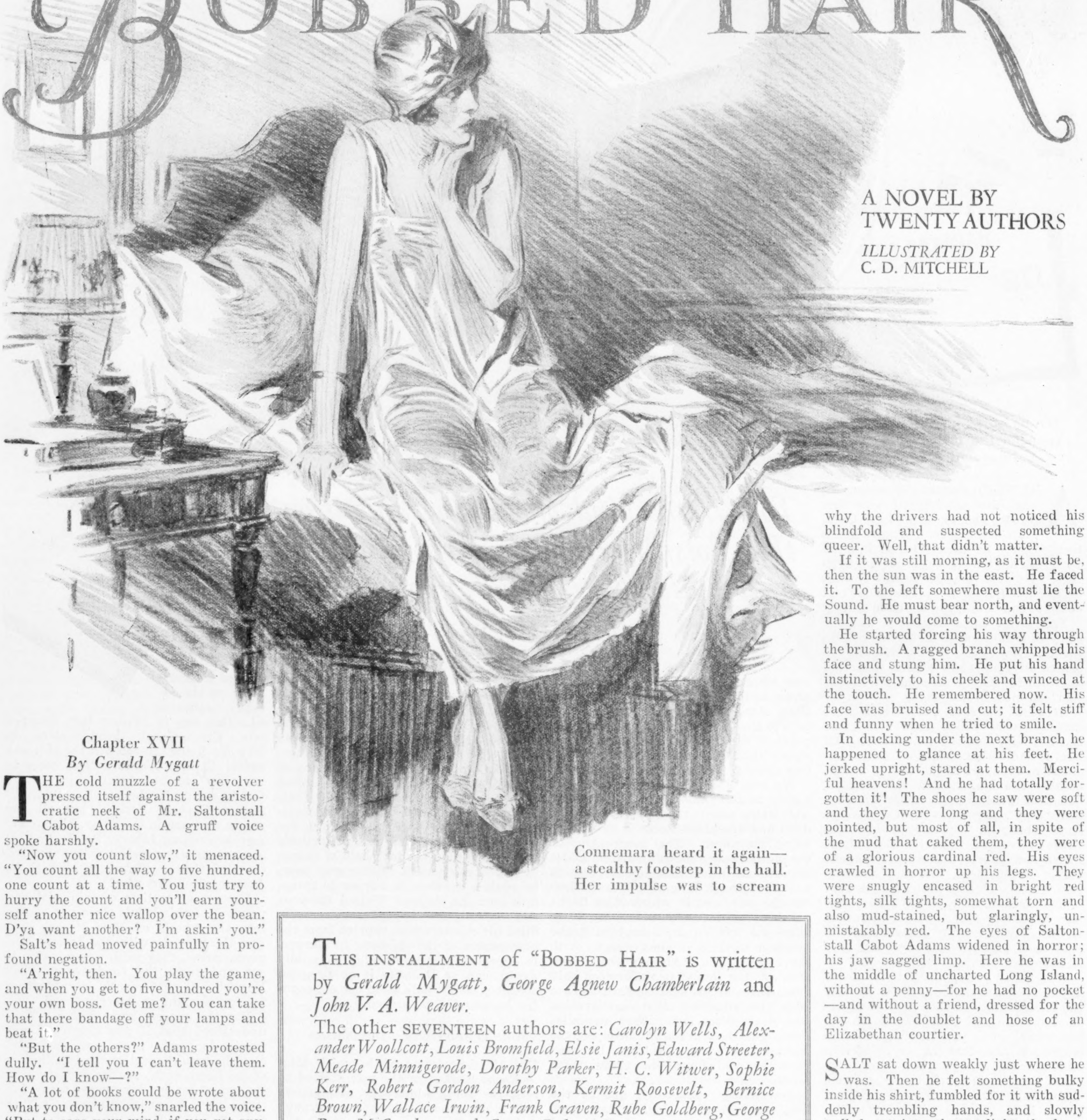
Here was a painless, tactful method of wholesale Americanization; all the more powerful and useful in that it squared with the most approved methods of modern journalism. Every newspaper man

(Continued on page 45)

BOBBED HAIR

A NOVEL BY
TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. MITCHELL



Connemara heard it again—a stealthy footstep in the hall. Her impulse was to scream

THIS INSTALLMENT of "BOBBED HAIR" is written by *Gerald Mygatt, George Agnew Chamberlain* and *John V. A. Weaver.*

The other SEVENTEEN authors are: *Carolyn Wells, Alexander Woollcott, Louis Bromfield, Elsie Janis, Edward Streeter, Meade Minnigerode, Dorothy Parker, H. C. Witwer, Sophie Kerr, Robert Gordon Anderson, Kermit Roosevelt, Bernice Brown, Wallace Irwin, Frank Craven, Rube Goldberg, George Barr McCutcheon* and *George Palmer Putnam.*

Chapter XVII

By Gerald Mygatt

THE cold muzzle of a revolver pressed itself against the aristocratic neck of Mr. Saltonstall Cabot Adams. A gruff voice spoke harshly.

"Now you count slow," it menaced. "You count all the way to five hundred, one count at a time. You just try to hurry the count and you'll earn yourself another nice wallop over the bean. D'ya want another? I'm askin' you."

Salt's head moved painfully in profound negation.

"A'right, then. You play the game, and when you get to five hundred you're your own boss. Get me? You can take that there bandage off your lamps and beat it."

"But the others?" Adams protested dully. "I tell you I can't leave them. How do I know—?"

"A lot of books could be wrote about what you don't know," snarled the voice. "But to ease your mind, if you got any, I'll slip you the straight dope. The others, if you mean the skinny dame and the pint-size old geezer, is entirely O. K. They ain't goin' to be hurt any more than you are—that's providin' you count that five hundred. Get me? A'right—let's hear you start countin'."

In his boyhood Salt had many times rattled off five hundred by fives in gay games of hide and seek. Now he solemnly intoned his five hundred by ones; and when he reached the half-thousand mark it occurred to him to add another stately hundred for good measure. There are times when it pays to be on the safe side.

At last he cleared his throat. Gingerly he reached for the bandage that darkened his vision. For a moment he blinked dazedly at the sudden brightness of the sunlight. Then he made out that he was standing alone in an interminable forest of scrub oak, one of those endless pancake stretches of inhospitable trees, too large to mow and too small to hew, which the real-estate prospectuses of Long Island always tactfully ignore.

It was still morning of course. It must have been about dawn when he was blindfolded and marched away from that terrible boat after shedding his wet polo coat. Since then he had been prodded, so it seemed, for many miles. Pooch had been one of the gang that so rudely jostled him; Pooch and Doc and the one they called Swede and two or three others. Now and then he had sensed the hard surface of a highway underfoot, and twice cars had actually brushed by him. He had been wheeled around with his back to each passing car. Perhaps that was why the drivers had not noticed his blindfold and suspected something queer. Well, that didn't matter.

If it was still morning, as it must be, then the sun was in the east. He faced it. To the left somewhere must lie the Sound. He must bear north, and eventually he would come to something.

He started forcing his way through the brush. A ragged branch whipped his face and stung him. He put his hand instinctively to his cheek and winced at the touch. He remembered now. His face was bruised and cut; it felt stiff and funny when he tried to smile.

In ducking under the next branch he happened to glance at his feet. He jerked upright, stared at them. Merciful heavens! And he had totally forgotten it! The shoes he saw were soft and they were long and they were pointed, but most of all, in spite of the mud that caked them, they were of a glorious cardinal red. His eyes crawled in horror up his legs. They were snugly encased in bright red tights, silk tights, somewhat torn and also mud-stained, but glaringly, unmistakably red. The eyes of Saltonstall Cabot Adams widened in horror; his jaw sagged limp. Here he was in the middle of uncharted Long Island, without a penny—for he had no pocket—and without a friend, dressed for the day in the doublet and hose of an Elizabethan courtier.

SALT sat down weakly just where he was. Then he felt something bulky inside his shirt, fumbled for it with suddenly trembling hands, and slowly pulled out into the sunlight the long, shimmering coil of hair that had once graced the head of Connemara. He dangled it in front of him, looking at it unsteadily. He had kept that, at least, through all the fighting. His eye brightened, but his teeth closed together grimly. Find Connemara! That was it. What did anything else matter? He must find Connemara.

He leaped to his feet and started plunging through the brush, the long lock of auburn hair clutched in his right hand. He came upon the road so suddenly that he was halfway across it before he realized it was there. Even as he checked himself he saw a motorcycle coming toward him. He watched it, fascinated. Then suddenly he recognized the broad-brimmed hat, the dark gray shirt, and the bright purple necktie of a trooper of the New York State Police.

The trooper saw Salt as he came abreast of him and brought his machine to a slithering stop. The newcomer stared a moment before he spoke. "What's the big idea?" he asked.

Now Saltonstall Cabot Adams, for one is a Saltonstall and a Cabot and an Adams however one's appearance may point to the contrary, had been ready to make something of a speech; not an address, exactly, but at least a dignified and rounded summary of his identity, the situation as it affected him, the situation as it affected the others who had been in his party—in short, the night's story. But looking into the trooper's cold blue eye he found himself stammering inconsequentially:

"I—I've been to a masquerade."

"Oh, is that so?" queried the other with a slight lifting of his eyebrows. "Where was this here, now, masquerade—on the mud flats? And do they have 'em in the morning now?" The trooper's voice changed. "Step out here, you," it commanded briskly, "and let's look you over."

Salt stepped.

The trooper began to smile. "I guess you don't look like you'd harm anybody—much. Roll home, buddy, and sleep it off. Rotten stuff you get nowadays, ain't it? Where do you live?"

Salt gulped. "Stamford, Connecticut," he said.

"Stamford—what? Way across the Sound?" The trooper started to laugh, but abruptly his eyes narrowed. "What's that you've got in your hand?"

The young man held out the coil of auburn hair. His own face reddened as he did so.

"Say, what are you, anyway?" the trooper wanted to know. "Where did you get that? What's the big idea? There was a guy loose around here last year that stole women's hair. Say, now!" He leaped from his machine and with three swift double taps satisfied himself that Salt had no weapon concealed upon his person.

And then Saltonstall Cabot Adams began to plead. "She gave it to me," he kept repeating. "I tell you she gave it to me. And we lost her and followed her in a boat, and there was a fight and I had to push her off in the mud—"

"You mean you pushed the young lady off in the mud?"

"No, the boat, I tell you."

"And then somebody bigger'n you pushed you off. Is that it?"

"Yes," Salt lied desperately, "that's it. We were all drunk, I guess. I just woke up a little while ago, back there in the woods." The young man's face was reddening even more deeply. He, whose initials were S. C. A., was actually lying, and pleading with a menial. Still, anything was better than going to jail.

The policeman was studying him intently.

Tentatively Salt asked, "Which way is the Greenwich ferry?"

"H'm!" mused the trooper. "No, I guess you're not worth takin' up. You're what I thought you were—just a harmless boob. The ferry's that way." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Move your dogs, buddy, before I change my mind."

SALT moved. When he reached Bayville, hungry and tired and thirsty, but unconscious of it all because of the utter humiliation and wretchedness attendant upon the laughter and taunts and gibes that had followed his every step, he made for the farthest corner of the ferry pier. He wanted a cigarette. He had none, and he could not bring himself to try to beg. He did not know that his nine-mile pilgrimage had taken him past the very entrance gates of the house where Connemara and the rest of them had fallen together. But even that would have interested him little. What he wanted now was to get home—and to his own proper clothes.

LACY and Connemara had returned rather soberly from their unsuccessful hunt for the buried fifty thousand, to find that Aunt Celimena, having regained that miraculous composure which is breathed into any right-minded woman by the accessibility of a dressing table and the presence of a mirror, had once more suddenly become her old self.

Said Aunt Celimena with decision: "We shall now go home."

"Suits me," said Sweetie, "as long as I stick with the party. Where's home?"

Aunt Celimena looked languidly past and through her interrupter.

"Mr. Lacy," she pursued, "will you tell me where I can secure a motor? I desire to take my niece back to Moorelands. If Constance Mary insists upon the presence of this"—she transfixed Sweetie with a glare—"of this young woman, I suppose I shall have to take her as well. And I want Bing to come, because I shall not sleep a wink to-night unless there is a man in the house."

"How about me?" David asked with a grin. "Don't I qualify?"

Aunt Celimena bowed deeply. "You qualify, Mr. Lacy, but unless I mistake myself I just heard you say that you would be forced to leave us in order to go over some private matters with your friend Mr. McTish. I believe that's the name you mentioned."

"It's the name, all right," Lacy agreed. He hesitated, then turned to Connemara. "That sort of puts me in a hole," he said to the girl. "I really ought to check in on Mac. As the advertisements say, there's a reason. But don't for a minute think you've seen the last of me. In fact—and I might as well go on record in front of this charming group of witnesses—you're going to see so much of me that some day you're going to say, 'Dave, my dear, don't you really think a man and a woman ought to get away from each other for one day after forty years of married life, however happy those years—' "

"Say!" yelped Sweetie and jammed her elbow into Connemara's side. "Didn't I tell you that guy was a fast worker? He begins where the others leave off."

"Is that so?" growled Bing. "Now listen here, Connemara—"

But the girl herself, who was staring blankly into David Lacy's burning eyes, suddenly laughed.

"And which way do you want me to do my hair?" she said.

"Any way," said Lacy. "Wear a pink wig, for all I care. By golly, you could wear a pink wig."

Aunt Celimena raised her hand. "That will do, Mr. Lacy. Perhaps you have never heard that personalities are seldom in good taste. If you will secure us a car—"

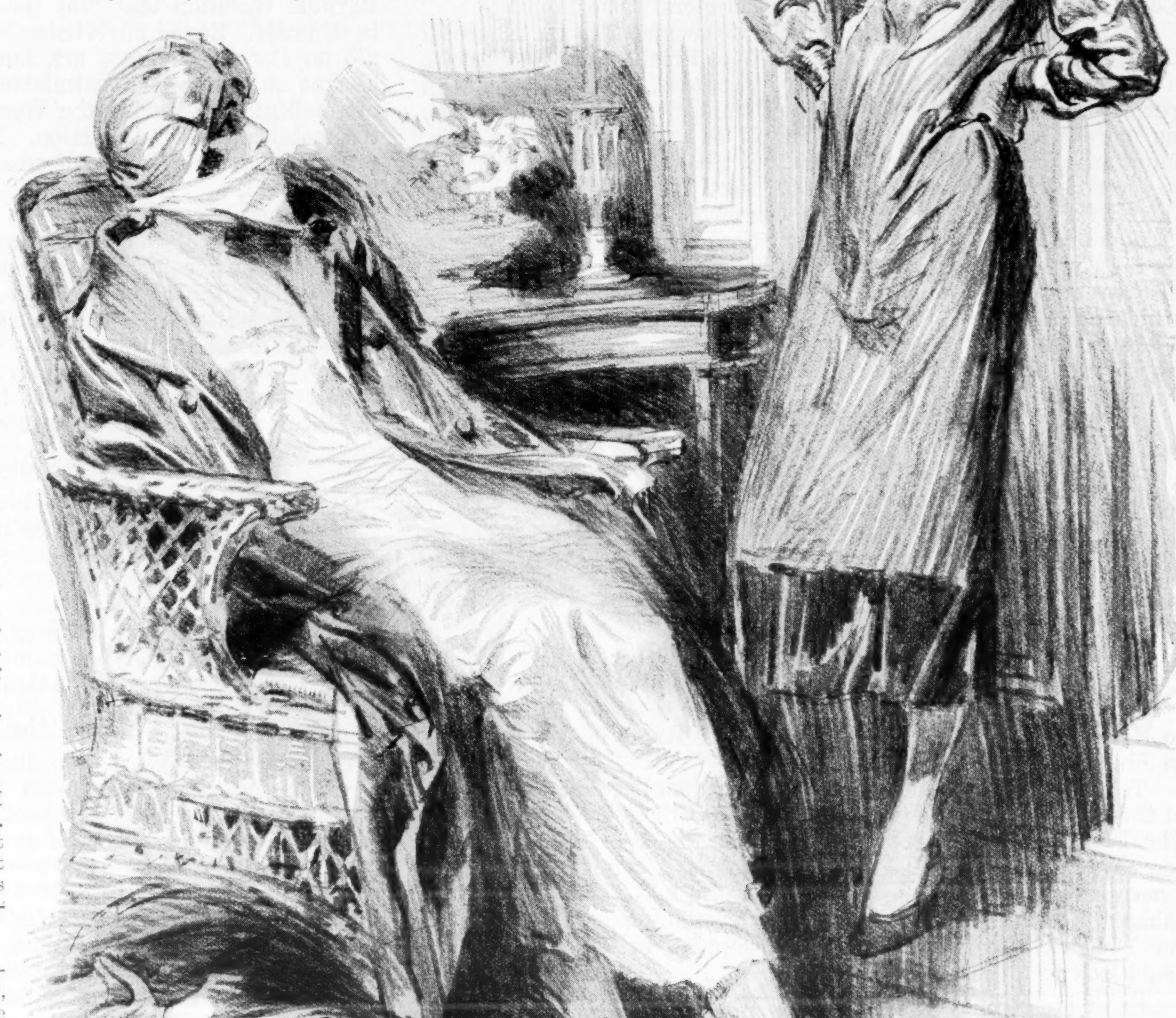
"I'll drive it," said Bing.

"And I'll oil it," said David. "I'll oil it and gas it and water it and dust it, and presently I'll follow it in a somewhat faster car—and after that I shall simply let the splendid discriminatory powers of Miss Moore do their natural work." Suddenly he wheeled to the girl, and his eyes grew soft. "Eventually, why not now?" he pleaded.

"At the first sign of rain put on your chains," said Connemara solemnly.

Lacy grinned. "That one is aged in the wood," he returned. "Still, Mother's the health doctor. Just the same, I'm going to be the lucky one in five. That's the insidious thing about me. And I know," he bowed, "that you'll accept no substitutes."

Connemara's (*Continued on page 28*)



"As long as you keep still nobody's goin' to hurt you," Sweetie told Connemara. "Why can't you mind your own business?"

Collier's

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FEBRUARY 14, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE PHANTOM ELECTION

AT NOON last Wednesday, February 11th, Calvin Coolidge was formally elected President of the United States. The electoral votes of the 48 states were solemnly counted at Washington and then, but not until then, Coolidge and Dawes were officially recorded as the victors of last year's campaign.

The quaint ceremony conducted in the presence of the Senate and House is a survival of the America which no longer exists.

The Electoral College was created because the fathers of this republic distrusted the capacity of the American people to choose their own executive.

When the Constitution was written not more than three Americans out of every hundred voted. The makers of the Constitution did not think even that small minority fit to elect a President. Consequently the awkward system of electors was established.

It was fondly imagined that the statesmen sent to the Electoral College to pick out a President and a Vice President would exercise a wisdom of which the people were incapable. That illusion soon perished. For a hundred years the Presidential electors have done no more than ratify the popular will as expressed at the polls. Manikins could have done as much. If the men and women chosen to elect a President ever dared to exert the power entrusted to them by the Constitution a veritable revolution would ensue.

Reminiscent of a vanished civilization, like the great coach used by the King of England on royal occasions, the Electoral College is also a reminder that a system devised to meet the need of a nation which had neither railroads nor telegraphs is hardly adequate in a time when intelligence can be instantly conveyed by electrical impulse, and when but a day, and not a year, is required to traverse the continent.

No longer is it necessary to wait four months after election to inaugurate a President, and certainly it is a waste of time to defer the regular meeting of the Congress thirteen months after the lawmakers are chosen.

It would be better all around to install both the President and the new Congress in January after the November elections. A measure designed to bring about this result is now pending at Washington. It should not be allowed to perish.

Lincoln's Way With Men

SUBLIME as the Gettysburg address is, a poet might have written it. Lincoln's unique genius is better revealed in his letter to Hooker, on giving him command of the Army of the Potomac, in January, 1863.

To appreciate it, think of the circumstances. The South was at the peak of its military strength, the North in its darkest hour. The President wasn't posterity's Lincoln, he was Awkward Abe, the object of satirical cartoons and partisan enmity. Few anywhere saw further than that somehow he was doing some good things. As commander-in-chief it was he who was held accountable for Fredericksburg, and for moral support in his decisions he could look to himself.

In this state of affairs he must choose, from none too promising material, an antagonist for Lee and Jackson. His choice, if badly enough beaten, might lose the war. What was wanted was a fighter, but the hardest available fighter was a hothead, swollen, explosive, dangerous unless toned down. Lincoln wrote him:

"I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. . . . But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this but in spite of it that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. . . . I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. . . . And now, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

There he is, almost all of him but the loneliest heights in the clouds. The manuscript letter has lately brought $10,000. Cheap at the price!

Ask Your Banker

L. E. HOLLAND, president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, estimates that each year fraudulent stock schemes take six hundred million dollars from the American people. These figures are astonishingly big. Before you invest—ask your banker. Ask people who know, who make it their business to know. The most important word in the industrial world is "investigate."

Before you invest—investigate!

The Harvard Advertising Awards

LESS than two years ago Collier's suggested that, in view of the Pulitzer awards for the year's foremost novel, play, news story and editorial, prizes might appropriately be given for the best advertisements of the year.

Edward W. Bok provided the funds and Harvard University has lately made the first awards to the winners.

This development has all come about within a generation. The Barnum tradition that "the public likes to be fooled" is utterly in disgrace. Sound advertising is now built on truth. It calls for aid on the resources of art, language and the sciences. It has become an agency of incalculable importance in the dissemination of intelligence. During the World War it played a great rôle in the mobilization of the nation. Its future, both as an adjunct to commerce and as a means of creating and directing public opinion, is unlimited.

For these reasons the awards made by Harvard University are impressive. The gold medal was given not to an individual but to the vigilance committee of the agencies for its work in making advertising truthful and credible. Other prizes went to organizations and writers for work distinguished by scholarly research and artistic achievement.

It is fitting that the very real progress made by advertising should be thus recognized and honored by one of the oldest of American universities. The profession is coming of age.

Three-Story Farming

HIGHLY enterprising is an Idaho orchardist who has 40 acres of cherries. In between the trees are 40 acres of melons; and just across the fence are 40 acres of hogs to eat the culled melons and raise blooded pigs. Every crop is making money, for they help each other.

This is "three-story farming." The day is past when "anybody" can extract a living from the land, but farming pays substantially for those who will think it clear through.

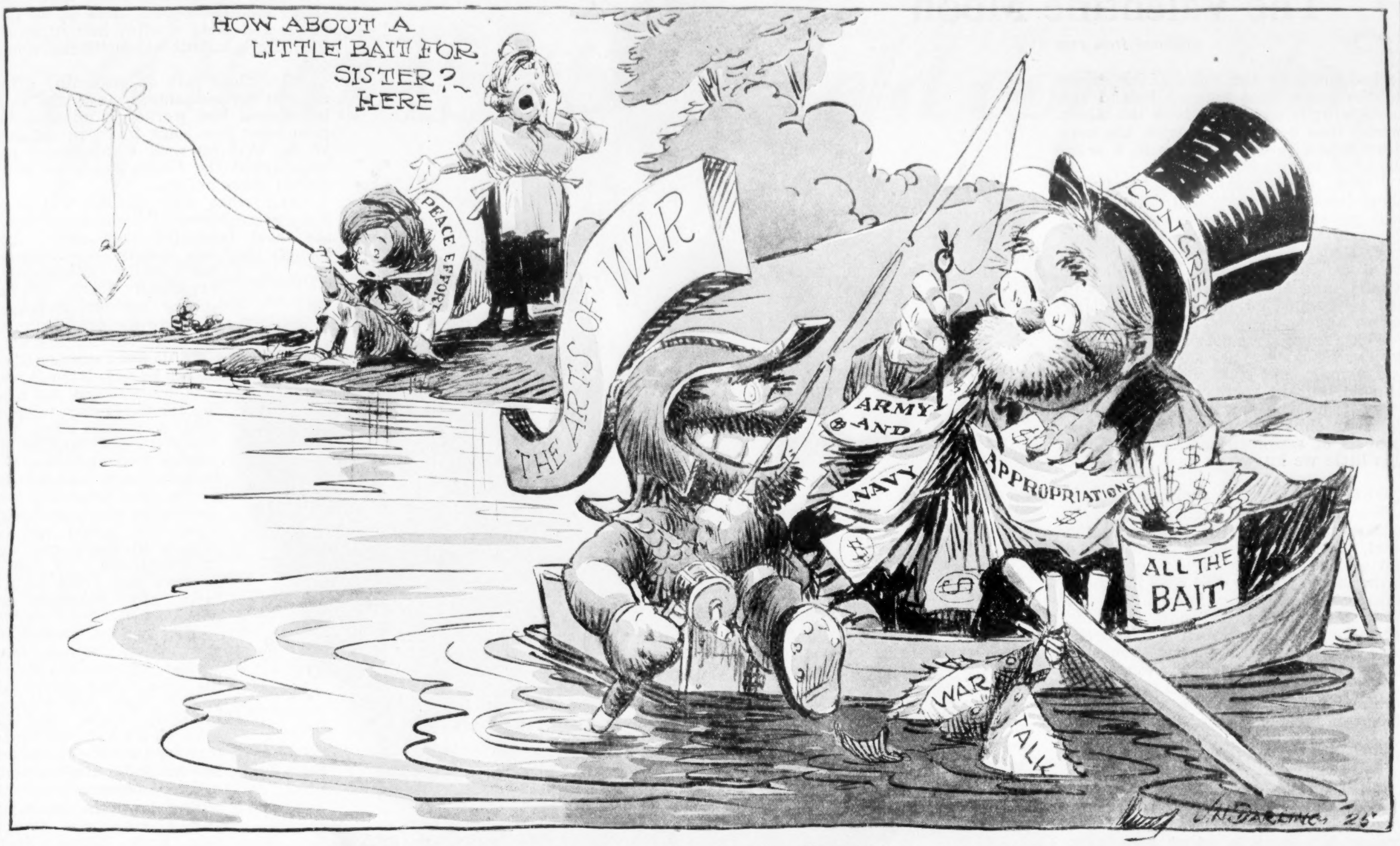
Fame Follows the Heart Sometimes

NEARLY forty years ago Rudyard Kipling was a hustling, criticizing young newspaper man in British India. He was full of big bouncing ideas about the army and the government, about the empire and Russia and the world at large, very large. Writing it all up in prose and poetry he made a sensational success.

What's his best seller? Not any of that realist or statesman stuff but those "Just So Stories" which he wrote for a boy who never came home from Flanders and for his sister.

Little twilight yarns with funny drawings, tales about the toy animals, stories that help a child learn its letters—"oh, *anything*, Daddy, so long as it's you and me."

That's where Kipling's sales and fame are to-day, and not in the bigness and the bitterness and the rolling drum-beat verses that college students love. Perhaps it will be always so. Funny how a man's heart is wiser than his head.



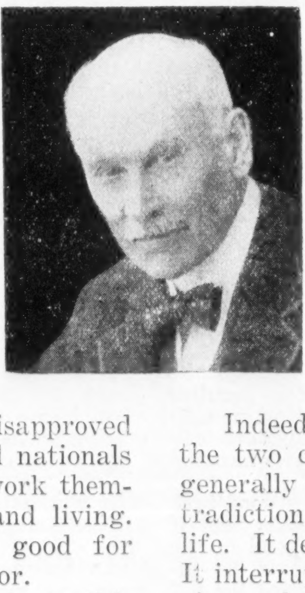
Maybe if Little Sister got that much attention she might catch something too

Remember, the Japanese are Human

By Elbert H. Gary

Chairman, The United States Steel Corporation

PUBLISHED declarations that war between Japan and the United States is threatened arise largely from an attempt on the part of minorities in each country to inflame the public mind and, if possible, to precipitate serious trouble. In some cases, perhaps, the jingoes are sincere and express their honest beliefs, but in the majority of instances I think the motives behind the efforts to bring about trouble are unworthy and reprehensible. Certainly they do not represent the mass of opinion nor the prevailing general sentiment of the country.



As a whole the people of the United States entertain for the Japanese a feeling of cordial, sincere and abiding friendship. This includes the President of the United States and his Cabinet. It also includes those members of the Congress of the United States who are not influenced solely by personal political interests when they vote.

In some parts of the country the labor elements are antagonistic to the increase of Japanese inhabitants for the reason that the Japanese are thrifty, industrious and economical and, consequently, furnish a competition in industry that is supposed to affect the earnings of the other working nationals. This, of course, is selfish and unreasonable, and would be disapproved by every fair-minded, intelligent American citizen. All nationals of foreign strain start with a low wage and steadily work themselves up to the American standard both of income and living. The man on the street insists that competition is good for business and business men. It is equally good for labor.

The question of permitting immigration of Orientals to this country is, however, a political one and must be determined by the laws of the land. It seems to me that the true solution of the Japanese problem is to find some fair basis for the admission to this country of a limited number of Japanese, governed and controlled by a percentage plan similar to the one that applies to immigrants from other countries.

What the Japanese objects to is discrimination against him simply because of the color of his skin. It is not to be wondered that he makes this objection. The Japanese are a strong, virile, intelligent, fair-minded people; they are certain to occupy a leading position in the ranks of nations. They stand for civilization, for stability and the creation and enforcement of sound and progressive laws. They are peace-loving; they do not desire war with any other country. They are farsighted and understand the necessity and the propriety of being ready for war in self-defense. In this respect they are in no wise different from the British or the Americans or the French or the Italians. It would be very foolish for Japan to be totally unprepared if unprovoked war should be forced upon her. The same is true of the United States and all other countries.

As business neighbors the Japanese are very desirable. Those of us who have dealt with them have found them honest, fair and in every respect equal to the best. Geographical boundaries have made Japan and the United States near neighbors as distance is now measured. The two countries have the same interests in the Pacific Ocean, and for years to come, if not permanently, will be called upon to protect it against tyranny, lawlessness and oppression from any source. We should cultivate the friendship of Japan and, likewise, the Japanese should do everything possible to secure and hold the friendship of the United States.

Indeed, in my opinion, there is no real danger of war between the two countries. Both realize to the fullest extent that war generally defeats the victor, though this would appear to be a contradiction. It impoverishes a nation and its people. It destroys life. It devastates the land. It brings waste, misery and suffering. It interrupts normal, desirable progress; more, it causes retrogression and places the country back in the calendar of years.

Whenever the question of war between these countries is raised, we may consider certain well-recognized principles. No single person knows everything. No one possesses all the virtues, certainly not to the exclusion of others. No individual or nation is always right.

E. H. Gary

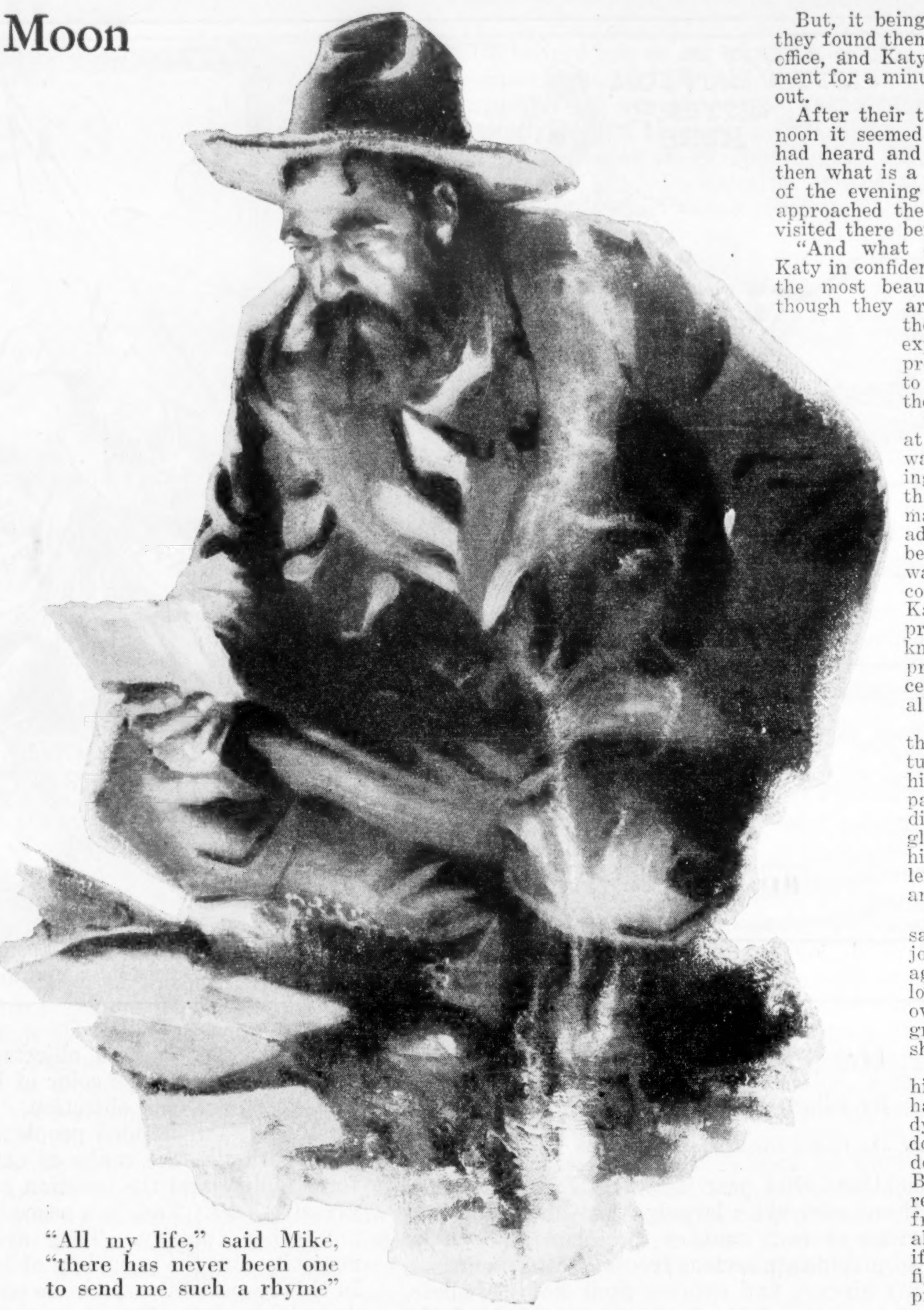
The Valentine Moon

Continued from page 8

looked up from the ashes of his crime to the moon, just sinking behind the mountain; it seemed to turn the whole world into a valentine, with his own dark figure skulking across it, a murderer of sentiment.

"Well, those folks have plenty in their lives, anyway," said Mike, "and will get another one next year. I wonder how they'd feel never to have got any. Never to have heard a heartfelt word—'tis hell," he said, "this playing a lone hand all your life." He went to bed to dream horribly of dynamiting lovers among bowers of roses.

Next morning he looked at Casey with a shudder and rode away. "I'll buy a mule and bring back supplies," he said, but in reality he was riding away from the terrible lonesomeness that had chilled him since burning the symbols of sentiment under the moon. 'Tis little we know.



"All my life," said Mike, "there has never been one to send me such a rhyme"

SORLEY rode hard, arriving in Barlow late in the afternoon, and after putting up his horse sauntered to the hotel, where the young mail clerk who had scolded him last night was sitting in the lobby. Sorley had seen him here before, Barlow being the end of the mail run, and learned now that his name was Ferguson when a friend accosted him and asked about the robbery. Sorley, standing by, put in a word himself, but Ferguson had little to say and nothing at all about the defense he had attempted.

"There is a boy who knows when to talk," chuckled Sorley and, sauntering on to the street again seeking an acquaintance, stopped dead in front of a window full of valentines next door. With his face against the glass, he was reading the mottoes, being something of a judge of them by this time, when he noticed a woman a pace away, standing with hands clasped in front of her, as if lost in a dream.

"Sure, 'tis the millstone around old Shane's neck, bad scran to him," thought Mike, and, being still under the spell of the moon, spoke in desperation from his lonesomeness. "No doubt, Miss Shane," he said, "you receive valentines a-plenty every year."

The tanned face turned toward him was not half hidden by the sunbonnet now, and Mike was astonished at the long-lashed gray eyes and softly curved mouth, but 'twas the expression of her sent a thrill through him—mysterious, far away and lonesome it was, and all framed in a heavy dusk of fine hair.

Recognizing him, she nodded and nibbled her lip. "I never had one in my life," she told him in confidence.

"Neither did I," confessed Mike. As she started on, he walked with her.

In a few minutes they were near the junk yard, where the shrill, angry voice of Shane could be heard, and Katy, afraid of being seen with any companion, nodded good day and hastened into her home. But Mike, who heeded neither Shane nor anybody, walked into the junk yard and sat down on a rusty anvil to think.

And new thoughts they were to one who had played a lone hand. "Never a valentine in her life! And a sweet colleen she is too," thought Mike. "But 'tis not surprising with the old skinflint of a father keeping her jailed here at hard labor. He ought to be arrested. What is law for, I wonder!"

Shane, seeing him, hurried up to learn what he did there.

"I am thinking," snarled Mike, "and wish to be left strictly alone."

"Thinking! On my anvil, in my yard," said Shane in a fury, " 'tis trespass."

Mike asked what the anvil was worth and being answered ten dollars told Shane what he thought, but flipped him a gold half eagle and drove him away.

"I will send her the valentine," he continued, now thinking at leisure. "But then she will receive it after the day is past, which would not do at all. So I will bring it myself."

He hastened back to the store and selected the most gorgeous and expensive one in stock, all in a joyous glow which had not mounted so high even in the most desperate of his expeditions. But, after buying a new tie and hat in which to make the presentation, the truth broke in on his mind that St. Valentine mail must be anonymous, and he went back to the hotel lobby to sit dismal, with his new hat pulled over his eyes.

PRESENTLY Ferguson, the mail clerk, came in, still limping from the effects of the explosion and wearing a strip of plaster on his forehead. He sat down in the chair next to Mike, facing the street, and the latter reflected: "There is a bold boy and one to be trusted, who has made a business of delivering valentines."

After a moment's crafty thought, he said, "I am in trouble of a peculiar sort, but which any trustworthy man who likes to do a friendly turn can pull me out of by walking two hundred yards."

"I am not one to refuse a good turn to a neighbor," said Ferguson, "but if there is an ambush at the end of the two hundred yards, I should be informed and so start out loaded for it."

"There is no ambush, but a young lady," replied Mike, which shows the innocence of him in matters of sentiment, if in nothing else. "I have a small package to deliver to her from a party who wishes to remain anonymous. As I am known to the lady, Miss Katy Shane, she would at once suspect the source of the package."

At sound of the name, Ferguson raised slightly in his chair and took a new interest in the proceedings. "I know the young lady by sight, and where she lives," he replied, and, taking the package, was on his way.

In fifteen or twenty minutes he was back. "I gave it into her own hands," he reported. "I had hoped to become really acquainted with her, but the old Bengal tiger of a father was caterwauling somewhere in the background and she seemed even afraid to step out and look at the moon. It is just rising, and a sight to make even a train robber write poetry—bad cess to 'em," he said, limping and sticking down a loose end of the plaster.

"I would not let the moon get on my nerves if I were you," said Mike grimly. "Perhaps 'tis just as well Miss Katy Shane did not come out to look—the moon being a hag-ridden monster and casting spells full of trouble."

Ferguson raised his forefinger to begin an argyment but thought better of it and, after Mike had thanked him for delivering the package, went away. Mike went upstreet and played billiards, and, returning home at midnight in the moonlight, rubbed his hands with glee at the day's transaction.

Next day he kept close watch and in the afternoon, seeing Katy coming uptown after the mail, sauntered along with her; 'twas plain, from her faint blush and way of glancing from the corners of her eyes, that she was eager and yet too timid to say something in confidence.

But, it being long after mail time, they found themselves alone in the post office, and Katy studied him in excitement for a minute—then the secret was out.

After their talk on yesterday afternoon it seemed almost as if the saint had heard and worked a miracle, but then what is a saint for? In the dusk of the evening such a messenger had approached the Shane house as never visited there before.

"And what d'ye think," whispered Katy in confidence; " 'twas a valentine; the most beautiful ever seen! And though they are usually sent through the mails anonymous," explained Katy, " 'twas proper for Mr. Ferguson to bring his own, being in the mail service himself."

'Tis not exaggeration at all to say Mike Sorley was dumfounded, not having the experience to know that a woman does not make up her opinion by adding two and two, but believes only what she wants to believe. "Of course, on my part," said Katy, "it would not be proper to make any acknowledgment. I must pretend that I did not receive any valentine at all."

Mike nodded, staring at the sweet, tanned face turned up confidingly to his own. And when she parted from him with a dimpling smile, all the glow which had comforted him for twenty-four hours left his body, and the chill and lonesomeness crept in.

Far down the street he saw a man who limped join Katy Shane; then again he was back in the lobby chair, his hat pulled over his eyes and a hard grin of sharp white teeth shining in his beard.

" 'Tis evident," he told himself, "that I should have used a whole stick of dynamite on that mail-car door. No good comes of doing things by halves. But 'tis not too late to remedy that. Ferguson is free with his gun and has already had a shot at me; if he wants the girl he can fight for her." It was pretty sure that the liking which had sprung up between the couple immediately on acquaintance had not progressed so far in one day that Katy would break her heart over Ferguson's sudden departure.

Now, it happened that old Shane had gone down the line on some business that day, and Katy made bold to ask her escort to stay to dinner, which indeed he helped cook. It is certain that in no other nook or corner, even with soft lights and music, does sentiment prosper so largely as in a kitchen with two young folks cooking and washing dishes together. And, with a moonlight stroll afterward to add a touch of poetry to the occasion, what wonder that the couple, dreaming one dream between them, should pass Mike Sorley, neither recognizing nor seeing him.

"The dom moon started it," said the latter, looking up with hatred, "but 'tis Sorley will stop it," and, his mind made up that Ferguson must go and go quick, he set himself to scheme the most reasonable excuse to pick a quarrel and fight it out with him.

BUT that night Ferguson did not appear again at the hotel, nor next day. In fact, he posted himself during the afternoon in the clump of trees on the lot across the road from the junk yard, where he could see Katy. And all afternoon he gnashed his teeth, watching her work there on the scrap pile wearing a man's old overcoat and listening to the shrill fury of old Shane

(*Continued on page 38*)

What IS the World comin' to?

Uncle Henry says you are not really old until you begin to wag your head when you see young people acting that way

"WHAT I like best about President Coolidge," declared Mr. Stubbs, "is the way he upholds the sacred traditions of America."

"That's so," Uncle Henry agreed. "Whatever also may be said of Cal, nobody can deny he's a sincere, hard-workin' upholder. As a usual thing, the sign language suffices his simple needs, with now an' then a Nope an' Yep for additional emphasis, but when it comes to a Sacred Tradition, he's stirred to every emotional depth. By the way, 'Lonzo, jes' what *are* the Sacred Traditions of America?"

"Any fool ought to know that," sneered Mr. Stubbs. "Why—uh—why, George Washington, of course, an' Valley Forge, an' the Declaration of Independence, an'—an'—an' Plymouth Rock."

"That's what Cal thinks, too," sighed Uncle Henry. "All of his traditions are drawn from school histories, the Fourth Reader, an' livery stable keepers tryin' to get some advertisement out of Paul Revere. But you're both wrong. Look in the dictionary, an' you'll find that a tradition is the transmission of any opinion or practice from forefathers to descendants, or from one generation to another, by oral communication without written memorials. In plain words, it's somethin' that people talk about until they get to believe it.

"Now jes' how often do you hear George Washington an' the Declaration of Independence figurin' in family conversation as a rival to the radio, the graphophone, an' the mechanical piano? You know as well as I do that if it wasn't for a certain kind of chicken—or is it an apple?—you'd never hear mention of Plymouth Rock.

"Think for a moment! What was the opinion your father tried hardest to transmit to you? What was it he got from his own father? What opinion is it that flows most readily from your own tongue whenever young people are present? What indeed if not that sublime declaration, hallowed by years of use, 'The country's goin' to the dogs'?

"Every generation feels sure that it's takin' all the wisdom with it into the grave. It's not that they want to, but what's the use of leavin' wisdom behind when there's nobody that knows how to use it? From the time of the first settler down to this very minute, no adult has gone to his rest without a feelin' that the new generation was gettin' ready to blunder into some abyss, although it wasn't as if he hadn't warned 'em.

Divided Skirts! Shocking!

"THERE'S no surer sign of age, 'Lonzo. You may lose teeth an' hair an' arches, but you're really not old until you begin to purse your lips an' wag your head whenever you see young people actin' accordin' to their years. I may not have much to be proud of—most men keep the family pride in their wife's name—but when I face St. Peter I can look him square in the eye an' cry, 'At least you can't say that I ever said that I didn't know what the world was comin' to.'

"From the day the earth hardened that mournful cry has echoed down the corridors of time. Scientists tell us that it was the first sentence ever spoken by human tongue. As our forefathers swung from branches by their tails, usin' hands for purposes of search an' seizure, grunts an' barks met every conversational need, much after the fashion of the modern breakfast table. But one day some adventurous youngster got tired of walkin' on all fours an' decided to see what he could do with his hind legs.

"Even now, after the lapse of centuries, my heart aches at the sufferin' of those early parents, seein' one of their children doin' somethin' that they themselves had never done. What use were grunts an' barks in a moment like that? Moved as never before, the anguished father wobbled his tongue until words came to it, an' all of a sudden the forest rang with his dismal cry, 'What's the world comin' to!'

"My father ran away to sea when he was a youngster, but the first time I stayed out until 11 o'clock he wore holes in the front porch, accused me of bein' a dissolute young rake who'd bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, an' spent the rest of the week wantin' to know what the world was comin' to.

"The first time my mother saw her daughter dancin' the waltz she took to her bed an' stayed in the house for days, fully convinced that an outraged heaven would visit the earth with a ball of fire an' brimstone. An' yet when that very daughter set eyes on her own child givin' an imitation of an epileptic seizure in the course of a bunny hug or jelly roll, she pierced the heavens with loud an' passionate cries consistin' of 'What's the world comin' to!'

"I courted my wife in a day when all the energy an' passion of the race was devoted to concealin' the existence of the feminine leg. By common consent, the female body was assumed to leave off at the chin an' take up again at the instep.

"I went aroun' one day to take her out bicyclin', an' she slipped out of the house wearin' one of these divided skirts that she'd bought on the sly. Lord knows it was a blow to me, havin' been brought up modest, but my shock was nothin' to that of her mother's. The old lady leaped out of the second-story window, sent for the police, talked of sendin' the wretched girl to a Home for the Incorrigible, an' split the air with cries of, 'What's the world comin' to!'

Vacations for Benedicts

"YET when our first girl appeared one mornin' in a 'rainy-day skirt'—I believe that's what we used to call 'em—my wife sent four mounted messengers to the office, screamin' for me to come home an' save the family from shame. An' only the other day this same wayward hussy came gallopin' into the house, face wet with tears, to tell her mother of *her* daughter's utter incorrigibility. It seems that our supposedly innocent grandchild has gotten back from school with her hair bobbed an' a lipstick an' powder rag. What was the world comin' to?

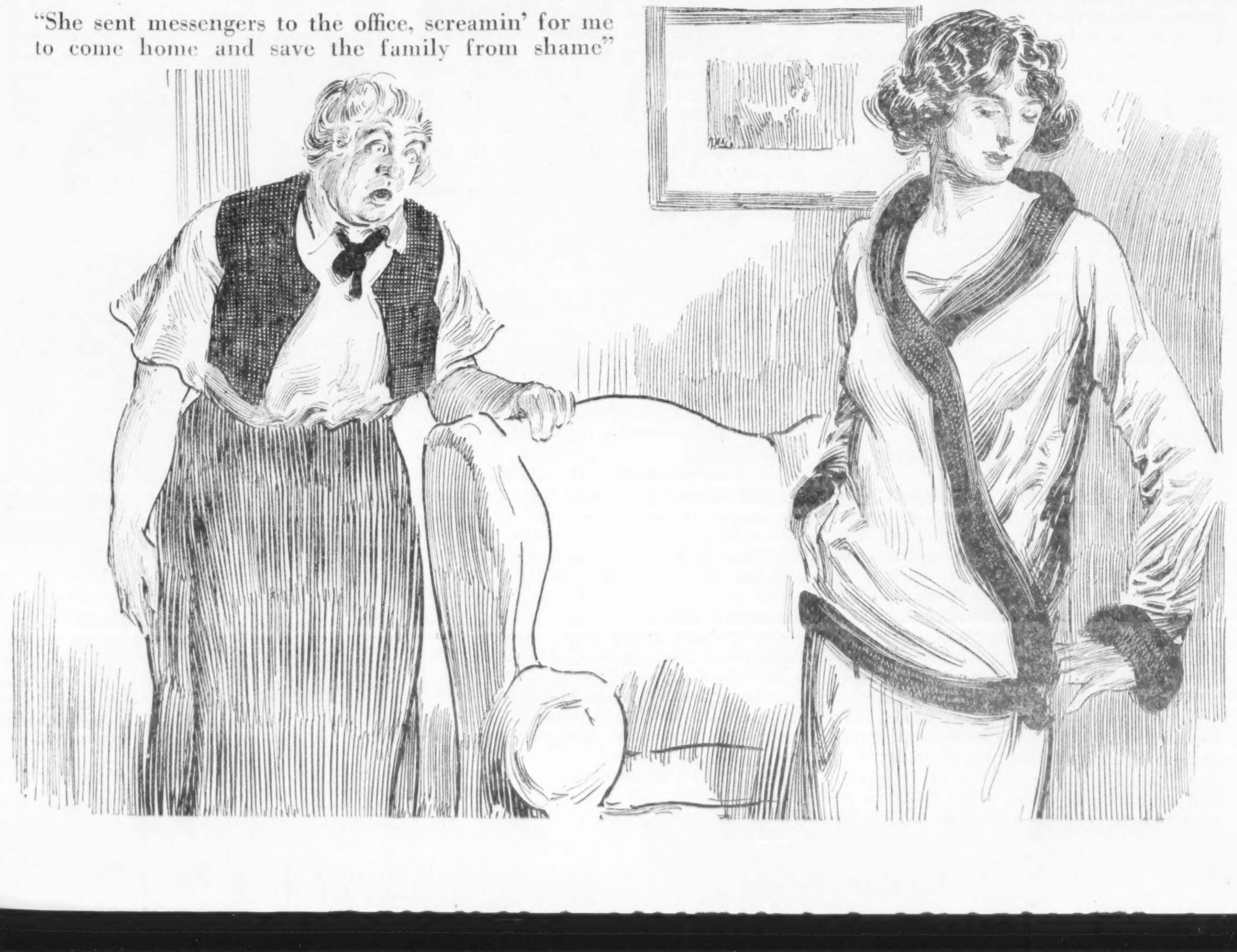
"Every parent in the world feels perfectly confident of ability to live the lives of the children for 'em. They want to laugh for 'em, love for 'em, suffer for 'em, think for 'em, an' at the first sign of revolt they throw up their hands an' moan, 'What's the world comin' to!'

"Every father an' every mother is in the position of the hen that hatched out the duck eggs. The adult idea of happiness is security while youth dreams of it in terms of romance an' adventure. To this day my wife can't understand why Mamie married a poor young lawyer with a Windsor tie when she could have had a middle-aged coal merchant with all sorts of money. It's different with me, 'Lonzo. Change is the breath of life. I welcome it."

"Here's a funny thing," said Mr. Stubbs, looking up from the magazine that he was reading. "This article tells how a husband an' wife take vacations from each other whenever they feel that they're gettin' bored. A month or two every year when they live apart."

"My stars!" groaned Uncle Henry. "Married people takin' vacations! Honest, I don't know what the world's comin' to."

"She sent messengers to the office, screamin' for me to come home and save the family from shame"



Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 23

eyes were twinkling. "Make good on the car," she said. "I'm asking the man who owns one."

"Good kid," said David Lacy warmly.

Ten minutes later Bing, his eyes surly, was driving one of Lacy's cars down the smooth road to the Bayville ferry. In the seat beside him sat Sweetie. Behind them huddled Aunt Celimena and her niece.

"Take that swaddling band off your head," snapped Aunt Celimena presently. "I don't like it. And it looks silly."

But Connemara only smiled. "Not yet," she said cryptically.

At the ferry house Aunt Celimena suddenly observed in a perfectly natural tone of voice: "Why, there's Saltonstall! Isn't that odd? Ask him in, Constance Mary."

Connemara's eyes followed her aunt's. "Merciful heavens!" she gasped. "Poor old Salt! I'd forgotten entirely that he was in fancy dress. Oh, I'm sorry for him!" A sudden twinkle flicked into her eyes. "No, I'm not. He's the funniest thing I ever saw in all my life." And now she began to laugh. "Good lord, for the last half mile I've been staring ahead at that red thing and thinking to myself, what a funny-looking gasoline pump! Oh, Bing, go over and grab him before he commits suicide or something."

Bing leaped out of the car, grasped the astounded Saltonstall by the arm, and led him back amid the chuckled plaudits of the ferry-house crowd.

A queue of admiring small boys swarmed after the red-clad young man in somewhat the manner of a tail escorting a flaring comet.

"Get out," blared Bing at the small boys. They withdrew to a safe distance.

Then Sweetie spoke. "My Gawd," she breathed in awe, "if it isn't Archibald again! Did you lose a bet on Harvard or are you really a chorus boy after all? I just adore chorus boys."

Said Salt harshly, "Shut up." Then his eyes found Connemara's. "Haven't you a blanket in the car?" He clutched at the proffered robe, flung it about his glistening redness and climbed stiffly into the automobile.

"I've had a rotten time," he announced wearily.

"Well, it hasn't been a strawberry festival for anybody," Connemara gently reproved him. "I'm glad you're all right, though."

"I assure you I'm very much all right," said Saltonstall Cabot Adams, to whom the enfolding blanket had completely restored his wonted dignity. "I'm not only all right, Connemara, but I have here"—he reached beneath his shirt and dramatically drew forth the shimmering auburn coil—"I have here your token of our engagement."

Bing snapped his head to the rear. "Don't be an ass," he growled. "I told you what that meant last night."

BUT Aunt Celimena spoke up. "Gentlemen, please," she protested. "We have all had too much. This is no time—"

"Once in a while you say a mouthful, Aunt Celly," agreed Connemara with a tired smile. "Besides—"

"No more discussion, Constance Mary! Not, at least, while this terrible shadow of uncertainty hangs over us."

"Uncertainty?" Salt demanded. "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Those horrible men—and their fiendish associates!" Her lip curled just perceptibly in the direction of Sweetie. "I tell you I shall not sleep a wink until they are every one in jail. That is why I want Mr. Brewster and both Saltonstall and Bingham to remain with us at Moorelands to-night. I feel in my bones that something is going to happen. We need the presence of two strapping men."

Sweetie wheeled in her seat, faced the group in the rear of the car and deliberately winked.

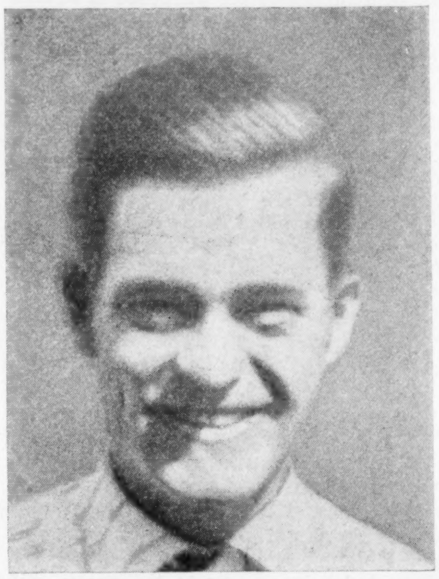
"Us poor defenseless women!" she murmured. "Ain't it the truth?"

From the ferry house came the shouted warning, "All aboard!" Bing threw in the clutch and the car moved slowly forward, toward Moorelands—and the night that lay ahead.

Chapter XVIII

By George Agnew Chamberlain

IT CAN be imagined that Moorelands, under its long virginal regency, had not been much given to indiscriminate hospitality. In spite of the outcrop of sporting blood in Aunt Celimena, she was still a victim of that high-voltage New England reticence which senses a sort of violation in having unattached gentlemen sleeping on the place. As for the presence of Sweetie, that was simply more and worse of the same thing. Never would Aunt Celimena forget or forgive the shock of finding one of her sex wearing male attire, not in the simpering spirit of a fancy dress ball, but as if she gloried in its opportunities for unmaidenly display.



GERALD MYGATT
Novelist

Nevertheless, in spite of all the varieties of tension which troubled its inmates, the house finally settled down to an exaggerated calm. A palpitating stillness which was harder on the nerves than any amount of noise teased Connemara with the illusion of peace. Her common sense told her there was no reason why sleep should not come swiftly to her exhausted body, and yet, for what seemed hours, sleep played around like a tormenting demon.

Her thoughts began to race and presently became a jumble, a kaleidoscope with a thousand points of light blazing against the immovable sere background of Aunt Celimena. Never had that background changed. Pattering against it like the toy torpedoes of childhood on a wall, rained and burst all the events of her life. Ping! her first and only spanking. Pong! Auteuil, and David Lacy's handsome face, glowing for an instant in the blaze. Boom! and the strange marriage contract. Bang! and she an immaculate nun, stepping into a high-powered motor car of foreign make at the mercy of a strangely fascinating young man.

And yet there was one sweet interlude which lived in memory as an indubitable fact. Never would she forget the blessed relief of plunging into the black waters of the Sound, of squirming out of her new-made slip, and finding herself swimming freely in her silk undies, unafraid and unashamed. Before her had shone a pilot light, a head of hair as red as her own.

At the thought of hair, she sat erect and put up her hands to her head. The face of the New York barber leered before her, reminding her that whether she was awake or dreaming she still had a secret to keep. She tried to remember if she had locked her door. She arose, went to it, found that she had turned the key, and started to return to bed. Impulsively she walked to the triple mirror and stood before it. How slim and virginal appeared the straight shaft of her body, shining through the filmy drapery of her sheerest chiffon nighty!

Gradually she perceived her uncovered head. What if she should, in the morning, open the door to her aunt or a tattling maid without remembering to guard her secret? There was a long linen runner on the bureau. She snatched it, bound it around her head, and tied a great butterfly bow above her brows. The confection, which looked like one of those wet-me-not bathing caps you see at Deauville, was almost as fetching as had been the turban before its ruin.

Her mind at rest, she slipped back into bed, drew the sheet up to her chin, and snuggled her face into the pillow. Now, cradled in the memories of her girlhood, soothed by contact with the homely objects she had known all her life—the ponderous mahogany furniture, the ancient hooked rug, her little four-posted bed with its fluted pillars, the patched quilt folded over its foot—she could believe she had never been through the torment of the foregoing night. In fact, its events seemed more than ever improbable. She closed her eyes sleepily, her lips curved in an adorable childlike smile, and she drew a contented sigh. The next instant she was again sitting rigidly erect, staring into the shadows of the room.

A sound only half heard can be more terrifying than a near-by explosion, and it was such a sound, faint and ominous as the ticking of a death watch in the wall, that had galvanized Connemara into a sitting posture. Yes; she heard it again—a stealthy footstep in the hall or somewhere in the house below. Someone was striving so intently to walk noiselessly that the faint whisper of a footfall became surcharged with its own threat of disaster until it actually seemed to reverberate in Connie's ears.

Her impulse was to scream, but she suppressed it. In the first place, as the events of the last twenty-four hours had proved, she was not the kind to scream before she was hurt. In the second place, the thought came to her that perhaps only unnecessary scandal would arise from rousing the whole house. She was by nature innocent, and yet no fool. Her personally conducted tour of the Sound had brought in its train a certain amount of awakening of one sort and another. She had seen modern man fight with gats, butts, and iron bars; she had envisaged his primeval prototypes, grappling as savagely as wild beasts and battling with teeth, gouging knuckles, and stamping heel. But the one thing which had implanted a first mental hazard of fear within her was the look she had trapped in Mr. Pooch's glittering slits of eyes as they gorged themselves on her bared loveliness even while his groping hands were reaching for her throat.

HER first thought was to put more than a filmy chiffon nighty between herself and the world before she ventured out to meet it. Characteristically enough, she took it for granted that she would creep out, come what may, rather than lie shivering on a warm night with her head under the covers. She arose, went to a closet, and rummaged in its depths until her fingers encountered a mackintosh. She put it on over her night dress, buttoned it, stole softly to the door, unlocked it, and crept out along the wall. Instantly she felt something like a blown breath fly past her face. She just had time to flatten her back and her outflung hands against the wall when a tremendous Bang! resounded through the house.

Connemara never knew how long she stood immobile, scarcely daring to draw a breath, crucified against the wall. It seemed untold ages, but it was probably only about thirty seconds before she came to her senses and realized what had really happened. The opening of the door had created a draft from the open windows in her room and that draft had merely slammed the door shut with a bang. What an idiot she had been not to close it quietly behind her!

To her amazement, no one came out to join her. The violent slamming of a door, closed by the wind, is not a half-heard sound, arousing breath-held speculation. Like the elevated trains that rattle by open tenement windows, it is so familiar that it often fails to arouse a near-by sleeper. That is what had happened in this case, and even if Salt and Bing had heard the crash, philosophic sloth would tell them the same door cannot slam shut twice. The burglar, or marauder, or worse, she had heard below would naturally reason along the same lines—namely, that there was nothing to worry about in the mere slamming of a door.

Connemara realized that in silence—absolute silence—lay her one chance. If she could keep still long enough, the marauder would take heart from the fact that the inmates of the house were such sound or callous sleepers, and would presently proceed with whatever he had been doing.

WAITING became an agony, for she did not dare even to lower her arms, but in the end she had her reward. Someone was certainly moving about in the great hallway below—someone who had to make sure of his ground by much groping before each stealthy step. Connemara had read somewhere that only the swift are silent. Transforming the thought into action, she stepped boldly forward, laid her hand surely on the banister and passed swiftly down the stairs.

At their foot she halted. In spite of a pale shaft of light through one pane of the variegated fanlight, she could discern nothing in the black shadows on either side. But in that tense moment she learned that there are more than five senses. As surely as if she could see or feel it, she knew that a living, breathing body was crouched within ten feet of her nose. Again came the call to her nerves for utter quiet. Steadying herself against the newel post, she stood rigidly, her ears alert, her thin nostrils distended.

While she held her body under absolute control, she could not keep her mind from leaping into frenzied action. Her brain began to hum like a racing engine. What should she do? Ought she to scream? What if, when people rushed down and turned on a blaze of light, they should find her in a mackintosh, a nightie, and pink bare feet, face to face with Bing or Salt in their B. V. D.'s—for she knew they had brought no pajamas? Suddenly her brain stopped racing and began to hum normally. She turned deadly calm. Her nostrils opened and closed, opened and closed. She had smelt a faint, familiar odor which could not have come from Salt, nor Bing, nor Lacy, nor Pooch, nor McTish, least of all from Aunt Celimena—the smell of face powder—cheap face powder.

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Novelist

Her thoughts turned to Sweetie, the

guttersnipe whom she had befriended against all reason, and just as they did so her eyes perceived a small head silhouetted against the one live pane of the fanlight. Never had she seen a poise more packed with malevolence. It was like a cobra's head, rearing to strike.

BUT why this sudden and inexplicable change in Sweetie? And then, hard on the wonder, came a flash of illumination. The lost fifty thousand dollars! It was Sweetie who had removed the money from the hole Bugle had dug last night on the beach. Sweetie admitted that she had followed Lacy from the Filomena along the shore. It was not only possible, then, but probable that she had witnessed Connemara's impulsive act in burying the money.

From the level of the unseen shoulders two clawlike hands crept up into the light. They were quivering, evil, eager, as if already they were savoring the feel of the soft throat of an enemy. So it was to be woman to woman, thought Connemara grimly.

However, she did not wait to be attacked. Taking advantage of the momentary spotlight, she stepped forward and launched herself at Sweetie. She had hoped to pinion the girl's arms and at the same time carry her by sheer weight and the impetus of the onslaught to the floor, where she could gag her with a tassel and bind her with a rope from one of the old-fashioned portières. But she had counted out her chicken before it had begun to hatch. From the beginning, and especially when decked out in David's nattiest yachting clothes, Sweetie had seemed a pitifully frail figure, threatened with consumption. What, then, was Connemara's amazement to find she had embraced a whirling roll of barbed wire.

Quite aside from knowing even more ways of fighting than Connemara's eyes had sampled since the moment of leaving the Bayville ferry—how many years ago!—Sweetie brought into play a quiver full of poisoned darts in the form of a string of whispered epithets and exclamations so outrageously stupifying that as each one hit her ears Connemara could not help but wince with horror and stop to gasp, "Oh!"

This supersensitiveness all but cost her the battle, but fortunately for her, as the writhing bodies of the two girls twisted and turned up and down the length of the slippery runner rug which led to the front doorway, weight began to tell. Sweetie soon found she could waste none of her breath if she was to overcome or even to escape from her adversary. At no stage of the game had she refrained from using her teeth and nails, and now fury made her redouble her efforts. Such dirty tactics would long since have given her the victory had it not been for the chance which had led Connemara to put on the flexible armor plate of a heavy mackintosh rather than a flimsy kimono.

More than once she had reason to send up a breathless vow of thanks to the Providence which had guided her choice. She could feel sharp teeth sinking into her shoulder, pressing viciously, and then coming to a stop just short of pain or even a pinch. They warned her, however, to hold her adversary in an unbroken clinch if she would avoid losing a thumb or an ear.

Staggering with exhaustion, the squirming mass of arms and legs had just reached the further end of the hall when it toppled and fell with Connemara on top. In all her life she had never known such an overwhelming surge of triumph. At last she had her enemy down. The Swede's gang would never see that money now. She planted her knees on Sweetie's chest, and, clutching her wrists, strove to bring them together so that she might hold them for an instant with one hand while she reached for a portière cord with the other.

"You pink-headed wart!" snarled Sweetie gaspingly. "You big red cow!"

Connemara was half stunned by the words. Were they spoken through chance, or by a wild guess, or because her head had become uncovered in the furious struggle? She raised searching fingers and found that the bathing-cap effect was still firmly in place. Sweetie asked no greater advantage of the gods of war than this instantaneous truce. She dragged both hands free. One she clapped over Connemara's mouth; the other she reached up to the great key of the front door and turned it. The door swung slightly open with a pathetic squeak.

As far back as Connemara could remember, it had always creaked that way. A cool draft of air laden with the odor of whisky fanned her nostrils. She sensed some imminent danger more horrible than any that had gone before. The rough, iron fingers of a man encircled her throat and began slowly to tighten. She heard Doc's raucous voice whisper, "Gimme something, Sweetie, to tie her up. This dame has made trouble enough for a while."

Chapter XIX

By John V. A. Weaver

SWEETIE moved quickly, flipped the belt from Connemara's mackinaw, and thrust it into Doc's free hand. At the same time, she held out a decidedly grimy handkerchief. Connemara's reeling brain received another jolt. Chloroform!

"Use this," Sweetie was saying rapidly. "We don't want that hell-cat of an aunt she's got to come bouncin' down here with those other dumb eggs. This is just a little private party"—and she leered malevolently at Connemara.

The girl mustered her strength for one last desperate effort. A sickening-sweet odor stole into her nostrils. The pressure upon her windpipe was suddenly freed. She opened her mouth to gasp for the breath which would be expelled in a shriek—and found herself chewing upon the filthy piece of cambric. A strangled snicker shook her. Chloroform—well, hardly. She recognized the heavy perfume now—and evidently Sweetie had earlier poured half a bottle upon her handkerchief.

Meanwhile Doc was taking advantage of her limpness to truss her hands neatly behind her back. Sweetie dragged a wicker chair up behind the helpless girl, and pushed her firmly into it. Then, with hands on hips, she stood grimly humorous, surveying the victim.

Connemara gulped. Her throat ached from the choking, her pride was in tatters from the realization of how easily she had been put *hors de combat,* and the stale perfume was rapidly making her very ill.

Sweetie, beholding the tears, suddenly exchanged her sardonic expression for one of pity. She leaned over, and with the sleeve of her own blouse gently wiped the tears away. Again Connemara was surprised by the complex character of this strange girl of another caste. Two minutes before, nails, teeth, and feet used frantically in a desperate struggle; and now—this tenderness.

She listened to what Sweetie was saying: "Don't you fret, dearie. As long as you keep still, nobody's goin' to hurt you. Why can't you mind your own business? That's the only reason you keep gettin' into jams. Some day you're goin' to get into some *real* trouble."

Connemara, ill as she was becoming, was still capable of a flash of amused wonder. Such events as those of the last twenty-four hours were mere everyday occurrences in the life of persons like Sweetie and her pleasant companions.

Sweetie continued staring at her thoughtfully. "Listen, Sister. You been pretty square with me. I bet I can trust you if you make a promise. Will you keep your trap shut if I take the hankie out of it? Nod your head if you mean yes."

Connemara's beturbaned head wagged violently up and down. Sweetie removed the gag.

Connemara used her first gasping breath to say, in a low tone, somewhat incoherent with an hysterical giggle, "Just for that I'm going to give you a bottle of *decent* perfume." Then, before Sweetie could interrupt, "You said I've been pretty square with you. What made you turn on me like this?"

JOHN V. A. WEAVER
Poet and Editor

"What did you butt in and try to stop me leavin' for?" the other countered sullenly.

"Well—but you were sneaking off, and I don't understand—" Connemara searched her pseudo maid's face.

WHAT she saw in the pursed lips and the cold eyes renewed her apprehension. For, following the girl's glance, she took in the huge form of Doc, who was staring fixedly in the direction of the heavy shrubbery bordering the drive.

Connemara turned so that she too could focus her gaze upon the dark, overgrown thicket. There—a ghostly figure. No—two! Crouching in the shadows, deathly still.

At a step behind her she jumped and stifled a scream. Twisting around, she beheld the unbeautiful visage of the Swede, who, paying scant attention to her, was grinning insolently at Sweetie. She decided to attempt facetiousness.

"Dear, dear," she said, "how jolly! I was afraid I'd never have the pleasure of seeing your funny old face again."

The Swede vouchsafed her hardly a glance. "Shut your face," he growled. He was surveying the open front door as if a new plan were just forming in his mind.

"It's the fifty thousand, of course," drawled Connemara. "What a nice game we're having. Button, button, who's got the money? Sweetie found some way to send word to you, didn't she? I ought to have thought of that."

The Swede allowed himself another baleful grin. "You should get all worked up about that fifty grand. That's all safe and sound. But, gee—this is some swell dump, I'll tell the cock-eyed world. I think we ought to have a look inside."

He took a step toward the open door. In the same second Sweetie was upon him, clutching his wrist, spinning him around facing her.

The Swede jerked his arm angrily. "What's eatin' you? I just thought we might go in and look around—you never can tell—"

Sweetie strengthened her hold upon his arm. "And I used to think 'sap' meant somethin' in a tree," came her scornful insistence. "We got the dough, ain't we? What more do we want? That house is full of people. We got to make our get away quick."

"Well," began the Swede, "maybe you're right, but I just thought—"

"The next time you start to think—don't," Sweetie finished scathingly. "Come on, Doc. Let's pull our freight. Poochie ain't in on this, I take it. He's a great one for dodgin' the rough stuff."

Grumbling under his breath, the Swede turned toward the steps, when Doc stepped violently back, with a savage "Hell!" . . .

Connemara's heart leaped with a thrill as the two shadows in the shrubbery suddenly took on clear outlines and stepped full into the moonlight. One was short and stocky, the other tall and graceful. In the hand of each something silvery glistened.

Then a voice that Connemara had

(*Continued on page 30*)

"—But Few are Chosen"

FILED away in the reference library of every newspaper that "belongs" to the Associated Press is an index of an aristocracy, the members of which have no knowledge of their fellowship. This is the obituary list.

Every name on that list is a symbol of power, or achievement, or influence for good or evil in some field of life. It is rich in news value. Beside each name is a number, disclosing the order in which the individual has been admitted to this secret academy, and designating the "canned" obituary that will be released for publication when news of the death of the person it concerns has been telegraphed into the newspaper offices.

These biographical sketches are an important part of the equipment of a modern newspaper. Their existence means that when death comes to someone editors do not have to stop and scratch their heads and say, "Let's see, now, what did that bird ever do, anyway?"

It is not a long list, for there are only 777 names on it now, although according to the almanac there are 1,748,000,000 persons in the world from whom to make selections. Running down the "B" column of such an index one finds listed in turn a scientist, a statesman, an ex-secretary of the interior, a playwright, an inventor, an ecclesiastic, a naval hero, an actress, a theosophist, an author, a suffragist, a publisher, a social worker, a female warrior, another suffragist, a statesman, a former secretary of state, a horticulturist, and a naturalist. In the "C's," two generals, one king, one emperor, a queen, an ex-queen, a baseball player, a diplomat, a rear admiral, an actor, an actress, a religious leader, an artist and a drummer.

Any time you are feeling particularly chesty about your place in the world just ask yourself if you are among those 777 who have been selected out of the 1,748,000,000. It would surprise you to discover some of the self-important persons who are not on that roll of distinction. BOYDEN SPARKES.

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 29

last heard as she was struggling to kick off a pair of silver slippers in the dark waters of Long Island Sound grated upon the air: "Stick up your arrms! Stick 'em up! Or maybe the twa o' ye'd like to get shot full o' nice leetle round holes?"

"McTish," Connemara whispered, on a rising hysterical note.

"I told you so, you poor fish," snapped Sweetie, promptly elevating her hands, and turning at the same time to blast the Swede with fury. But in that moment, with an agility which startled Connemara almost out of her wits, the big blond Swede had stooped behind the wicker chair in which she was helplessly bound, and was dragging her, chair and all, toward the open door of the house.

"Go on and shoot," he yelled, mockingly. "Maybe you could miss her!"

CONNEMARA heard a howl of rage from the small man on the gravel drive, a rush of feet; then she found herself, still with her hands bound, sprawled halfway inside the doorway, the wicker chair back weighing down the back of her neck, and her face smothered in the hall rug. The flop of the Swede's flatiron shoes diminished. A window was flung up, and she knew that he had leaped out.

With desperate heave she toppled the wicker chair from her back and rolled over, facing the porch. A yard or so from her, Doc and the slim, tall man were locked in what looked like some new dance step—only there was a silent grimness about the dance which froze her blood. McTish, holding out his revolver, was leaping ridiculously about the locked figures, obviously unable to make a decision between keeping Sweetie covered with the gun or bringing it down upon Doc's head. Sweetie meanwhile, with infinitesimal steps, was edging toward the very doorway through which the Swede had escaped, and within which Connemara was sprawled.

Then it happened.

"Look out!" Connemara shrieked. But already the Swede, like a gigantic rug thrown by an invisible hand, had sailed out of the darkness and completely enveloped McTish. Down they went. And at the thud Sweetie dashed for the doorway.

Connemara kicked out. Sweetie, brought up sharply in mid-flight, yelped, "Gawd! My shin!" and her whole body fell across Connemara's chest. Connemara collapsed limply, but even as she felt that the breath would never return to her lungs, a voice inside her head kept insisting, "You must hang on! You must!"

Sweetie was losing no time in regaining her feet. Shaken though she was by her fall, she managed to grasp the chair, and had already pulled herself up to a standing position, one foot upon Connemara's shoulder, the other close by the prostrate girl's nose.

"Now she's going to dash through the door! Stop her," flashed that new, insistent command through Connemara's brain. Her answering action was automatic. What would Saltonstall Adams, heir of all the codfish kings, have said if he could have seen his Cayenne Fairy suddenly dart her head in the direction of Sweetie's foot, and sink her practically incomparable teeth into that young woman's plump calf?

Speculation upon such a question is idle. Nor shall it be recorded here what Sweetie, stricken with anguish, announced in a loud voice to high heaven. Backward she tumbled, and again Connemara received the whole weight of a one-hundred-and-thirty-pound girl across her diaphragm. And this time blackness followed. For (she will never know in what manner) not only Sweetie, but Swede and McTish, Lacy and Doc, as if by some prearranged signal, tripped over the two recumbent females, and formed one of those quaint masses of humanity known to youngsters as a "niggerpile."

To the eternal credit of her red hair be it written that, upon opening her eyes some five minutes later, she did not utter those time-honored words, "Where am I?" What she said was, "Well, for cryin' out loud!"—a phrase which her Aunt Celimena would have recognized as a euphemism. It was an exclamation denoting surprise; a surprise not due to the vision of Salt and Bing, in bathrobes, now on the scene and engaged in an apparently violent altercation with the red-headed McTish not far away; nor to the sight of Sweetie, binding the familiar perfumed handkerchief around her own calf and weeping gently the while; nor, again, was it a purple and swelling eye, staring anxiously at her from a foot away, an eye whose pleasant twinkling had captured considerable of her interest when she had first climbed into a strange motor car many hours before. No, what startled her was the fact that the owner of the eye was encircling her waist with strong tenderness, and his voice was whispering, "Sweetheart, Sweetheart!"

She found the sensation singularly pleasurable. Why hadn't she fought down the impulse to cry out? Too late. For Lacy, reddening, started back, relaxed his hold upon her waist, and burbled, "Oh, Lord, I was afraid— Thank heaven, you're all right!"

She sat up, felt herself gingerly, then smiled coolly. "Quite all right, thank you."

Quickly she got to her feet, serene despite the consciousness that there would be, before many minutes, numerous painful spots upon her ribs which would take on the color of Lacy's eye. What a peach he was! And so fearless. And so very strong! That steel arm of his about her waist—

But this was not yet the time for sentimentality. The fifty thousand—that must be accounted for first. She turned to McTish.

"You didn't find the money on those men, did you?" she asked. Her glance strayed past him and scrutinized the shadows of the porch curiously. "Why—why, where are they? The Swede, I mean, and Doc. Oh, McTish," she wailed, "they didn't get away after all?"

"They did thot," the diminutive Scotsman growled in disgust. "These gentlemen"—a nod indicated the bathrobed figures at his side—"heard the noise, an' figured maybe they might be needed. So they cam' doon, juist in time to mix up in that wedge in the doorway, wi' the result that when things quieted doon a bit, an' somebody had presence o' mind to strike a light, Mr. Lacy, here, was holdin' on to yon Adams feller, an' Mr. Carrington had me in a clinch, an' the gang was gane—clean. Naturally. An' a pretty endin' for twa nichts o' harrd worrk."

HE GLARED at the unlucky Bing and Salt, whose unasked assistance had so unexpectedly and neatly defeated his careful planning.

"An' the fifty thousand's gane too," he added drearily. "We'll never see a ha'penny o't now. We'd 'a' had that an' the gang likewise if busybodies 'd only kept their hands aff. It wasn't harrd to figure out if Sweetie an' the money was baith in the house the nicht, the rest o' the creatures'd be hangin' roond somewheres."

"It's too bad," Connemara murmured consolingly, trying not to giggle. "Still, I'm not so sure it's such a bad thing for us they did make a get-away. We've all been mixed up in some pretty queer proceedings, I'm afraid, and Aunt Celimena would just naturally have died if we'd appeared on the front page of the morning papers. As for the money, you leave that to me. I've a sort of hunch—"

She walked over and held out her hand to the weeping Sweetie, who promptly slapped it away. "Teeth like a darn fox terrier," she sobbed, and continued to rub her wounded leg.

Connemara again reached out her hand, and this time pulled the other girl to her feet. "I'm so sorry—truly, I am. But I just had to. Now—come in here, won't you, for a minute?"

Brushing her tears from her eyes, Sweetie reluctantly followed Connemara within the moonlit sitting-room. "What a fine can of oil I turned out to be," she muttered. "To let a soft little social dame put it over on me."

"Don't feel so badly," Connemara smiled, "I didn't play fair. How could you know I'd bite you?" She put a hand on the girl's shoulder and patted her gently. Then a hard note came into her voice. "It's no use, you know. Hand it over, please."

Sweetie stared long into Connemara's face. The defiance of her expression gave way to defeat, then to hopelessness. "Yeh, all I get is the wreath of hand-painted raspberries." Shrugging her shoulders, she reached inside her blouse and hauled out the crumpled packet of banknotes.

"Take the damn stuff," she said bitterly. "And a lot of good I hope it does you. Now what? The bulls?"

Connemara smiled winningly. "Bulls? You mean the police? Oh, no, Sweetie. What have they got to do with it? I haven't an idea who really owns this money. If it's yours, I'll give it back when you prove it. Meanwhile—we'll just keep still and watch."

"Oh, well," answered Sweetie, "who cares? Naw, it ain't mine. And if it interests you any, I'll tell you I'm glad to see the last of it."

"Poor kid," said Connemara, and once more she patted Sweetie's shoulder. "I like you—a lot. I want to have a talk with you later. Don't you get terribly sick of this sort of life?"

"Aw, for the love of Mike—don't bother about me. I ain't worth it." Nevertheless, with a quick movement, she grasped Connemara's hand and pressed it. "You're a damn good egg yourself."

"WELL, what's up?" came Lacy's voice from the doorway. "Find the money?"

Connemara did not hesitate. Her eyelashes flickered slightly in signal to Sweetie as she answered cheerfully, "Um-h'mm, wasn't it bright of me? I must be losing what little mind I have. It's been right where I—I put it, all the time. You just forget what I dreamed about burying it, won't you?"

"Fine," Lacy said imperturbably, but his eyes looked straight into hers with a quick little glow of admiration. "And now, Miss-er, Sweetie, McTish seems to have something he wants to say to you out on the porch."

"Yeh?" Sweetie snickered. "Well, pardon me for livin'." Then to Connemara, "Holler if he gets fresh." She walked sedately out of the room.

"Snap on the lights," Connemara called after her, but Sweetie was already past the switch.

"Never mind the lights," Lacy spoke softly. He advanced to where the slim figure stood, her face lifted slightly in the blue glow of the moonlight. "Connemara—"

Connemara discovered suddenly that she was trembling. There was that in his voice, in the mere saying of her name, that was like little hands caressing her. This must stop. A man she had known for five minutes two years ago, and rather well—she had to admit that—for the twenty-four hours just past. Still, you couldn't call that time enough to— Or could you?

Who was he? *What* was he? And what right had he to do such things to her with that caress in his voice? She mustered up her old ally, facetiousness. "What a pity you don't make the stage your career."

But he shattered her silly defense efficiently. "Darling," he whispered. "You darling."

His hands were reaching for her. In a moment he would take her in his arms. . . . How to escape? Then, all at once she knew. She didn't want to escape.

"But—but—but I'm engaged," she stammered weakly.

"You bet your life you are!" Lacy exclaimed. Whatever else he may have meant to do or say was cut short by a bloodcurdling shriek. With a thud remarkably reminiscent of that made by a sack of potatoes cast into a wagon, Aunt Celimena sat heavily down upon the top stair, and slid unceremoniously down upon them.

(To be concluded next week)

H. G. WELLS' new Novel

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HERE is a story that will delight everybody who likes to read a good yarn and everybody who likes to read H. G. Wells. In this newest novel the whimsical humor of his earlier "Mr. Polly" lights up depths of wisdom that only the H. G. Wells of to-day can sound. No one else could have created Mr. Preemby, a wistful little laundryman—he "married into laundrying"—who strays from his tubs into the wonderful realm where he is King of Kings.

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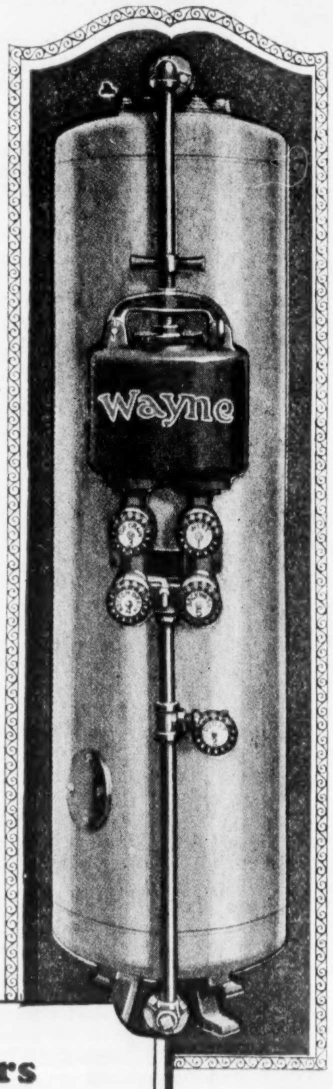

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The Old Adamant

Continued from page 11

"This is atrocious," sighed Aunt Esther. "Nothing distresses me more than a noise."

By a cruel circumstance the very grandfather of all noises interrupted her. Had the mountain split? Was the train going over the edge of some abyss? With the first roar and crash both Aunt Esther and Anna burrowed into the merciful darkness of the rugs and coats. Inez was left alone to perceive that the engine and the cars ahead were derailed and largely in ruins. Extraordinary-looking persons were opening mail pouches beside the track. The second-class passengers appeared to be sitting in groups on the ground, rocking back and forth. Three men, bound helpless in rawhides, spat philosophically. Aunt Esther's courier wriggled in useless wrath.

"We are held up by bandits, Mrs. Raeburn! The train has been bombed!" he shouted.

A LEADER, gorgeous and dirty, was moving among the disheveled passengers, sorting them out, giving sharp orders. She could catch much that he said—her father's training had been practical. He wore very tight black trousers, trimmed with silver, and a scarlet sash. His enormous hat was silver-laden too. He was surveying her with cold, critical eyes. He was coming to their coach. He peered in.

"Come out, señorita. And tell the two old women not to be frightened and to get up."

With every courtesy he seated the three of them upon a rock.

"You have had many children, señorita?"

Her reply came in vigorous Spanish, and left him puzzled.

"Why, then, are you thin, and weary at the eye, like an Indian woman who has borne ten? Have you worked hard? No, the hand is soft. Let me see your teeth."

With surprise and real pleasure the bandit-in-chief turned to his lieutenant.

"Mary Most Pure! You were right, Pérez. Her teeth are good. She has advantages." He smiled brilliantly.

Pérez, with slow insolence, surveyed the silken ankles.

"I will take the gringuita with me, my captain, if you do not want her." He was interrupted by a really passionate outburst from Aunt Esther. For a moment the chief listened; then he gave an order, "Quiet the mouths of the old ones." And thereupon a red kerchief, by far the most insanitary thing that had ever approached Mrs. Raeburn, stilled her eloquent speech.

"With us we carry no Americans," said the captain brusquely. "They understand nothing of use. They are without blood. I would make love with as much gusto to corpses. He examined Aunt Esther's rings.

"But I cannot talk philosophy this morning to an ass like you, Pérez. I am engaged. Keep the prisoners separated. I shall supervise the baggage." The colony of Raeburn trunks stood open a little further up the track, awaiting his expert inspection.

Pérez was not ceremonious about bundling Aunt Esther and Anna into a third-class car. They remained there, being secured to the benches. Then he came back.

His step was steady, but his eyes showed bloodshot, and had Inez known the drug's ways she would have recognized that he had been smoking extra marihuana. Pérez dared take no jewels. The captain was just and strict, ruling the division of loot with an equal hand. But he had been delegated to hold this prisoner, and she should have no reason to complain that he did not make love promptly, as women prefer.

"We are fortunate," he said amiably. "You speak my language. Ay, que dulce! You and I are alone now." He was lifting her, and nobody was preventing it. Nobody even saw. He was little—and strong as an elephant. Why, he never felt her kicks! He put her down among the cushions which Aunt Esther had occupied not half an hour ago, and there was no one near to object when he kissed her silken instep.

"I will take these stockings when we leave you, queridita," he said, both far-sighted and amorous. "I will remove them now. I might forget."

The soiled outlaw grinned up at her with sickly tenderness upon his pulque-sodden face, and at that moment, in her frightened need, there came to Inez an idea.

"I have much prettier stockings than these—all colors, very costly—your sweethearts will love them. You saw my black handbag? I dropped it behind that rock where I was sitting when you lifted me up. They're in that." Perez halted, diverted. She had the wit to smile sweetly.

"To tell the truth," she said, "you please me very much. If you will get the bag, I will give you many things of value, because you are handsomer than the others, and you make love so agreeably."

Touched at his most vulnerable point, Pérez was lost.

"I return instantly," he whispered, administering an unavoidable kiss, and departed through the window.

As he did so Inez rushed to the opposite side of the coach. Thank Heaven, a window there opened! Trembling in her haste and repulsion, she let herself down. Their train had been creeping along a mountain. She plunged upward into dense pines. Bandits, crew and passengers were all on the slope below, screened by the cars. She still scrambled on. So far there were no sounds of pursuit. She sniffed the strong fragrance of balsam. Then, with no one near to deplore or restore, she fainted.

INEZ was awakened by piercing, merciless cold. The afternoon wind was whistling over the mountain tops, and she was lying with stiff limbs upon the pine needles. Cautiously she tested her strength. Yes, she could get up. She must steal back to the train now, back to poor Aunt Esther. It was a slippery descent.

With a feeling that she scarcely knew for terror, so novel it was, she came upon the scene of their adventure. The shattered cars were there, and the disabled engine, and their rifled wardrobe trunks lay crazily on the verge of the wilderness. But no human being remained. Far down the track, through the dusk, she could just see a tiny black train crawling toward the distant city.

"I suppose the rescuing party think the bandits got me," she said, and shivered. The cold was intense.

Hopefully she searched among the trunks and débris, longing for her woolly steamer coat. It was gone, like everything else, but in its place lay an extraordinary garment—a worn sarape that smelled of pulque. Once the colors had been gay. Inez put it on.

Already darkness filled the dimly seen, endless valley. The red gold of sunset lay only upon the mountain's crest. There was but dreary comfort in the ruined car, yet the tired girl crept in. As the fever of her excitement subsided, her hunger grew severe. Ranges away, a great cat yowled, and the night fell. The hour should have been one of choking fear, yet Inez was more uncomfortable than afraid. Because she was cold and hungry she could not sleep; her nerves were steady.

"The old stock!" she whispered ironically. "For all these generations it's had nothing much to do. I wonder if it's still there? Because right now I need it."

They had not left her a single rug or wrap. No use to snuggle into the seat. She stepped out into the shadows and swung her arms fiercely, trying to call back her body's warmth. Despairingly she looked up at the sky, thinking of the interminable interval before it could turn gray. Then, incredible and bright upon the black mountainside, far up, she saw a fire.

"Well," reflected the daughter of the Pilgrims, "I can stay here and die cold or I can climb and maybe die warm, if I don't disturb a rattler!"

Slowly, conserving her wonderful new strength, she climbed.

There was little undergrowth, but sharp things, hiding in the blackness, tore her skin. Once, risking a moment of rest, she caught herself back from oblivion with an effort such as she had never before made. There were bowlders in the path, clustering tree trunks . . . movements and rustlings that filled the unseen with fear. All night long, it seemed to her, she had been climbing alone upon this awful steep.

THE smoke of burning pine came to her before she saw the beacon above. It was a little thatched hovel of logs and mud, and, as if it were on fire, red flares came sometimes through the roof and showed between the cracks. No door, no window, but noises within. With the last of her forces she wildly called and knocked, and fell across the outlandish threshold as someone cried, "A woman!" and struck away a bar.

For a little time only the faintness held her. Then she felt that she was leaning against somebody whose arms were under hers, supporting, strong, as she lay beside the fire. "Open your lips, lady," said this satisfactory presence. "You must revive, you know."

"What is it?" she murmured, trying to obey.

"It is soup—very good for you. Do not speak now."

She sipped tentatively. It was good soup. She was alive again, and warm at last. She stirred in the strong arms and sat up, blinking.

A smoky little hovel. In one corner a crackling fire, built right upon the mud floor and finding its chimney through a hole in the roof. Beside the fire, a few brown earthen pots. Bunches of herbs hanging on the wall. Heaps of coarse sacks. In another corner, a pile of magnificent jaguar skins. She turned slowly and looked up into an intent, dark face, whose darker eyes were anxious and compassionate under a fallen lock of black hair.

"You are very kind, I'm sure," she said politely. He smiled and released her, seeing that she was restored. "My name is Inez Chapin, and I have had the most horrible adventures in the last afternoon. Is this your house?"

"It is your house now. Were you in the train that they bombed in the pass?"

She told him all about it.

"You'll see that I get back to the city somehow, won't you?" she finished. What a blessing that she had kept her Spanish!

"I will be responsible," he said gravely, "for your safety." And since there was really nothing to be done for the present, she sank down and drowsed upon the beautiful striped pelts.

When she awoke the fire was a small heap of embers and the sun was streaming down through the opening in the roof through which flames had risen. No one was there. But a bucket full of clear water stood beside the pile of sacks. She would bathe. No use to try for a coiffure. Her hair went into a shining yellow braid. Her cheeks glowed under the sting of the cold water. She might have posed for "October," but with no mirror she did not know that. "I suppose he'll come back," she said to herself.

MOST earnestly she hoped that he would. She had a confused memory of a dark, severe young face, ragged clothing, eyes full of kindness. Had grief burned in the eyes as well? She pushed open the ramshackle door.

A gale of freshness and balsamic odors swept in. The rainy season was just over. She saw only pines, and above them, deep blue and clear, the radiant sky of the Mexican spring-in-autumn. Then, a step away, a golden winged woodpecker began work with animation. Something else moved among the trees. Her knight-protector was coming down a tall trunk, gracefully as a cat. No ounce of spare fles

(Continued on page 34)

Can You Stretch a Dollar?

HERE'S the first letter in the prize contest for wise spenders, announced last week with James H. Collins' article, "How To Be Rich Though Poor." E. M. G. wrote the letter, but Mrs. E. M. G. gets the credit:

> DEAR SIR: Several months after our wedding I discovered that I had married a real spender. So, having failed myself, I decided to let her do it. When Saturday came, I took out enough money for car fare and lunches and Nan got the rest. She earmarked every dollar—so much for rent, groceries, clothes, insurance and ten per cent for saving.
>
> Her schedule was strictly lived up to. If she had earmarked $14.50 for the table this week, and we entertained Tuesday, we dined on frankfurters and lentils or mush and milk on Thursday and Friday.
>
> Nan managed to keep our living expenses forty dollars a month below my salary. That's not very much the first year, nor the second. But if it's out of your spending plans that hidden reserve may surprise you.
>
> Nan's two commandments are: Spend Carefully and Buy the Best. The best is always the biggest value, and so it proved in our home. We have lived seven years in a good neighborhood, and the place is nearly paid for.
>
> If you can't work out a plan of spending yourself perhaps you can follow my example—marry one! E. M. G.

$350 in Prizes

If you are doing much with little write us a letter. Tell us, for the benefit of other readers, how you manage your income. For the best personal-experience letter we will pay $200; for the second best, $100; for the third best, $50. Letters should not exceed 200 words, should reach us by March 7th and cannot be returned. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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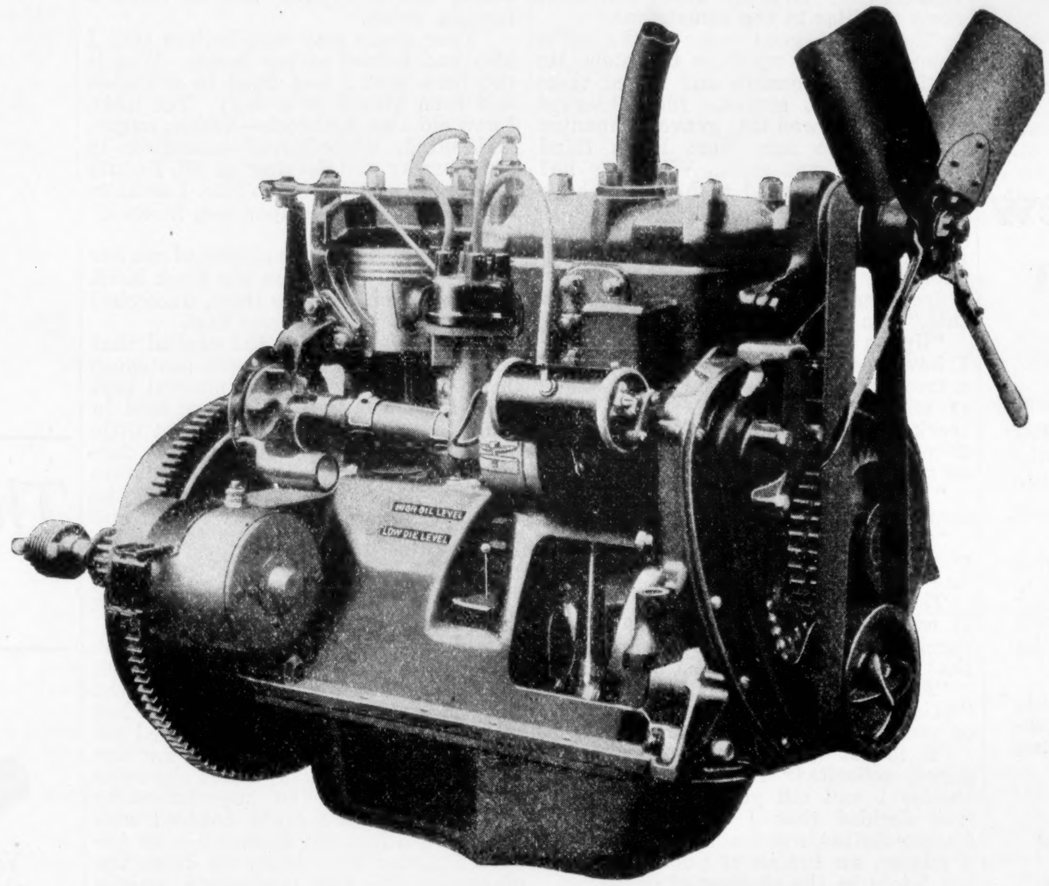

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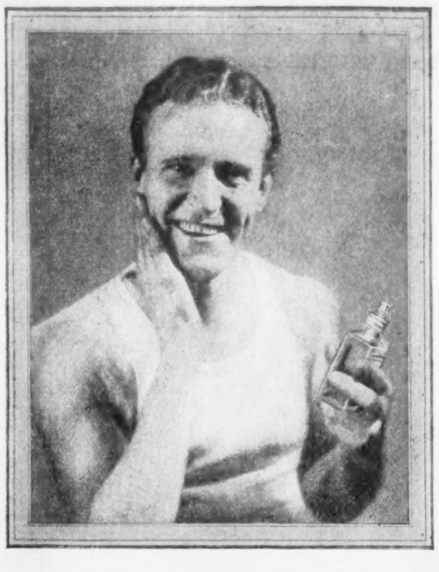

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WHEN you wash off the lather after shaving, you take away some of the skin's natural moisture. To keep your skin pliable and free from chapping, you must conserve its natural moisture.

So, after shaving don't leave the skin totally unprotected. Don't put on powders which absorb moisture. *Help the skin retain its own natural moisture.*

Aqua Velva is a new preparation made by us expressly for this purpose. *It conserves the skin's moisture.* After shaving just pat on a few drops:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Thousands of men are now keeping their faces soft and comfortable in this new way. Try it. A 150-drop test bottle will be sent you *free*. Use coupon below or postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For free test bottle

Address:
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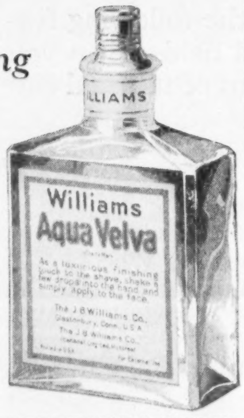
WILLIAMS
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the face.
The J. B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Collier's 2-14-25

The Old Adamant

Continued from page 32

encumbered that splendid, lithe physique. The muscles rippled over the shoulder blades. He landed springily and came up the slope.

"Good morning," she said, suddenly shy.

"May you have all mornings good! Did you find the coffee?"

"I didn't look for it. I waited for you."

He went in and showed her how he had ground the beans in a hollow stone.

"Have the condescension to boil it in this tin can," he said, "and I will make some tortillas in the same stone."

The strong, good savor of the coffee came cheerfully up from the coals. He patted the corncakes and tossed them on to the hot stones. Inez observed how straight was this grave companion of hers—like her West Point third cousin, only not stiff. Who was he? What had happened to her? Perhaps it did not matter much.

"Do you know where you are, señorita?" he asked, pat upon the reflection.

Inez crunched a tortilla. "On a mountain," she said.

"Up on the west side of Montefalca. I have looked about from the top of a tree. I cannot see clearly, but there is still wreckage upon the railroad track. I suppose they are leisurely getting a company of soldiers ready to escort a work train to clear it up."

"You didn't see the bandits anywhere around?"

"Oh, they will not return to this region for long weeks. They have gone like water into the ground."

They were silent. The coffee bubbled. It occurred to Inez that there was a dignity about this wild-looking person that called for her very best Spanish.

"Forgive the curiosity," she began, "which induces me to request the favor of your distinguished name."

"It is not worth that Castilian elegance, señorita!" He smiled. "Nevertheless I will tell you, since God has now decided that I am lost. I am Gaspar Baltasar de Luna, your servant, a soldier, an Indian of pure race, and but lately in the shadow of death."

Inez held out her hand. "I am a Yankee," she said, "and but lately half dead too! There's nothing very interesting about me, but if you'll tell me what your danger is, and all about you, I'll be fair—I'll answer any questions you like."

He grayed the embers and barred the door. They sat cross-legged upon the empty sacks.

"I COME of ancient family," he said. "My ancestors were Chichimecs, and chieftains in the valley before the tribes that waxed under Montezuma had ever heard of it, before the Spaniards built galleons.

"I come of ancient race, and throughout my boyhood I worked for a mongrel hacendado, worked as a slave. Then the time was born when all slaves arose, and I, being fifteen and a man grown, arose with them and went into the hills and fought until my country's new day dawned in blood and the hacendados were afraid of us." He stared at a spider threading the gloom with silver.

"It was to be a soldier, then, that I thought and prayed and toiled. That hope I won. I studied fiercely and learned fast. I am a graduate of the military college, an officer, lady, and you see me here, starving and in rags. But no hacendado has done it. By the never to be comprehended will of God my comrades in arms have sent me into flight."

"You are a revolutionary?" said Inez, with shining eyes.

"I am a revolutionary, yes. Who but those who rot and crawl is not—here?"

"My ancestors were very revolutionary, once," she said.

Passionately he spoke again. "Yet a time has come when the revolutionaries are the conservatives. The agrarian laws were passed. Injustice now was done to them who had been unjust. Their lands were taken. And my general sent me at the head of my company to the very hacienda where I had been lashed in the tobacco fields, in my hard childhood. We had orders to take the lands back for the people. The owners had defied the agrarians. We were commanded to possess the hacienda, if necessary, by force.

"My soldiers were ill clothed, half fed, once fugitives. They had been told that these fields belonged to them, that they were to seize them in the people's name, and discipline was to them a foreign thing.

"Your grace may well believe that I also had hatred in my heart. Was it not here that I had lived in a kennel and been kicked as a dog? Yet when I saw old Don Ambrosio—feeble, angry, undaunted, white-haired—standing in his doorway and defying us all, I could not let my soldiers harm him. I went to his side. They fell upon me, instead."

IMPULSIVELY Inez stretched out her hand and laid it upon the black head. She smoothed back the thick, uncombed hair. He held her fingers fast.

"It was reported at the capital that I had turned traitor. I was sentenced to be shot at once, under martial law. Yet, because my services were held in gratitude, my friends contrived a little delay. I should be taken to the fortress. And as they marched me into the city it was agreed by two of the guard that I should take my chance and run, if they let me get the start. Indeed, I preferred death by *ley fuga* to execution. So I ran."

Inez gasped. "They missed, thank God!"

"I dived into the cellar of a lady who knew how I had protected the old don, being a friend of that family—who knew also that I was being marched into town that night. She carried me in the motor trunk of her car, far out to a banana plantation, which she owns in part. Thence the superintendent dispatched me in a crate, covered with green fruit, into the mountains, by the spur railroad that leads up from the plantation to the company's pulque fields. I am at home as any wildcat in the mountains, and once more I took my chance. They let me off in the pass, and I found this hut. I knew that charcoal burners work on Montefalca. The gentleman of the house was absent, yet without fear I lit my fire, for any who might see it would think it was his. And so you found me, for which I shall not cease to thank the saints."

The somber passion died out of his face. He bent to the floor and kissed her scratched shoe. Her eyes softened, but at once she became practical:

"Suppose the charcoal burner comes back?"

"We shall hear his burro at a distance, but it will not be for days. He has gone down the track to the central camp, with the sacks that he has been filling for the last month. He lived alone on the mountain.

"I'm afraid I'm nothing—a nuisance—or a danger to you. But when you see from the tree top that the soldiers have come to the wrecked train, then I'll go down alone, and wild horses won't drag out of me where I've been."

He smiled. "You can keep such a secret? What story will you tell them—the consuls and the officers and your fine friends? But do not be concerned, señorita"—with one finger he gently pressed a frown away from between her eyes. "Life is good this day, at least. One does not ask too much."

"Come out among the pines." Inez stood up. "I am happier than I have ever been. I am going to keep house here. Maybe the soldiers will not come to-day. What could I cook?"

"Could you make mole?"

"It's a sort of a fricassee, isn't it, with peppers and vegetables and lots of seasoning? Father said it tasted fine. But don't we need duck or wild turkey for that? And there's nothing in our cupboard!"

"Some other wild bird would do."

Harvey
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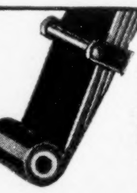

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"What could you shoot him with? A sling shot?"

He laughed delightedly, flashingly. "We Indians know ways. You can catch your food without guns—if you know. I have even a bath in this forest. My customs," he explained gravely, "were fastidious when I was not in battle."

He started down the charcoal burner's trail, then turned and blew her lightly a farewell kiss. "I shall not go far away. You see the peppers hang upon the wall."

Inez went into the hut. Her spirits were high, her heart unquiet. What inborn dignity and bearing! What natural courtesy! And what grit! Her father had told her that those Indians of the pure race were beautiful. She had not believed it. She caught herself in the midst of a little song.

There were peppers and water and a dirty block of salt, which was, however, clean inside. She went all around the hut. Glorious—the remnants of a tiny garden patch in back: parsnips, beet tops; heavens, an onion or two, going to seed! What a kettle of "mole" she would produce!

When her part of it was ready she sauntered out to the head of the trail, wiping away an onion tear. He was gone so long! He surprised a wistful look on her face when he appeared from the opposite direction, carrying a full-grown pheasant, whose shimmering plumage swept his bare foot.

"Ah—tell me how you got him?"

"I had a grain of maize," he said, "I had a long, strong thread which I unraveled from a sack. And I made a hole in the grain and tied it fast to the thread. Then I tied the other end to a sapling and went away and waited patiently. In heaven's due time the bird swallowed the grain, and I killed him quickly."

"That's woodcraft for you! Ah—but he's too beautiful!" mourned Inez. "However, we did need him. Will you take the feathers off? I have the water boiling."

Little amused imps peered out from his eyes. "Is not that the task of the woman?"

"I guess that's so," said she, but shuddered. "I'm game."

"I will not let you, if you do not like," Gaspar told her. "Go in. I will bring the bird as soon as it is ready."

WHEN the warm noon paused above the hut a delicious fragrance of "mole" was rising through the roof. On the edge of both a literal and a figurative volcano two scions of the old stock were contentedly keeping house together.

"You will soon be gone, now," Gaspar said.

"Oh—I suppose so," said Inez. "I'll soon be back and have 'everything in the world that a woman could want,' and this is the only time in my life that I've wanted to keep."

"You do not mean that you wish to live here in barbarity?" He humbly banished himself from the situation.

What scandalized Inez most was that she was not scandalized at herself. "I don't really like to be uncomfortable," she said slowly, trying for honesty. "But here without anything—that is"—she mannerly amended—"without nice clothes or carpets or a down puff, my life has a flavor. And when I think of the safe years that have been before and are coming again. . . . They're Dead Sea fruit! I don't want them. The taste is flat. I want wine in my cup, and there's always been medicine."

She snapped it out resentfully as a child. The blue eyes filled.

"But you will be able to live, if you like to. With death beside you, lady, life would seem very sweet."

He was not looking at her. The carven, exotic face was turned toward the doorway; inquiring sunshine gilded the swarthy skin. An almost dominant desire to take his head upon her breast made her tremble, this daughter of a northern land.

She timidly put out her hand, but he stood up briskly and stepped into the sunlight.

"Through all this wilderness, to-day, they are looking for us two—to save you and to kill me. The end of the story, my comrade, is not very far away, I think." He paced toward the tall pine and shinnied up. Inez waited, troubled and fearful. Was it already afternoon?

He smiled gently at her as he came back. "Everything will be all right. A wrecking gang is working. There seems to be a number of soldiers, and they are making camp. You will be safe. It is known that you are valuable. Go straight to the officer."

She lifted her face from her hands. "I will come again and get you."

"And do what, with a condemned man? A bullet cannot be shared. No." He laughed as she struck fist upon palm with a gesture of passionate reluctance. "You have nothing to pack and I have no token to give you. Farewell and God go with you. Come."

HE PULLED her resolutely to her feet and pushed her down the trail. She sank into the dimness of the forest. After a while she thought that she could hear the noise of the workers on the railway. In a few hours they would be bringing her into the city. She would be photographed and marveled over. "The family'll reward the soldiers for returning my precious person." She flirted the sarape resentfully at an absurdly large and interested bluejay.

She wondered what her father would have had her do. Then echoing back from that girlhood when he and she read Greek together, as if the forest had spoken it, came one line:

> Vile is he
> Who leaves a friend in peril and goes free.

She heard it—so clear! The next moment, breathless, released, certain of her course, she was climbing back up the slippery trail. With relaxed body, weary shoulders, Gaspar still leaned in the opening of the hut. She ran to him and pressed herself into his arms. Incredulous joy came over the stern face.

"What happened?" he whispered.

"I decided to stay here."

"Ah, jasmine flower, consider!"

"No more." Inez said.

All her life she remembered how, through the long afternoon, the old pines breathed unstirred, how once an eagle crossed the luminous sky above them, and two lost blue butterflies came and fluttered away. She remembered the stillness of his face with the eyes closed—every small, tremendous thing.

The evening chill crept into the desolate shelter; the night was crowded with stars.

"Don't light our fire," she begged, shivering upon the golden pelts. "They'll see it from the pass."

"They will think it is the old man. You are cold—I cannot have that." Gaspar stirred the embers. "It is the hour for our supper of forest-chicken soup."

Inez cuddled by the fire with her brown earthen porringer. "We don't know what it may be the hour for! But they can't spoil our day. And I'm thinking, dear, trying to think of some way. . . ."

It was the old argument, not quite fruitless now because of the tenderness it held. He had no faith in her little plans and hopes, but to hear her form them was an exquisite delight. He listened and watched and sometimes smiled.

Suddenly, with one lightning motion, he turned the pot of simmering broth over the bright coals, blackening them. He started to bar the door, and then the absurd futility of it came over him and he dropped his hands. Inez had heard no sound. She sprang up and pressed against him.

"They are coming up the mountain," he said low. "It was not the fire. Perhaps in their evening idleness they found your tracks. The woods are wet yet," he added calmly. "They cannot burn us up."

Now Inez too heard a crackling, a husky command. "Understand this one thing," she said vehemently. "They're not going to take me away! If they kill you, they kill me."

"They will surround the hut. There are many of them," breathed Gaspar. For a moment he stood irresolute. It seemed so useless! "The old trail by which I came here leads down the other

(*Continued on page 36*)

Two Books That'll Bring You More CUSTOMERS

(THEY ARE FREE)

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THE book, "Do Your Own Printing", is the product of ripe experience. It illustrates the Multigraph and tells all you need to know before selecting the equipment suited to your needs—the type to use, how to Multigraph letters, how to print with it, etc.

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Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

F 33

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!

The Old Adamant

Continued from page 35

side. You want to try it with me?" She kissed his arm beneath the ragged sleeve. "Quickly! Come!"

He cut through the darkness as smoothly as an otter sliding down a waterfall, but the girl could not do that. She slipped. She crackled twigs. "Only a little further and we will turn off. There is a small cave," he encouraged her. And with the words men rose up about them.

"Here before us," Gaspar said.

As in every small crisis of her life, the spontaneous impulse to pray swept the heart of the child of religious ancestors. So savage was this tragedy, so certain the death that she knew was destined for her comrade, that even now she opened desperate lips. Once more, that day, a power beyond her own soul spoke to her. She prayed aloud, but in an ancient and barbaric tongue. The soldiers stood amazed, as if fear-stricken.

"O Plumed Serpent! Bright star of twilight! O Light upon the Waters, the ripple and the breath! Regard us thy celebrants out of thy kindness, which is wide as the night and unending as the air. Now, god of all good, everywhere abiding, to whom no sacrificial blood is ever poured, gentle defender, hear our prayer!"

Again, after centuries, the Aztec speech had been heard beneath those trees. The Evening Star, among his blazing brothers, heard again a supplication—learned word by word in a New England library. There were hosts of stars that night, and the time was early autumn. It is true that what befell was no marvel beyond nature.

In the instant before the fugitives were seized the mountainside was shaken. It seemed to Inez that the ground was shattered beneath her feet, and in the eerie brightness distant ranges and the deep valley were revealed. Trees crashed below them, and flames hissed up. She pressed her face against the earth, dazed and blinded. She felt her comrade's body drop over hers. Through a black interval they lay there, stunned, and when Gaspar stirred again and looked about, fire was glowing from a great pit, miles down the slope.

"A miracle has been wrought," he said.

Inez shaded her eyes and looked at the smoldering wonder. "A meteorite!" Anxiety came back to her. "Did it scare them, too, when it fell?"

"I cannot see nor hear them. But every second is a treasure now. I have thought that we might reach the stream. They could not trace us down the watercourse. If still you will come with me!" His voice startlingly broke. He caught her with passion to his side. "Amor mío!" In that perilous moment, which might have been the last one, they stood embraced.

IN THE fearful descent her tender feet had suffered. Now Inez wrapped the old sarape close, and began the next. She must not trip. The glow from the expiring meteorite made the darkness less, but it was an arduous course that Gaspar took, zigzag down the mountain. The manhunters had not chosen it, at least. Through barrier rhododendrons at length they heard the seething of a stream.

"We are not cats. We break the twigs. A blind man could follow us. But if you can walk in the water, beloved, it will give us a little chance." Gaspar waded out into the dim torrent. "Put one hand upon my shoulder. I will go first with the staff and try the depth."

The stream was swift and narrow. Mystery gave it terrors. Low branches caught at them from the banks, and once, where they met overhead, the fugitives were forced to stoop beneath the water in order to press through. The current was icy around her knees. It boiled breast high, leaped suddenly down in a cataract over slimy rocks. She fell, went under. She thought that her heart had stopped.

They blundered on and reached a pool. Here the stream was so quiet that its course might have lain through a meadow, but more horrible to her than its white rushing was this calm in which it seemed to her that the cold bodies of serpents slithered against her bare legs. A sickness came over her that love or courage could no longer conquer, but in that familiar prolongation of the last moment that we can bear Gaspar turned and lifted her out upon the ferny bank.

"The bridge is below us, and the highway," he said.

"Are we in the valley?" she cried, and the whitening sky answered her, revealing pastures. "On the road! After this night are you going to let them come upon you and take you away from me?"

"I dared not let you stop upon the mountain in the bitter cold. It was God's will that I keep on. Some traveler soon will come, and after you have gone with him, back to your people, I still can live like the coyote, for a while. I, who bless you forever, and kiss your lovely, bruised feet."

FROM below them, as he bent, there came a patter of little hoofs upon loose earth. Through the equivocal grayness an old man climbed upward, his burro briskly leading the way. There was no choice but to hail him. Gaspar gave a ceremonious greeting, though he had no hat to doff.

"Good morning, caballero. Let your grace pass first."

The old fellow halted his shuffling progress. In the dawn he looked incredibly ancient, and tough as leather, as they become who have fought for life from the time when they began it.

He responded sullenly. His beady eyes were suspicious, but the Indian shows no surprise. The burro snorted and shook himself, the bundles of sacks clapping his sides.

"Amigo," Inez spoke softly, "what price for your animalito?"

The old man appeared to be enraged, or very wary. "How should I sell the best burro on the mountain? Where would I find another such?"

Gaspar searched her face, puzzled. What new scheme had come to her?

"It is true," said Inez, "that you might not find such a fine one anywhere. Yet if you had the money you could buy two."

"The lady is clothed like a molting bird, and offers money."

Inez held out her left hand, scratched, all grimy, and upon the betrothal finger a great emerald, rising out of pearls.

"The caballero will see, if he looks, that these jewels are of high value."

In truth, the caballero was not unaccustomed to seeing precious stones upon persons who seemed scarcely adequate to wear them. One did not question the source of a fine ring. Its presence was enough.

His lowered gaze searched her other fingers, her throat, in vain. Had she nothing else? Well. . . .

"The lady has the burro for the emerald."

"But the pearls, as well, are worth much. For them you would change your clothing with this gentleman at my side, and take his."

"It is very bad clothing that he wears."

"But a beautiful ring—a fortune—that you will own."

The girl was almost exhausted, yet she bargained on. She knew that it could not be done quickly. An hour passed before he took the ring, as he had fully intended to do from the first, put on Gaspar's rags, and went his steep way. Long ago, with a sinking heart, her comrade had perceived her plan, he thought.

"I would not have had you lose your ring."

"It was out of place with this costume."

"I thank your generosity, and what is done is done. But I will not take my

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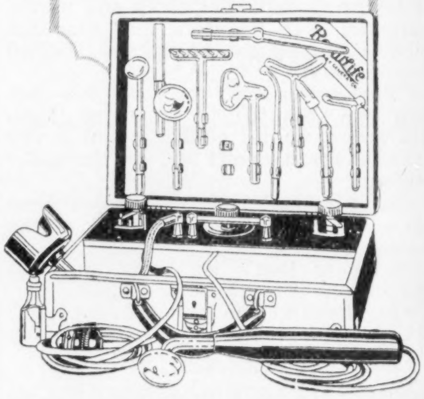
Syracuse Lighting Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
New York and Queens Electric Light & Power, Long Island City, N. Y.
Queensboro Gas & Electric Co., Far Rockaway, N.Y.
Detroit Edison Co., Detroit, Mich.
Gas & Electric Shop, Louisville, Ky.
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Rochester Gas & Electric Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Kansas City Power & Light Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Milwaukee Electric Ry. & Light Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ohio Public Service Co., throughout northern Ohio
Union Electric Light & Power Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Nebraska Power Co., Omaha, Neb.
Public Service Corp., Newark, N.J. and 52 stations throughout N.J.
United Appliance Company, Jackson, Mich. and eight other cities
Toledo Edison Co., Toledo, O.
Public Service Electric Co., Oak Park and Evanston, Ill.

and many others



They Will Gladly Give You a Free Demonstration In Your Home

Get a Renulife high frequency (violet ray) demonstration from your local electric light company. Write us direct for *free* booklet on electrical therapeutics and details about the various models of Renulife Generators, ranging from $75.00 each down to $12.50 each.

Renulife high frequency Generators are used by thousands for the relief of pain, and as an aid to health. Many physicians use Renulife high frequency (violet ray) Generators in their practice. The Renulife Generator operates from any electric light socket.

Model R, shown above is fitted with a complete set of glass electrodes as well as a built-in ozone inhaler for the treatment of bronchial disorders.

Central Stations

Write for the Renulife proposition and details of Renulife success with leading electric light companies.

Renulife Electric Company
4841-53 Rivard St. DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Export Office
461 8th Ave. NEW YORK CITY

RenuLife
VIOLET RAY

verminous outfit and go up the mountain until I see you safe in charge of some passer-by."

"Did you think, then, that I spent an age arguing with that old wretch in order to be separated from you?"

"There is no other course left."

Inez laid her weary head upon his shoulder. "You make a villainous-looking charcoal burner. And I'll be your charcoal. It will seem a rest to ride on a burro, even this way. Put me into the biggest bag and throw me over his furry back."

"Ah, love—que locuría! We must part in the end."

"Gaspar, please help me, for this is my hope. If we can make our way along the road together, disguised—you under his big hat—we come, at length, to a town. There I tell them a story—they will know about me—and send word to the city that Americans must come quickly for me with an automobile. You play your part until they come—You can be drunk, and sleep in the plaza. I will leave you at the edge of the town, you see. And when they come, dear, after I have told them what you've done for me, maybe—oh, surely!—I can hide you in their car and take you back and get you to the border or the sea. We will find you by the roadside as we leave the place. Too much has happened, now, my darling, for it all to be as if it had never been. I will not give up. Come—it is day."

IT WAS rather odd, the smart young officer thought, as his soldier chauffeur drove cautiously over the wild road, that that charcoal burner ahead should have such a build. Usually they were old fellows. But he walked with the familiar, tired shuffle.

The car maneuvered past. The charcoal burner straightened as if struck. "Coronel Lucas!" Amazed, startled, and suddenly comprehending, the officer gave an order. Then, as the slow wayfarers came up, seeing all the danger, he spoke to Gaspar excitedly and low.

"Get in—in back." He covered the charcoal burner's tattered length with an excellent blanket. "Now talk to me, comrade. Which way for your safety? Kind God—it was in my thoughts that by some turn of fate I still might save my friend! Command!"

Gaspar's eyes shone from under the rug. "Fasten the burro to a tree. Someone will find him. And lift in my bags of charcoal. Where I go it also goes."

Colonel Lucas was not easily taken by surprise. More calmly than could have been expected, he helped Inez hastily out of those sacks—surely the strangest burden they had ever held.

"Sit on my right," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, questioning nothing. "Now I will drive." For a moment his grave eyes pondered the face of the soldier at the wheel. The fellow was safer in the car than at the roadside, but he would be a risky partner to plans of flight.

"I shall have to disarm and tie you, Juan," he said, "but someone will find you too. And if you speak of this, for the reward, I myself will surely find and kill you."

Under the colonel's hand the car nosed up into a wood road. In undertones the three consulted while he gave them food from a packed hamper. Inez noticed with embarrassment his fastidious finger nails. . . . Must she not resemble something picked out of a rubbish can? She felt that she was almost at the end of her forces. The hours in the wilderness began to demand their pay. She drank the coffee eagerly, fending off that heavy languor that lay upon her spirit as drearily as upon her limbs.

Colonel Lucas was speaking rapidly and with decision. "From Sargona on there is a good road right down to the Pacific. With luck and God's help I'll get you to the coast—perhaps aboard a ship."

Gaspar removed his white teeth from a piece of bread.

"Papers—passports," he said. Even his tempered muscles were now too weary to permit much energy.

"Land somewhere in Yucatan. Then we'll contrive to get you aboard a steamer for Cuba. After . . . conditions change . . . you can return."

"It is the last hope," said Gaspar. "If you will do so much for me, fino amigo! And if we can get away before your fellow back there puts them on the track."

Inez wondered if they had forgotten about her. She spoke, almost timidly.

"You can't take me any further, Gaspar?" She had tried to declare it; it sounded like a question.

"No woman must share the dark wine I drink."

Her heart ached with a thousand things to ask, pacts to strike, so much still to say! She commanded herself. She would not be a reason for delay and danger.

"You may let me down outside of Sargona, Colonel Lucas. They will receive me there—indeed, I am expected. You need not lose one second on account of me."

The colonel took stock of his gasoline; he briskly tucked all in. Inez leaned back in the seat. She was almost unconscious when the sound of somebody coming up the wood road behind them made her start with fright. But it was a reassuring voice.

"My hunt over already! And I hadn't even counted on the reward!"

"Oh, Mr. Hammond, are they all all right? Will you take me back?"

"This very minute. I see you've had a fortunate escape and are in good hands." The colonel bowed low. "When I heard about the big row I came clear from Puebla to join the chase. You gave us a nice scare, young lady, letting yourself get carried off by bandits! Admit that you did it on purpose."

Hammond was afraid that she would break down; he sought to ward off hysteria by loquacious humor. Inez, afterwards, was never quite sure what hasty story she told him. Colonel Lucas backed the car to the highway. There waited Hammond's own small machine.

"An Indian was here, but he seems to have departed. I untied him when he told me that I could find you in the woods up yonder. He was jabbering further information, but I didn't wait. I started back from Sargona this morning, completely discouraged—without a single clue to your fate—and then ran right into luck. Miss Chapin, do me the honor to get in as fast as ever you can—and cover up!"

"I want to take this officer's address," said Inez, "so that the family may thank him properly."

"By all means—but hurry."

She leaned an elbow on the rear door and seemed to be speaking to the colonel.

"You'll write to me, Gaspar? In care of our consul, or any way."

Cautiously the low words came from beneath the luggage in the tonneau.

"Beloved—if I live."

"And I will come to Cuba—as soon as I can get some clothes and things—and go to my bank in Boston, and we'll be together again, as we were on the mountain."

"You speak of Paradise. God guard you, dear comrade."

SHE turned away. Hammond bowed, the colonel bowed, Inez kissed her hand, the cars darted forward in opposite directions. With the woolen robe around her, she shivered.

"Young lady, your Aunt Esther is going to be sick all winter. She says so. Now give an account of yourself. What do you mean by spending two days with bandits and sending us all scooting around the country looking for you—and then getting rescued by a handsome officer?"

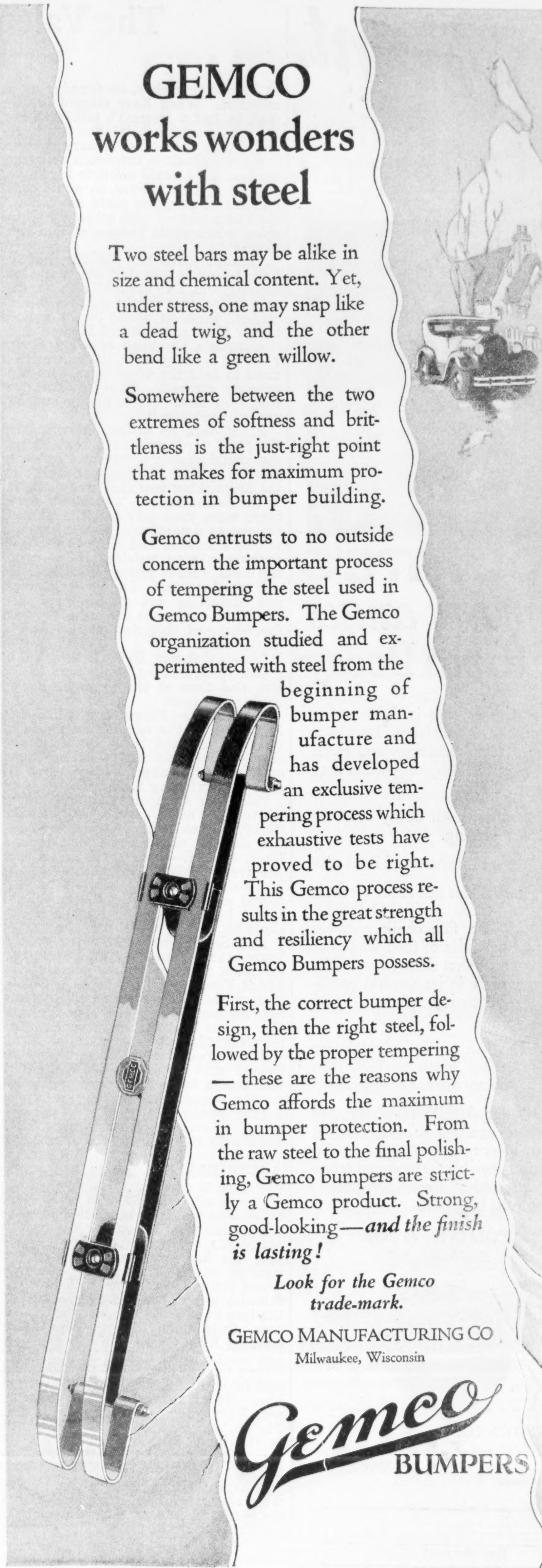
Two days! Was it only yesterday, then, that her Indian lover had come to her from the pines, with the panther tread and the somber eyes that seemed to have opened in an ancient time?

"I was up on Montefalca."

He tried to use a light tone, over his anxiety.

"A fine place to be! Is it possible that you don't know that that mountain is haunted?"

She caught her breath. "It will be haunted for me," she said, "always," and her head drooped and she fell sound asleep.



GEMCO works wonders with steel

Two steel bars may be alike in size and chemical content. Yet, under stress, one may snap like a dead twig, and the other bend like a green willow.

Somewhere between the two extremes of softness and brittleness is the just-right point that makes for maximum protection in bumper building.

Gemco entrusts to no outside concern the important process of tempering the steel used in Gemco Bumpers. The Gemco organization studied and experimented with steel from the beginning of bumper manufacture and has developed an exclusive tempering process which exhaustive tests have proved to be right. This Gemco process results in the great strength and resiliency which all Gemco Bumpers possess.

First, the correct bumper design, then the right steel, followed by the proper tempering — these are the reasons why Gemco affords the maximum in bumper protection. From the raw steel to the final polishing, Gemco bumpers are strictly a Gemco product. Strong, good-looking—*and the finish is lasting!*

Look for the Gemco trade-mark.

GEMCO MANUFACTURING CO
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Gemco BUMPERS

Prevent tooth trouble

COLGATE'S *removes causes* of tooth Decay

Preventive science is the new development in dentistry. Its aim is to keep teeth healthy—and teeth can be kept healthy only when they are kept clean.

Causes of tooth decay must be removed—safely.

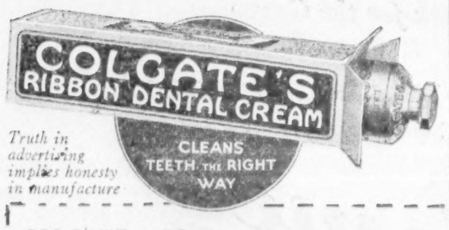
Colgate's Polishes and Protects

Colgate's does not scour teeth; it "washes" them gently and thoroughly. The fine chalk removes clinging particles of food while the mild soap washes them away. The mouth is left in its normal condition—pleasantly refreshed and clean.

There is no grit in Colgate's, for grit scratches tooth enamel, thus inviting decay instead of fighting it.

See your dentist regularly and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream after every meal. It is manufactured sensibly, advertised sensibly and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 411
199 Fulton St., New York City
Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address (This offer good only in U. S. A.)

The Valentine Moon

Continued from page 26

in his molding shop, or foundry as he called it. When Katy started for the mail he had a moment's talk with her, but she would not let him walk upstreet with her lest her father spy them.

He went back to the woods desperate because Katy would not defy her father and marry him. "Sure, he would curse me, and no daughter could abide that," she had explained with tears. "And besides, what would become of him here alone?"

"I can't leave her like this and go back to my run again," Ferguson told himself, and, like the bold man he was, resolved to wait till the old imp had his dinner, when he would be in a good humor if ever, and beard him.

Meantime the rage of Mike Sorley mounted hour by hour, till he was in a mood to fight the whole town. He kept calming himself. "Easy, Mike; get Ferguson first. He is hiding out, but you will get him."

After dusk he walked down toward the junk yard, convinced that Ferguson would show up, and was suddenly startled out of his black thoughts by the astonishing row that was going on in the Shane house. Two men's voices there were, then only one, Old Shane's furious as a panther's; then a crash, a woman's scream, and Katy in the door pushing a man outside. "Go—run!" she cried. "He is getting his pistol. He will murder you." The door slammed, and stumbling out of the yard and across the road came Ferguson, to stand drooping and shivering in the shadow of the trees.

"Is—is that you, Sorley?" he asked in a dull voice, looking at the man beside him and then at the ground. Sorley made no answer.

And then the Ferguson who had shot in answer to the bandit's summons of the mail car, and been blown up, and then read the riot act to Sorley began snuffling and wiping the tears out of his eyes and wringing his hands.

"She will not run away and marry me for fear he will curse her," he said. "Why, he does nothing else all day long. Yet she will not desert him. He is a tiger, a devil—how much longer can she live that kind of life without breaking body and soul, Sorley—" he had moved around to where the moonlight struck his face, which he lifted to the sky with a wild sob of despair.

And Sorley, who had never seen a brave man broken like this, stared, and as he did so seemed to see another face beside Ferguson's, just as he had seen it the night before when the two passed him unseeing. And the face of Katy Shane was that of the blest, her soft mouth smiling at something far away which no one else could see; her eyes lighted with happiness—she, the girl who kept a home for a devil and toiled on the scrap pile wearing a man's ragged overcoat, perfectly happy because one evening of her life she could walk with this man in the moonlight.

MIKE SORLEY, less than anybody given to queer impulse, stepped out of the shadow and looked with high defiance at the moon which he had come to hate more and more since it stared so accusingly on him at the sacrilegious fire. He had somehow understood the strange curse that no one evermore would feel the sentiment of affection or friendship for him, and the boaster of the lone hand had shivered with loneliness. Only during the brief hours after meeting Katy Shane had the heart of him warmed and a hope he had never known thrilled him. And the moon had cast its spell and turned her away from him. He cursed, glared at Ferguson, with Katy's happy face at his shoulder. The furious, panther scream continued in the house without ceasing. What face did the wretched girl wear tonight?

A hand of iron descended on Ferguson's shoulder and forced him across the road and into the house through a bursting door. Old Shane, his weazened face wrinkling indeed like a panther's muzzle, held a pistol, which Mike wrenched away and tossed through a crashing window. His hand at Shane's breast gathered up coat, shirt, and skin in a mighty clutch.

"I'll have the law—help!" yelled Shane. One shake drove the breath out of him.

"Don't hurt him," pleaded Katy.

"Let him behave." The man's voice was low, his look dangerous, the Sorley of action. "You two step into the next room; I have something to tell this man."

Alone with Shane, he hissed a sentence at him. "Now, you know who I am," he said; "I risk telling you because if you breathe it there are those who will send me word. And I want only that excuse to ride up and fill you with forty-fives."

No longer the wizened muzzle showed its fangs; old Shane stared at the outlaw celebrated for desperate raids and ruthless vengeances, chattering with terror.

"Those two in the other room are under my protection," said Sorley. "You dare to persecute 'em and I'll carry you off and show you what persecution means. Now, listen—if ever I ride by here and hear that panther squeal of yours, I'll give you something to squeal for with a hot iron. You know me and know I keep my promises in these matters!"

"Yes, sir," chattered Shane.

Sorley gave him a terrible look of genuine hatred. "Smile," he said; "get on your feet and keep on smiling. You people in the other room—come in."

Katy stopped with a gasp of alarm in the doorway. "What is the matter with him?" she cried, pointing to her father. "Sure, he is smiling," said Sorley. "I have explained matters to him, and he is glad. Put on your hat, Katy, and, Ferguson, lead the way to the preacher's house. We are all going to a wedding."

'TWAS a grim, silent man who packed his mule that night and rode out of Barlow toward the hills. He rode with bowed head, for the curse was heavy upon him and he felt that ahead lay a loneliness that mortal man could not bear. But Sorley was one to set himself stubbornly against misfortune, rather than show it the white feather, and it was not long before he raised the visage of him to the sky to return scowl for scowl.

And that was the moment when he became just dimly conscious, d'ye mind, of a mysterious change that had come over the face of things. For, instead of staring him coldly out of countenance, his enemy the moon distinctly smiled on him, a queer, half-wondering smile that was more than friendship—the smile of sentiment, y' understand, though Sorley did not know that. The beams rode glistening on the neck and flanks of the bay horse, and ran before like couriers through the dust; 'twas like traveling with a fairy escort.

It grew brighter; up, up came the silver light, and as if Katy and Ferguson rode alongside, with their horses and their bodies hidden by the dust, Sorley saw only their faces, as he had seen them the night before, lifted in a peace and happiness that passes understanding. The brief glow of the day before was as nothing to the one which surrounded his heart and thrilled through all his veins. For here were comrades true, riding away with him into the lonesome land.

He thought a moment, silent, and peering out of the corners of his eyes; then he laughed a little. "How, partners!" he said and slapped his thigh with his hat: "Sorley, you old loco!"

Presently he introduced himself, "Mr. Sorley, partners, late of the Lone Hand," and laughed loud and long.

Then, humming a rollicking song, his bearded face lifted with a contented expression, Mike Sorley, outlaw, bad as they make 'em, jogged on with his two loyal comrades of sentiment into the lonesome land under the Valentine Moon.

Colds—

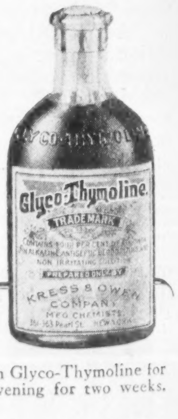
Why you catch them and how you can prevent them

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat there are countless tiny channels, or blood-vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds, but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Traffic is blocked; your blood doesn't circulate as it should; inflammation sets in, and you ask yourself, "How did I get this cold?" Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, widens the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it aids Nature to keep you healthy.

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation—the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium, and large size bottles.



Free
Two Weeks' Test

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361 Pearl Street, Dept. 3-G
New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

© 1925 K. & O. Co.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Weather from the Clouds

THE farmers of southern France will get their weather reports from one of the loftiest broadcast stations ever operated. The new station is erected on Pic du Midi, one of the high points in the Pyrenees, and stands 9,350 feet above sea level. Senator Paul Dupuy recently opened it with a special address.

Automatic Operator

AN AUTOMATIC wave-changing system of transmission and reception has been invented by two German scientists. It is claimed the new apparatus insures secrecy in radio telegraph work. Transmission is effected by means of a perforated tape produced by a typewriter keyboard arrangement. At the receiving end a similar perforated tape is turned out, which, when fed through a special machine reproduces a printed message.

Just Started

ONE of our popular radio magazines in a recent issue congratulated itself upon eliminating the radiating receiver. From the number of squeals which nightly disturb the metropolitan ether I am sure the task—far from being completed—has only just begun.

How Can We Tell?

WHEREVER two or three radio fans get together the discussion inevitably turns to "Distance." Always there is the same complaint, after a justifiable amount of exaggeration, "Just when the announcer spoke a crash of static drowned him out. I think it was KGO, but I couldn't make it out." There have been all kinds of ingenious suggestions made to aid the announcer in identifying his station. They vary in scope from ringing chimes to chanting songs. What would you suggest? Remember, there are upwards of six hundred broadcasters.

Ehshtra Or'n'ry! Hic!

RECENTLY at a New York station one of the speakers punctuated his radio address with as splendid a variety of hiccups as we have ever heard. This leads us to wonder whether some test, similar to that which it is alleged Henry Ford imposes on his wealthy workers, will now be applied to would-be orators before they can pass the portals into the studios of our ultra-broadcasters' stations.

Watch the Results

A GREAT many stations have applied for permission to increase their transmitting power under the new regulations. As I write, three (WEAF New York, KYW Chicago, and WTAM Cleveland) have obtained the necessary sanction to go up to 1,500 watts. We will soon see whether the new rules lead to interference or better reception.

Who Can Help?

A UNIQUE problem is outlined in a letter I have received from H. M. Bullitt of Saranac Lake, N. Y. He points out that radio is a godsend to those unfortunates who are compelled to seek recovery in the beneficent air of the Adirondack town. That is, it is a blessing in summer, but in winter it is useless because of the static caused by the automatic heating pads used by the tubercular patients. These pads have a thermostat which cuts off the current when a certain temperature is passed. Sparking contacts cause bad interference with the radio sets. He has tried several different pads, but all cause trouble.

"Is there any way that we can overcome this difficulty?" he asks. Well, it would be rather hard to say offhand. Perhaps a fixed condenser around the contacts on the thermostats would help. Can some reader who has had experience with this kind of pad suggest a remedy?

His Brother Helps

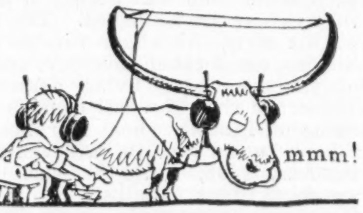
HAROLD SCHWARTZ of Racine, Wis., and his brother each have receivers. Harold's is a two-tuber, and his brother's a "one-lunger." When Harold tunes in he uses his brother's set, which has an aërial of its own, as a vernier for fine adjustment, and this without lighting the tubes.

Why the "C"?

PAUL JONES of Rochester, N. Y., asks us what a "C" battery does to a receiver. He says he has heard so many wonderful claims made for it that he is in doubt. The answer is very simple, Paul. It acts in exactly the same manner that a governor does on a steam engine. It regulates the flow of "B" current, and has a steadying effect on the amplifiers. Besides these advantages it is true economy to use it, since the "B" batteries last longer.

No Fish in This Story

DID you ever hear the grinding, crushing noise made by a worm while it was engaged in gnawing at an apple? Anyway it is reported that Dr. C. K. Brain, professor of entomology at Stellenbosch University, South Africa, has devised a radio apparatus which determines whether an apple contains a worm or not. With this instrument he can actually hear the noise made by the worm as it eats the apple!



Corn-Belt Blues

IN AN interview Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, radio expert, is quoted as saying that he has discovered that the farmer likes jazz better than farm quotations or agricultural lectures. Must this be added to the baneful influence of radio, or to the inevitable decadence of the age as deplored by our reformers?

A Musical Landscape

OUT of the region of Spirit Lake, in the vicinity of Mount St. Helens, in the state of Washington, comes a weird story, corroborated by two witnesses unknown to each other. It is a story of sweet music and melodious voices emanating from nowhere in particular and reverberating through the hilly country. Local experts at Tacoma have advanced the theory that radio waves from broadcast stations have been rectified by the crystal formations in that wild region, and reflected back as sound. I wonder if the mountains act as inductance and the lake as capacity. At least the lake is well named.

HE REALIZED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG—IN SOME WAY HE WAS MAKING A GRAVE MISTAKE!

This test of your health is made every morning

Do you pass the test?

"*YOU HAVE to live with people to know them.*" How true that is! For otherwise you are unacquainted with them during that most telling hour—the hour before breakfast!

This first hour after sleep should be the finest of the whole day. It is, for some people. For others, it is the trying hour—a time of sullen glumness, of fault-finding. They have drawn beyond reasonable limits on their reserve of energy. During the night they have failed to "catch up." They wake up tired, dispirited.

The cause? Lack of restful sleep; lack of regular exercise in the open air; most important, in so many cases, wrong diet. They not only eat indiscreetly, but lash their nerves and draw on their energy by means of drug stimulants—artificial stimulants taken as a part of their meals.

This is the insidious nature of such a stimulant as caffein: it has absolutely no food value, yet it *appears* to give new energy. It prompts the tired body to new effort, it goads the jaded nerves to action. It does this by borrowing energy—*energy which is never paid back*—from the body's vital reserve.

In 2,000,000 homes, people have barred caffein from their diet by drinking Postum. It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—it contributes, instead of tearing down. How much better to enjoy this delicious drink! There isn't a trace of sleeplessness, nervousness, headache, or indigestion in it!

Does the world look bright to you in the early morning? We want you to take an easy step in the right direction—a big step which will mean much to you! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. C. W. 2-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name..............................

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City.............................. State..............................

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

A wonderful shampoo that does MORE *than* CLEAN

A double benefit at a single cost

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

NEXT to being clean—every scalp should be *well fed*. Crude oil is the best sort of food for hair roots—but, in the past, its application was messy and difficult. Until Taroleum came, no one was able to combine life-giving crude oil with a wonderful shampoo.

Taroleum's double benefit

Before it cleans—Taroleum feeds the scalp—sends life in the form of crude oil to the very roots of your hair. This is accomplished by thoroughly rubbing Taroleum into the scalp before you apply any water.

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Into the washbowl goes the dirt, when you quickly rinse out the Taroleum lather. Somehow or other, your head feels *new* and *young*. Taroleum gives it a fresh start! And no matter how delicately fair is your hair—Taroleum absolutely cannot discolor it. White-haired mothers and golden-haired daughters praise Taroleum for this.

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Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln

Continued from page 6

and so quick a temper could ever make him happy. He had good reason to nourish these doubts; but he was justified also in asking whether he would not be more unhappy without her.

The third is that he cared more for Matilda Edwards or for Sarah Rickard than he did for Mary Todd.

I do not regard any of these as adequate reasons.

That he loved Ann Rutledge I think is well established. That he held her memory tenderly I am confident. But that it prevented his caring for other women is improbable, and I think wholly contrary to fact. He proposed to at least three other women after Ann Rutledge's death, and in no case was the proposal a barren formality.

Moreover, I think he was sincerely in love with Mary Todd. If not, there were other men entirely willing to have taken her off his hands.

Why did Lincoln shrink from marrying the woman he loved?

He Had "the Lincoln Horrors"

IT CERTAINLY was not that he had any physical defect that made marriage impracticable, nor had he any shameful confessions that marriage would have disclosed. His had been a clean and honorable life. But while he admired women, and made love to several of them, he shrank more than once from the responsibilities of marriage.

I have discovered what may be accounted a part of a reason. This peculiarity with regard to marriage was a family trait, which has not hitherto been discovered by Lincoln students because the blood relations of Abraham Lincoln, on the Lincoln side, have not been known to them.

In 1867, as John Hay was on his way from Warsaw, Ill., to his consular service abroad, he rode in the train as far as Carthage with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and was struck, almost shocked, by his resemblance to "the great dead man."

"The family is about run out," he told Hay. "We are not a very marrying lot."

These Lincolns, resident in Hancock County, "at the head of the rapids" opposite Keokuk, were descendants of Abraham Lincoln's father's eldest brother, Mordecai. They came to Illinois in 1829, and Mordecai himself followed in 1830. He was overtaken in the great storm which began "the winter of the deep snow" and was buried in a grave that cannot be identified. The graves of his sons, Abraham Lincoln's first cousins, are located, however, and some of the sons have living descendants. These are the only first cousins of the name of Lincoln whom Abraham Lincoln is known ever to have visited. In October, 1858, while he was on his speaking tour against Stephen A. Douglas, he stayed overnight with these relatives, and had a good visit with his first cousin, the younger Mordecai. I should like much to know what they talked about.

I have two letters from a man of some prominence in Kentucky, to Mordecai's brother James, anxiously inquiring about Mordecai. The reason for his concern, stated with dignity as a father might state it, is that Mordecai was engaged to marry this man's daughter Patsy. Mordecai went to see her one night, and when he left her, he left Kentucky, not even returning to his shop to get his fiddle, but departed for Illinois. He did not leave Patsy in any disgrace, and her father declares that neither he nor Patsy have any explanation of his strange conduct. They never secured any explanation. Mordecai ran away from Kentucky to keep from marrying an attractive girl of good family, and one who truly loved him and was heartbroken over his departure.

Mordecai settled in Illinois, and in due time his widowed mother, Mary Mudd Lincoln, came with her two unmarried daughters and made their home with him. In time the girls married and Mordecai was left with his mother. Mary Mudd was a Roman Catholic, and she influenced that branch of the Lincoln family so that a number of them are still of that faith. Their graves are in a little old Catholic cemetery in the midst of a pasture, and not one stone is now erect. Mordecai is buried there, beside his mother, in consecrated ground. But he was a very great trial to his mother. He was argumentative, and he wrote long screeds in which he used harsh language about the priests. He was master of sarcasm, as Abraham was; but Abraham learned to control his irony and Mordecai never did.

Mordecai had a rollicking fund of humor. He also had "the Lincoln horrors" which appeared to have affected the whole family, the men more than the women. No Lincoln went insane, but they all had periods of marked depression alternating with boisterous mirth.

No one has yet given adequate study to the mind of Lincoln, and no one has investigated his ancestry to discover how far his moods were hereditary. I suppose myself to have been the only student who has made a beginning of such studies, and the result thus far is that in these and other matters Lincoln was thoroughly a Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln did not care for flowers, and in that respect he was quite unlike his cousin Mordecai. The neighborhood where he lived still has its "Uncle Mord roses." But they were both very fond of apples. In the autumn Mordecai would convey a sack of apples to the Joe Duncan school, and, opening the door, roll across the floor as many apples as there were rosy-cheeked boys and girls, carefully saving the biggest apple for the teacher.

Mordecai was a carpenter, as were many of the Lincolns. He was a good carpenter for his time. I have seen his work. He used not only the saw and hammer and plane, but the turning lathe. I have his account books. He made many coffins. He charged a dollar a foot for walnut coffins, three dollars for a little child, six dollars for a woman, seven dollars for a man.

He wrote treatises, carefully worded, and with good use of language. He was almost as precise in his use of good English as was his cousin Abraham.

Mordecai Lincoln was a woman-hater. Everyone says so. They say he ran away from Kentucky to keep from marrying, and never looked at a woman afterward.

His Courage Failed Him

I WONDER, as he and Abraham talked together in the fall of 1848, each of them then nearing forty years of age, if they did not discuss marriage. Mordecai may well have said that, his mother being now dead, he often felt the loneliness of life, and felt it more when he went, as he often did, to the homes of married friends. He was accustomed to go where there was a fiddle, and play it, walking the floor while the tears were streaming down his cheeks, but he never owned a fiddle after leaving Kentucky. I imagine he said to Abraham that he was often lonely, but women were very unreasonable creatures, and he felt safer without being bound to one. And I wonder if Abraham may have said to him that he, also, had cherished grave misgivings about marriage, but was married and had sons in whom he had great pride.

I was not present at this conversation. But I am ready to reveal a secret, which is that Mord Lincoln found it very hard to be a consistent woman-hater. I have a letter from him, written to "My favorite girl, Elizabeth." He told her he loved her, and "honed" for her company, and that if she would marry him he would devote himself to making her happy. And his courage failed him, and he never sent the letter!

The years passed, and his mother died, and he was a lonely man. He saw another girl and admired her. She was a school-teacher, and someone slandered her, and he defended her good name. Then he sat down and wrote a letter offering to marry her. I think it possible that he sent this one, since what I have appears to be the first draft of a letter that he later copied. But perhaps he got no further than this first draft. Perhaps his courage failed again. He died a bachelor, and left behind him the reputation of having been a woman-hater.

What has this to do with Abraham Lincoln's love affairs?

This much, I think. It gives us entirely new knowledge of what was a family trait with respect to marriage. "We are not a very marrying lot" said Robert Lincoln, the President's second cousin. They were not. They approached marriage and recoiled from it. They had no lack of interest in women, and they were not dissolute men, but there was in the men of the Lincoln family a strange recoil from matrimony. Most of them did ultimately marry, but rather late, and with some misgivings. No divorces are of record among them.

Did they live happily ever after?

They lived together ever after, but they were too moody to be wholly happy. All of them had "the Lincoln horrors." They were good and honorable men, and made good husbands and fathers, but they were temperamental to a degree, as was Abraham Lincoln.

It remains for me to say a word about the domestic relations of Abraham and Mary Lincoln. They were not always happy together. She had a violent temper, and he had an easy-going good nature that often excited her wrath. Most of her tantrums he stood imperturbably. "It does her good and doesn't hurt me," he said. But now and then, at very long intervals, he lost his temper, and he had a terrible temper when he lost control of it. That occurred very infrequently, but it occurred.

Was then their marriage a mistake?

I do not think so. Either of them would have been unhappy in any possible marriage. And they were singularly well fitted to annoy each other. But Lincoln needed a wife with a temper and a fretful ambition. A more domestic and companionable wife might have unmade Lincoln. He was by nature an ease-loving man, and a home where he was wholly comfortable would have ruined him. She was ambitious for him, and for the most part her advice to him in political matters was good. He followed it in not accepting the governorship of Oregon, and it was well for him; he rejected it when last he ran for the legislature, and he would have been wiser had he followed his wife's counsel.

It was openly charged that Mrs. Lincoln did not love her husband and that she was disloyal to the government during the Civil War. I believe that both charges are false. Her Kentucky sisters were married to Confederate soldiers, and her brothers were officers in the Confederate army, but she was loyal to her husband and her country.

In her last years she was mentally unbalanced, and the report of her physician after her death showed her to have been suffering from a cerebral disease Her mind, never any too well balanced, suffered an irreparable shock on the night when her husband was shot by her side. She did and said many unwise things. I have a long list of them, which I have no intention of publishing. She has been treated with amazing rudeness. Some authors deserve almost to be tarred and feathered for their aspersions against her. Willful, hasty, hot-tempered and indiscreet she certainly was; but she loved her husband, and he, as I believe, in spite of all her nagging and scolding, loved the mother of his children.

I have no objection to the tears that are so copiously shed over the grave of Lincoln's youthful sweetheart, Ann Rutledge, but I should like to see justice done to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

No Beauty Shows

Continued from page 13

one big flag covering the whole house.

The second year was different. This time the eyes of the other girls were not full of kind curiosity, but bitter rivalry. There was no chance for me to make friends now. There was a kind of loneliness that second year, the bitter loneliness of the champion. Just to show you how lonely I did feel, I will never forget how I almost cried when Miss Memphis, a beautiful girl from the South, whose real name I never knew, walked across the room one evening during a judging and, with the sweetest smile, gave me a corsage of flowers when she saw that I had none that evening. I wonder if she'll take my thanks in this article. I was too touched by her kindness that night to tell her how I felt.

Some of the fun had gone out of it the second year. It was a fight and a great responsibility—that of the queen.

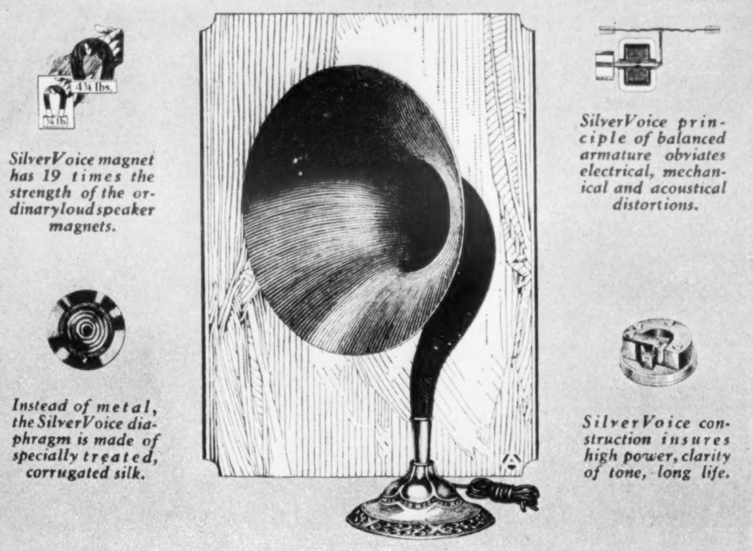
The third year—well, that was still different. I then experienced the feeling of loser as well as winner, coming out second. But this year was filled with ardent, sincere friendships not made before and I left with a feeling of good cheer.

At this last contest they didn't dare to ask the girls to use one-piece bathing suits. Many women's clubs of America had protested against this practice and it was stopped. I was glad of that. These club women will never know how thankful most of us were for their help in that matter.

I think I get my viewpoint through all the influences of my home training. On the wall of my home, ever since I can remember, there has hung a picture of my great-great-grandmother, Emma Rathbone of Zanesville, Ohio, and on another wall a big cracked old painting of my great-great-great-grandfather, George W. Wood, of Maysville, Kentucky; and in our house there is a book which shows that away behind my great-great-grandmother and my great-great-great-grandfather there was an ancestor who came to America on the Mayflower, Richard Warren, one of the signers of the compact at Plymouth. Knowing these things helps me. And then there is a book, "The Proving of Virginia," one of a series of three written by my grandmother, Daisy R. Campbell, and in it is a dedication to me when I was only ten years old. This dedication runs: "To the dearest girl in the world, Mary Katherine Campbell. That her life may not only be a bright and happy one, but that it may be filled with the highest and best things, is the warmest wish of the writer, her 'Nannie Daise.'" Then there was Grandpa, who took me fishing the day my big adventure in beautyland began, the day of the chiggers; and there were Mother and Father who always had good common sense. Mother was always a shrewd business manager. I knew how they wanted me to look on life and what they would expect of me. I regularly attended Sunday school and was one of the junior choir angels at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. All these things helped me more than I can ever tell.

I have come through beautyland safely, but it is rather a perilous adventure for any girl. I want to be known for something else in my real life than a mere "beauty." I can get $1,000 a week on the stage as a reputed beauty, a Dumb Dora. Maybe I could get only one quarter of that sum per week to appear as an actress in a real play. The stage? I may go there if I can, as a good intelligent actress with my beauty show winning forgotten, as some think I have this ability too. But as a sample of physical beauty—no. Something won't let me do that.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."



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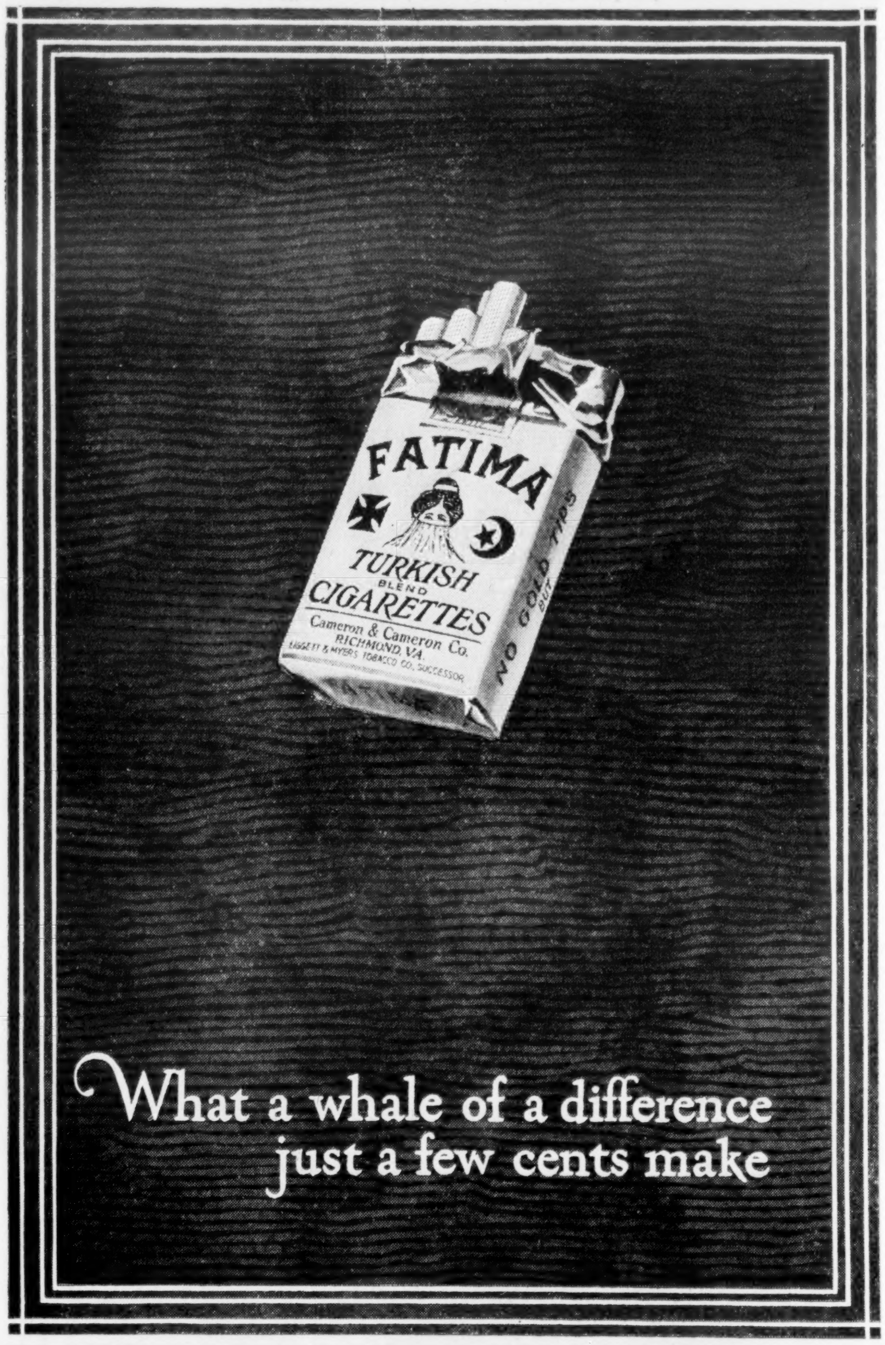
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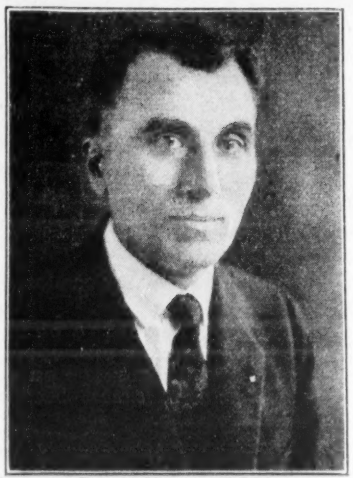
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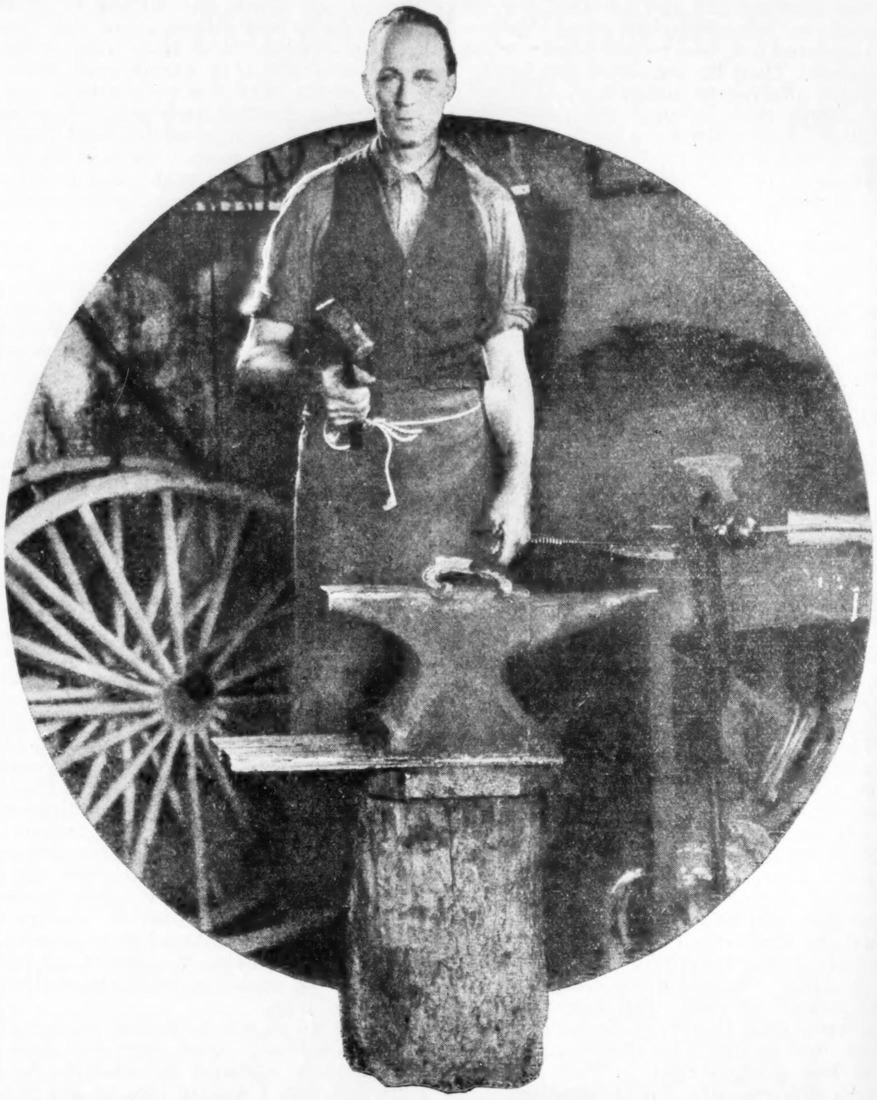

He gets his inspiration *from an* ANVIL

By JEANNE JUDSON

WITH two professions and one trade the Reverend Seely Quackenbush of Warwick, N. Y., finds his time well filled. He's a preacher, a violinist, and a blacksmith.

Each Sunday morning and evening he preaches at the Methodist church of New Milford, N. Y. Each Sunday afternoon he occupies a Baptist pulpit in Moe, N. J. Both of the churches (they are twenty miles apart) were closed before he began preaching in them; but to-day he is keeping them filled despite the radio, motor cars, and other secular interests of the modern rural Sabbath. He conducts a Sunday school in each church and has three prayer meetings during the week—one in each of the churches and another in the home of some member of his two congregations.

On week days Mr. Quackenbush is an itinerant blacksmith. One by one the village smithies are being closed because of the increasing number of automobiles on farms. The old carriage horse is a thing of the past. Only a few work horses remain, and they are not sufficiently numerous to keep the village blacksmith shops open, so Mr. Quackenbush goes from farm to farm, carrying his anvil with him and shoeing the horses in their own barns. Usually he carries his violin with him and he is always ready to give a sacred concert to the hired men at noon time. He never lacks an audience, for his violin is famous throughout the countryside.

Time was when he played for dances, but now both violin and anvil are used in the service of God. As he works he talks, leaving a message of faith at every farm house.

"A man can preach a lot of sermons around an anvil," he explains between hammer blows. "The anvil has never changed since it was first invented. It's like the Word of God. The hammers wear out; they're like preachers. But the anvil never wears out; it's like the Word."

Mr. Quackenbush looks more like a preacher than a blacksmith, though his trade was inherited from his father, who was a blacksmith before him. He is rather slight and fair, with blue eyes that laugh often. But he's strong. After seeing him shoe a big draft horse one gets an idea of muscular development.

His two churches bring him in an income of less than eight hundred dollars a year, but his work as a smith makes it possible for him to continue preaching. He never plays the violin for money.

"There are many ways of serving God," he says. "Music, shoeing horses, prayer. They are all the same if they are done in the right spirit."

A Hole in His Hand

Continued from page 17

different. He was the typical Italian gangster—dour, taciturn, defiant, nerveless, purposely stupid. No, he knew nothing of the Akron murders. Yes, he had come from Akron with Tony, but what of it? What were my charges against him?

Of course he was quite right—both of them were. I had no charges to prefer. I was afraid to hold them in the cells long. I knew what would happen. Their friends would hear of their trouble and a lawyer would appear. He would ask to see copies of the charges. There were no charges. Then he would demand their release and we would have to obey.

They Fall for My Bluff

I TELEGRAPHED Welch, but I dreaded the wait for him or his official papers, whatever they might be. After you have been a policeman for as many years as I had been you know almost intuitively that certain men must be held even if there are no charges at the moment. I knew that to loose Manfredi and Biondo would mean that the solution of the Akron mystery would be delayed, if not actually blocked forever.

"See here," I told the pair, "you say you have come from Akron. You say that you know nothing about those murders. Well, I have nothing on you. I have no reason to believe that you are telling anything but the truth. But the Akron police think that you know something. They are coming here with extradition papers. That means that you'll lie here in a cell for some time, and that doesn't appeal to you.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You both say you're clean, so why not beat the Akron police to it by going back there with me and getting out of jail in this way? You have alibis, you say. All right, let's get a train for Akron. Show the police there that you have alibis and that will be the end of it. Otherwise—" I shrugged my shoulders.

They fell for it. Sure, they'd go to Akron. They hadn't anything to fear.

To show my good faith I had them released at once. The train did not leave until six in the evening and this was in the forenoon. I took them to a theatre, to a good restaurant. Biondo maintained his grim attitude throughout, but Manfredi, the weakling, warmed to me. He became loquacious, but said nothing of importance. Always the menacing Biondo was looking.

In the drawing-room on the train we played cards, ate, drank. Biondo became more saturnine; Manfredi's light head grew lighter. He became boastful. He was not afraid of the Akron police. Huh, he was afraid of nobody.

About midnight Biondo fell asleep in his chair. I breathed silent thanks. I felt that I was about to learn about those murders, but I played for time. It would not do to arrest these men except in Ohio. There might otherwise be a legal flaw in the delivery of them to the Akron police. So I played with Manfredi.

"That scar," I said, referring to his hand for the first time. "How did you get it?"

"You wouldn't believe that anybody would be as dirty as they were," he began. "Four of us were going to visit a friend on the outskirts. Good friends, all of us. We sang as we walked along. Songs of the old country. I was out in front singing loudest. I sing well, Fiaschetti, very well. And then suddenly they began shooting at me. The first shot went through my hand. But I was too clever, too quick for them. I dodged the other bullets. I ran into the brush and lay there."

"Was Biondo with them?"

"Of course not. He is my friend. He took me to New York. He said they were dirty, those supposed friends. Biondo has been good to me."

And Manfredi looked at the snoring Biondo and shuddered a little.

"Why did they shoot you?"

"I don't know; some grudge."

And then this poor braggart looked at Biondo again and stopped talking. The conductor was passing the door. I spoke to him in the middle of the car.

"I have two murderers inside that room," I said, identifying myself. "Please let me know when we cross the Ohio line. Merely look in. I shall understand."

Presently Manfredi dozed. The conductor poked his head into the compartment. I touched Manfredi's face. He started awake. I had decided to take a long chance. Biondo was good for several hours' more sleep. The train was not due to stop until morning. I had noticed that the compartment next to ours was vacant.

"Manfredi," I whispered, "come with me. I want to tell you something. Be calm, Manfredi. I have been your friend. Listen. Do you know this fellow Biondo well?"

"He is my friend."

"You are a fool to believe that. He fetched you to New York to kill you."

"Then you're bringing me back to Akron so the gang are sure to get me," he blurted. He sprang to his feet. I barred his way. He was not armed. I was. Fear, not anger, moved him.

"Sit down, Manfredi. Listen to me. Those men wanted to kill you because you know about those Akron murders. They were afraid you'd talk. Listen to me, son. You know and I know that your gang, the gang you traveled with, killed those policemen.

"Manfredi, the Akron police accuse you of murdering those policemen. I have saved your life. I have deceived you, yes, but for your own good. I will save your life again. Come through, Manfredi, and you will not go to the chair. But if you don't—"

"You will save me from the electric chair, Fiaschetti?" he cried. "You will save me? I swear, Fiaschetti; the blood of the Madonna. I swear I didn't shoot. I didn't kill nobody. The night they killed Costigan and Hunt I was with them, but I didn't kill them. I didn't shoot. I was on watch on the street corner. I am telling the truth.

"It was Borgio—Rosario Borgio. His place was raided, Fiaschetti. The police raided his place. He has a saloon. They came, the police, a dozen times and always they arrested him and grabbed what he had. He was bitter. He said they were persecuting him. He went to the high authorities and asked redress. They laughed at him.

The Vendetta Crystallizes

"HE GOT no redress. Then the police came again. Borgio was crazy that night. He sat in his room and sent out men to find men he could trust. Lorenzo Biondo, cousin of Pasquale, came. And Paolo Chiavaro and Francesco Mazzano. Before God, I speak the truth.

"It was on Christmas Day that they went to Borgio's room. He is a rich man. A padrone. He is powerful among his people. Something had happened, and he had lost the friendship of the police. Of that I know nothing.

"'I want the police killed,' he told those who had come to him. 'I want all the police killed. For every policeman killed I shall pay one hundred and fifty dollars.'

"He knew all of the men he talked to that day. He knew their secrets. They had to obey him. That was on Christmas. They killed Norris the next night. . . ."

Rosario Borgio, Lorenzo Biondo, Paolo Chiavaro and Francesco Mazzano died in the electric chair. Pasquale Biondo and Manfredi became state's witnesses, in exchange for which they were not executed but sent to prison for life.

The trials produced the fact that the killings of policemen stopped at the fourth because it was deemed wise to get rid of the chuckle-headed Manfredi. He was to have been killed in New York by Biondo. And when the news of his death reached Akron the vendetta was to have been resumed.

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The Mayor's Chair

Continued from page 9

information, prophesied that Hopkins would be the city manager, the city breathed easier, and the little councilmen heaved sighs of disappointment after they had found out that the prophecy was true.

Maschke and Gongwer both personally asked William R. Hopkins, business man, builder of the railroad belt line around Cleveland, son of an old Ohio family, with never a blot against his name or his family's, to take over the job of running the city of Cleveland as a business institution. Cleveland was in a hole and Hopkins had to help it out. "Both of them told me I could run the city as I pleased," Mr. Hopkins told me, "so I took the job."

It's O. K. in Small Cities, But—

I TOLD him that American cities had been watching Cleveland for a year; the experiment of city management for the fifth largest city in the country was too big to be overlooked. What about it? Ought other great cities to adopt the city manager plan?

"I'm afraid not," said the firm-jawed business man; "it works all right in the smaller cities, but I do not think, with only one year's experience, that any large city would be justified just now in following Cleveland's experiment."

"Why does it work in the small city and not in the large city?" I asked.

"In a small city," he said, "where everyone is known to everybody else, it is a fairly simple matter for a group of citizens to go to a few of their fellows, known for honesty and efficiency and brains, and ask them to fulfill a civic duty by becoming members of the town council. The man who agrees to their request owes no debt to them; indeed, the debt may rest with the citizens toward him. A few of these citizens, so elected, may without undue sacrifice have full knowledge of the municipal problems and can choose a city manager who will carry out their wishes and policies in regard to the management of the town.

"But in a big city, it seems to be different. With very few exceptions, councilmen are elected only after sharply contested campaigns in local districts. Just so long as you have men getting into the city council through political fights in their own districts you will have men in the city council who have political debts to pay and you can't have strict business management if there are political debts to be paid.

"It is the debt that an official owes—the political debt—that is the vice of city government.

"If a city has a manager who needs his job and who depends for it upon the good will of the council, it will be likely, with a council the size of Cleveland's, to have the city bossed by a majority of the council." Hopkins, as all Cleveland knows, could quit his job to-morrow so far as the necessity for a living income is concerned.

Cleveland does have a "mayor," however. I talked with him. He is Councilman Clayton Townes. His main job is to preside over the meetings of the council. By the vague theory of the city charter he is an august and sage citizen, divorced from politics, chosen by his fellow councilmen, also supposedly sage and non-political citizens, as the president of their deliberating and policy-forming body. Actually for decades one certain district in Cleveland has been represented by him or his father or one other man for a certain political party. He is a well-spoken-of professional man of university training and established family.

Mayor Townes was very frank about the situation in Cleveland.

"Of course, as mayor, I have no power," he explained. "I am only the presiding officer of the council."

"Has politics been put out of business in city government by the new charter?" I asked him.

"No, sir, and I don't see how politics in one form or another can be kept out of the government of a big city. The new charter expects every councilman to know all about the welfare, present and future, of this great city. But every councilman is knee-deep in taking care of the interests of the neighborhood voters who put him in office. How can he direct the affairs of the entire city?"

I came across a man who knew all about the mayor's job; he is Fred Kohler, ex-mayor and ex-police chief of Cleveland.

"The trouble with the city manager charter is that it changed everything but human nature," he told me. "Folks elect the same kind of people and the same kind of people run for office whether you call them aldermen or councilmen, no matter what the charter says."

Kohler said that it was costing citizens $2,000,000 more a year to run the city under the new plan. Of course, the answer of the city manager's friends is that Kohler, as mayor, saved money by avoiding improvements.

And then there was Peter Witt, among others, to talk to.

He comes from the old Tom Johnson group which gave Cleveland its civic consciousness and produced some of the important wartime officials in Washington. He is a famous city traction expert, and a straight speaker, beholden to no man in Cleveland or elsewhere. He wanted the new city charter; he fought to get it. He is a double winner, for Cleveland got the charter and under it Peter Witt was elected as one of the four councilmen who are independent of any party.

"What about other big cities in America?" I asked him. "Ought they to adopt the city manager system?"

"Well, of course," he drawled—he has a Scotch accent, I think—"the average city ought not to try the city manager system."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, you must select your city council more carefully before giving them so much responsibility."

"How can you select them more carefully?" I asked.

"Well, no city that does not use the proportional representation system as Cleveland does in electing its councilmen and other officials ought to try the city manager plan."

It Works? Let's Wait and See

SO THERE you are at the heart of the Cleveland problem. Cleveland adopted proportional representation when it adopted city managership. Proportional representation is a system, new in America, of casting votes and counting them by means of which citizens are expected to have a free choice in choosing candidates on election day.

This affair in Cleveland is not a test of the city manager plan so much as a test of what sort of officers the people can choose under the most liberal system of election without party nominations and, ostensibly, without party control at the polls.

If you have a city that is to be run on a big business basis—and Hopkins is proving that a city can be run that way—the citizens of that community must think of their city and of its affairs as a business and of themselves as part of that business.

We must wait longer than one year to see whether the citizens of Cleveland can reach this viewpoint.

This story has been frankly told. But don't let it make you feel that the new plan for running a city by "big business" methods, with a board of directors and a manager, is a failure everywhere. Cleveland is stumbling along with the plan; but she is the largest city to try it, and size makes a difference.

One person in every twenty in the United States lives in a town that has a manager instead of an old-time mayor. Three hundred and nineteen cities, towns and villages are being run on this new basis; their total population is 5,553,117.

"I Think It is Good"

—CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT

Many other leaders beside our Chief Justice have endorsed the Moral Code for school children, recently published by Collier's; and many requests for it in a form suitable for framing have been received. In order that the requests may be complied with, the code has been printed on fine, 17¼x20½-inch, coated paper, in five colors—black, red, green, yellow and blue—and with a handsome, symbolic border.

The making of the Moral Code is the first successful effort to align Americans of all religious persuasions and of none—persons high and low, of all trades and callings—in a movement aimed at giving our school children a practicable, teachable moral guide.

If you wish a copy of the illuminated code for your home or your school, write to the Editorial Extension Department, Collier's, The National Weekly—

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Flis

Continued from page 21

knows that patient, long-distance, day-by-day presentation of the news is his strongest weapon in the fight for a cause. And Josephine Roche, observing how well it had worked in time of war, determined to salvage her bit of the war for use in time of peace. Into two small New York office-rooms she moved such documents and physical properties of her old bureau as the government did not want, and started the Foreign Language Information Service.

She was working, of course, with a shoestring. At first, the Red Cross helped from its war surplus. When perforce that source of revenue dried up, she faced the difficult job of raising funds for an enterprise which had to commend it nothing spectacular or emotional, but just common sense. The service tottered for two years on the verge of bankruptcy.

Politicians Under the Flag

PERHAPS the tide turned when the Rockefeller Institute, convinced of the soundness of this method, came through with a modest appropriation. I have never seen any institution more continuously in financial hot water. But it grew nevertheless; from two or three departments to fourteen, working in as many languages, from a budget of a few thousands a year to one of $200,000. As I write, it is still some $10,000 behind the game; and yet, recognizing a new need, it is preparing to add a Spanish bureau. Meantime, as soon as she had it firmly on its feet, Miss Roche resigned, turned the job over to Reid Lewis, and went to work for the Children's Bureau in Washington. Success—for herself—has never interested Josephine Roche. She is a plow-woman, not a harvester.

Flis is undramatic, unsensational, a little hard to make interesting to the non-professional reader. Every week it sends out, translated into fourteen languages, ten or a dozen typewritten pages of first-class newspaper "copy." Usually, there is one tabloid piece of American history. Any immigrant who has consistently read and digested this feature probably by now knows the story of America as well as the average high-school graduate. There may be a predigested essay on some department or activity of the government. There is bound to be an article on current political events, since all true Americans are politicians under the flag!

During the late campaign, for example, Flis presented the history, records and platforms of all the candidates. It took no sides, of course. To grind anyone's ax except Uncle Sam's was a fatal mistake, which Flis has so far sedulously avoided. Just so, all through the campaign, it gave in summary the outstanding political news of the week. In every release go several stories plucked from the reports or bulletins of our government bureaus.

The newly arrived German or Scandinavian farmer of the Northwest gets from Flis, digested and interpreted, the cream of the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. The newly arrived Polish, Italian or Bohemian operative in an Eastern factory learns from Flis his rights and duties under our workingmen's compensation laws. The native American is the cleanest race in the world; as a means of Americanization, Flis specializes on the output of the United States Health Service. It is encouraging to note that no articles are more popular than these. The immigrant, it would appear, wants to be clean like an American; only he doesn't always understand how.

Everyone who knows lumber and construction camps knows also that pernicious insect whose forbidden name has been paraphrased as "The couch beetle." Last year, the Health Service issued a bulletin on the elimination of this pest. Condensed, translated and circulated by Flis, it ran like wildfire through the foreign-language press. The demand for more information on the subject grew so insistent that Flis reprinted the whole bulletin in several languages for free circulation. One gang of Russian laborers wrote in from a Southern turpentine camp to announce that this bulletin had prevented a strike. "We couldn't sleep nights," said the letter; "the company wouldn't do anything and we didn't know how. We were all going to quit, when our government showed us the way."

You never notice the trouble you have avoided and no one can compute just how much friction and expense Flis has saved both the government and the foreign-born by its persistent weekly publication of information on laws and regulations affecting the immigrant. Regularly, as the dreaded fifteenth of March approaches, it teaches him how to make out his income tax statement. It prevents him from expensive follies in misinterpreting our new immigration laws. It shows him how to get himself naturalized, how within the spirit and letter of our laws he may bring his family on from Europe, under what conditions he may revisit his old home.

Finally, in another way it has worked mightily to reduce friction between the native-born and the new arrival. Hitherto, the American editor of an English-language newspaper has had no means of estimating public opinion among the foreign-born. But now each week Flis prepares a digest of opinion among the foreign-language newspapers on the burning domestic questions of the hour, and sends it to all the universities and the important American periodicals.

It hasn't cost the government a cent; nor the foreign-language newspapers. The sinews of war come from the public by voluntary contributions. It could charge a regular fee, like an ordinary newspaper syndicate, and might possibly by this means become self-supporting. But the experienced journalists who sit on its board of trustees believe that this method would destroy its usefulness. The big city foreign-language newspapers, which are in a position to pay, need it least of all. They have facilities for getting and translating American news.

Flis is a Real Friend to Them

THE bulk of foreign-language newspapers is in another financial class. Cheap little semi-weeklies or tri-weeklies, published in remote communities, they must struggle so hard for existence that even five or ten dollars a week would seem to them prohibitive. And their readers, living away from the Americanization facilities of our big cities, most need the services of Flis. If a fee were demanded, most of them would drop out; and the space now filled in every issue with matter tending to Americanize the foreigner would revert to reprinted articles from the old country, dealing with squabbles and traditions which it were best that he forget.

However, the newspapers so served do often "come through" voluntarily. Many a Polish or German or Italian or Slovak editor, counting up his gains at the end of the year, squeezes out a few dollars, and sends it in as a thank offering to a good cause. Funds arrive occasionally from sources even more unexpected; as witness this letter, written by an Italian who had read an article by Flis and followed it up with a personal inquiry:

> *Dearest Friend:*
>
> *I received your beloved letter, also the registration paper. I cannot thank you enough for your kindheartedness. May God repay you by good health for a thousand years. I send you this two dollars note with which you will buy two cigars for my sake. You must excuse that I could not send more because my child was sick and now I thank God it is better. Enough. Receive many affectionate greetings from me with all my heart I am yours,*
>
> ——

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

He'd Rather Dream

To the Editor of Collier's:

I AM sixteen, bashful and sensitive. Though I would like to attend high school we can't afford it, so I work in town—that is, I did work there.

To myself I am a puzzle. I am changeful in my moods and rather weak in will-power. I was discharged from two jobs on account of not coming to work for a few days, and I have not been working a month now, just for the same reason.

Here's what I do: Some morning I don't feel like working. Do I go home and tell Mother I'm sick? Shucks, no! I go to a park or a theatre and loaf the day off. Next morning work has become distant, and I again spend the day reading books on street cars or park benches. And next day again, and again, till I'm fired. And when I'm fired I don't look for a job for a week, and then don't find one for another week. And I don't care. When conscience clamors, I console myself that I'll write a story to-night and sell it to a magazine—my ambition is to become an author—and put further thoughts of where my next pay is coming from out of my mind.

You couldn't guess the ingenuity with which I manufacture excuses for not bringing the pay home. I even have typewritten letters to prove my point.

After I did it the second time I swore to myself to never do it again, and here I am with a month's pay coming—I don't know from where—and no job. I've tried for some, but not hard enough to land them.

Do you think this is just plain laziness? What cure would you suggest?

A. B., Chicago, Ill.

A Fisherman's Lament

To the Editor of Collier's:

Somebody has asked you, "What becomes of the trout fry?" I can tell you what is becoming of the bass.

My grandfather migrated from North Carolina eighty-three years ago, traveling west looking for a better place to fish, there to make his future home. When he discovered Buffalo River, near Flatwoods, Tenn., he stopped and entered some land.

I had been away from Buffalo River for two years, and last season decided to carry my family and some friends down there for a few days' camping. I had told them that I would see that the party of twelve had all the fish they could eat. Well, I never worked so hard in my life as I did to make my word good, though always before it would have been very easy. My Negro boatman said, "Well, I didn't want to make you feel bad, but that is a lot more than I thought you would catch. There is some people been fishin' here ever since February. Three I was out with caught altogether 195 bass in one day, and I couldn't stand it and wouldn't go out with them any more. They come here from all over and have just about caught all the fish. There won't be any when you come back next summer."

I have caught fish all my life, but was always taught not to waste them and never disturb them during the closed season.

In my mind, the thing that has ruined the sport is good roads, automobiles, and artificial bait.

(Dr.) R. A. Whitaker,
Cowan, Tenn.

A County Its State is Proud of

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have recently read in an article in Collier's about St. Louis County in this state. Much of the information about it would certainly surprise Minnesotans. I am acquainted in every township in it. It is one of the very best counties in the state, full of intelligent people.

Regarding the "desolate frontier wilderness" around Floodwood, please note that this is one of the most fertile and prosperous regions in the state—a settled community for twenty-five years, Floodwood being a fine country town with a creamery and first-class schools.

There is a good high school in almost every fair-sized town in St. Louis County, and as for the "log huts" which your contributor mentioned I have never seen a log school in St. Louis or any of our northern counties. Every one I have seen is on a fine country road, right up-to-date and superior to the country schools in central New York.

Far from being "80 per cent composed of Finns and Hungarians," the country population of this county has at least that percentage of fine old German, Scandinavian and American stock.

Also, far from this county and all this region being "addicted to moonshine and general licentiousness," it is one of the most law-abiding counties in the state, even in the big mining towns filled with Slovak people.

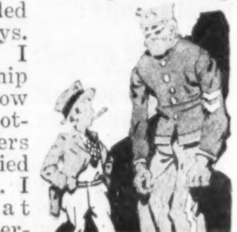
We have always understood that we have one of the best school systems in the United States. There is no "desolate frontier" in the entire state.

It is amazing to me that you people down East get such misinformation about Minnesota.

W. D. Washburn,
House of Representatives,
Minneapolis, Minn.

One of the Marines Tells Laura

To the Editor of Collier's:



Laura Crossways sure has the same ideas I have about modern she men. On several occasions I have returned to the U. S. A. and felt sick upon looking at the so-called sheiks and cowboys. The first thing I saw when our ship docked was a fellow with lace in the bottom of his trousers and a ribbon tied around his waist. I asked him what show he was advertising. He grew real angry. Then he broke out his fourteen-inch cigarette holder. I asked him if the doctor's orders were to keep away from cigarettes. That peeved him, for he walked away and wouldn't even look at me.

I have met some cowboys. They had everything except a gun and a rope. The others I met were classed with the lounge lizards and other insects. I will admit there *are* marines who cannot be called he men, though they usually get a survey for flat feet, or go blind all of a sudden, or else Mama needs them at home.

Over sixty per cent of the men who apply for enlistment are rejected at Paris Island and sent home. After three months of training, ten per cent more are weeded out. So said, a marine can swell his chest out and let people know he is a man.

If nowadays a man has to be a sheik, cowboy, etc., to get a wife, I see where I am just plumb out of luck.

"A Marine,"
Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

"Country Sausage"—Hmp!

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mass production doesn't improve food products. I have just returned from a very good New York restaurant that featured "real country sausage." Was the description accurate? You know it wasn't.

"Real country sausage" carries me back to childhood—to crisp fall days when the yearly pig was cut up. The kitchen stove was covered with simmering pots and kettles; Dad was in the cellar wielding a fearful array of butcher knives; Mother was stitching the long, stocking-like bags into which the sausage would be stuffed; I was in the back yard trying to ignite a pile of corn cobs, to be used for curing the hams and bacon. Everyone was busy and everyone was tired at the end of the day. But when, next morning, we tasted the results, all weariness was forgotten. Ah! That was real country sausage, fit companion for the wheat cakes it accompanied.

Besides sausage there are many items such as mince-meat, bread, various vegetables, that, prepared in the large quantities seemingly so necessary to economical production, lose something essential to their ultimate enjoyment. I am wondering if it would not be a profitable venture for someone to start a food service which catered to palates like my own, hungry for real old-fashioned homemade foods. Because, to retain the homemade flavor, mass production would be impossible, prices would probably need to be relatively high. But I am sure there are enough city folks whose mouths still water for farm cooking to make such an enterprise pay.

K. W. Stillman,
Hawthorne, N. J.

We too know real country sausage, but know of at least one brand of "country sausage," mass-produced, that equals the genuine article. Nor is this true of sausage alone; hence we don't believe that mass production in itself is responsible for all such inferiorities. Where they exist, we think there must often be other and special reasons.

Why the Game Birds Are Going

To the Editor of Collier's:

I do not approve of the automatic shotgun, but, giving the devil his due I don't think it is the principal reason for the disappearance of upland game. That is the automobile, which has so largely abolished time and distance and even human endurance as limitations upon hunting trips. To be sure, the number of hunters fairly close to a given hunting ground has increased with population, but I doubt that they could have begun, without automobiles, to make the impression they have upon the game.

What is the answer? Candidly, I don't believe there is any. We can no more do away with the use of the automobile by hunters than we can turn the country around the Yellowstone Park back into a wilderness in order to save the remnant of the elk. We can't save the grouse and quail by fixing bag limits.

I am under forty, and I would bet that my children's generation will be the last that will do much hunting in America. After it gets through, there won't be game to hunt.

C. McK., Syracuse, N. Y.

Champions of the Under Crust

The nation, through Collier's readers, is still answering Mr. Henry David, who asked: Why is the under crust of a pie, and does anyone ever eat it?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Tell that guy that is complaining about pie crust he should probably get his wife a new stove. She probably isn't to blame. He is leading her a heck of an existence, I'll bet. He'd better loosen up a bit, as one of the best stoves made in America is made in his state; take it from old-timers in the business.

Esther Parker,
Penn Yan, N. Y.

To the Editor of Collier's:

A pie maker, like a poet, is born, not made. Recipes mean less than nothing. No good pie maker ever uses one. Did you ever hear of a Connecticut apple pie? This differs in several respects from the pie of commerce. It is made of apples. The flavoring is sugar, butter, and nutmeg, not cinnamon, all added after the pie is baked. A pie consisting of two crusts filled with thinly sliced raw apples is baked until done; then the upper crust is deftly removed and placed on another plate. The seasoning is added and mixed through the hot apple, making it just sweet enough. Then the crust is replaced.

I intend to accomplish one of these pies and leave it at your office. Then after you and the office boy have done your worst, you can tell your readers that no outside help is needed—that New York City can produce pie made by a Connecticut Yankee.

(Mrs.) Marie Antoinette Clarke,
New York City.

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